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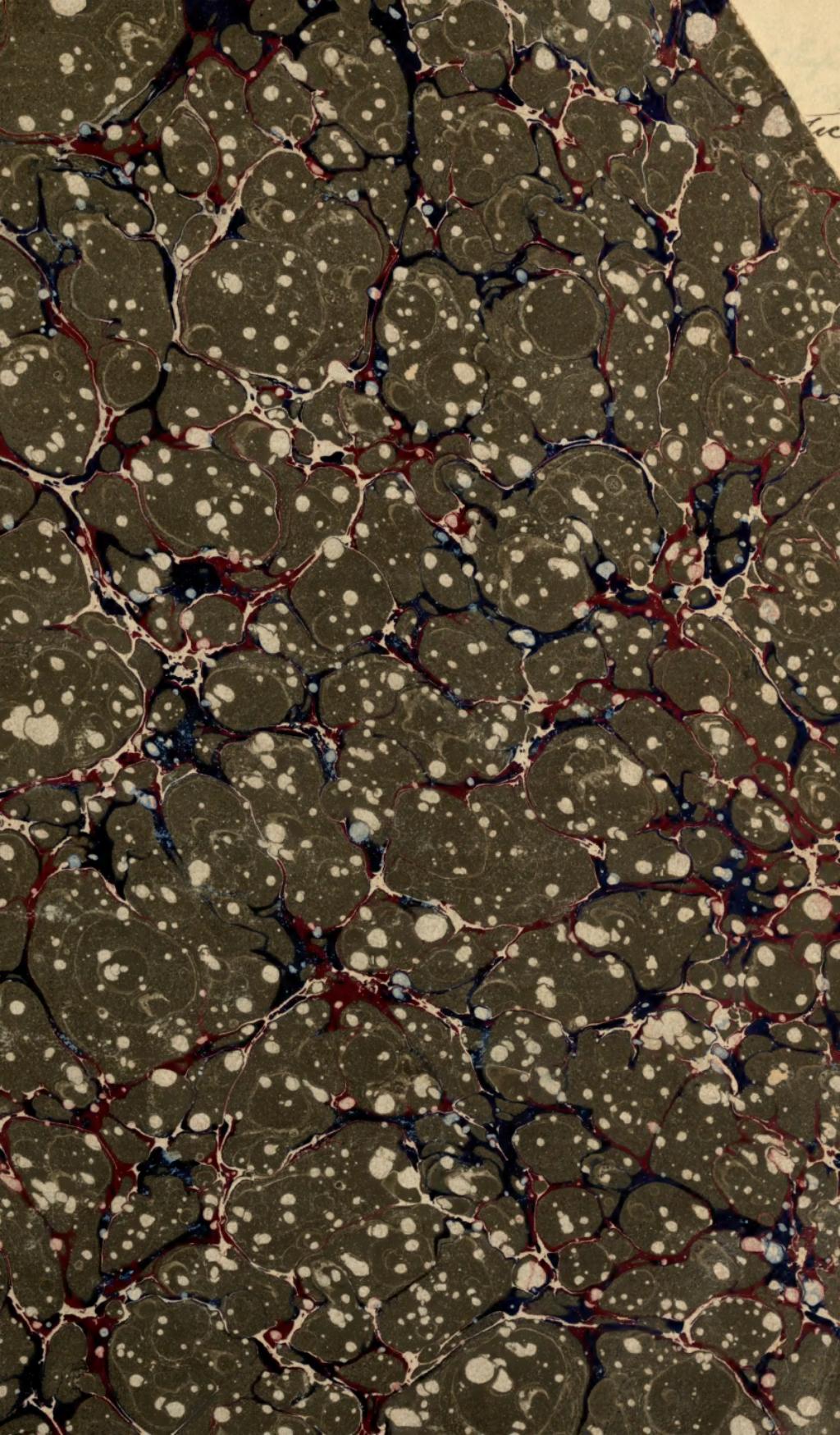
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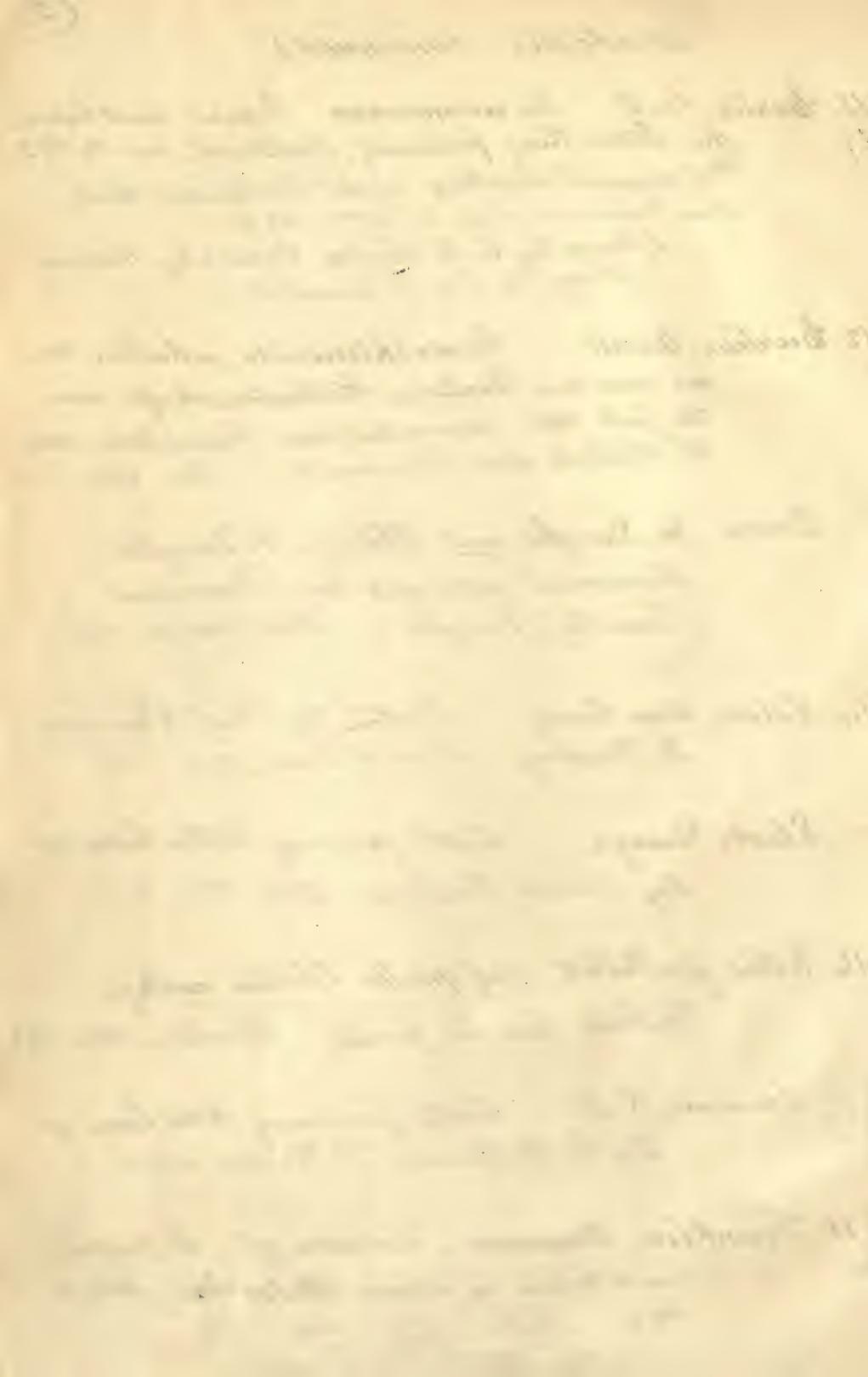


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not anal.
3. Bromley, George L. The owl biddeth goodbye to Bromley [S.F. Bohemian club. n.d.] 8ff.
4. Browning, Robert. Memories of casa Guidi by An American Traveler. 6p. (clippings from N.Y. Sun, Aug. 5, 1894)
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5. Bryant, W. Cullen. Kirkland, Caroline H. Little journey to home of B. N.Y. 1896
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6. - Centenary. 1894. 16p. (clippings from the Springfield Republican 1894)
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7. Champlain, Samuel de. A short sketch by H. H. Hurlbut. ... Chic. 1885. 20p.
8. Clinton, George, governor of N.Y. Unveiling of the statue at Newburgh, N.Y. Oct. 6, 1896. 50 p. 2 pl.
9. Coppée, Frans, par Jules Claretie. P. 1883. 32p.
10. Crawford, W. Harris, of Georgia. Life and times of. An address by C. N. West. Savannah, 1892. 46p.

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12. Curtius, Ernst. Gedächtnisrede gehalten bei der von der Berliner Studentenschaft am 26. Juli 1896 veranstalteten Trauerfeier, von R. Kekulé von Stradonitz. Ber. 1896. 24p.
13. Dana, J. Dwight, and Whitney, W. Dwight. Memorial address by President [Timothy] Dwight. New Haven, 1895. 24p.
14. Eaton, Dan. Cady. Sketch by Prof. Theodore S. Hoxsey. New Haven, 1896. 16p.
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16. Ellis, J. Millott, prof. philos. Oberlin college. Tribute from the faculty. Oberlin, 1894. 32p.
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 By S. P. Green.



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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF CHARLES A. ASHBURNER.

BY J. P. LESLEY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
" "

(Washington Meeting, February, 1890.)

THE old do not love to see the young pass away from the light of the sun before them. Fathers would fain keep their sons by their side to the end of life ; but the old Greeks, who loved the old gods, were wont to moderate their grief with the sweet superstition that only those whom their gods especially loved died early. The Christian church found consolation in that superstition applied in a new form to its new sorrows, and paid its most enthusiastic devotion to the memories of its young and beautiful martyrs. The natural science of our century is robbing us fast of this and all other superstitions, sweet as well as bitter, and leaving us for consolation to the teaching—colder, yet kinder—of personal fortitude and that optimism which intelligently translates the Cosmos of Humboldt back into its old name of the Harmonia of Pythagoras. The Homeric Kata-clothés, the three fates, are dead and gone for us, with that old world which comprehended none of the laws of cause and effect, and sorrowed for those who were cut off from the land of the living without hope of more than a shadowy existence beyond the river of death. All the more the ancients cherished the memory of their dead and lavished their choicest art upon their monuments. We moderns have lost the monumental arts, but we better keep the monuments which our dead leave behind them. No one of us who has done good work can fail to be remembered ; and in an Institute like this, which keeps the press at work, an immortality in the memory of men is more possible, more certain, for every one of its members than the greatest heroes of antiquity could anticipate for themselves. In old apocalyptic times the works of men followed them through death to the throne of God to be their advocates in judgment, but in these modern times our works remain this side the grave, to follow the name of the departed one as it takes its course along the history of his peculiar art or science advancing slowly to perfection. We write the epitaph, not upon the mouldering stone of a tomb, but on the pages

of a book which shall stand in all the libraries of Christendom. Let it be written lovingly.

What, then, are the monuments which our Charles A. Ashburner has left behind him? He was your fellow-member, and you grieve for his sudden loss; he was one of my children, and I grieve still more. To me his death is one of the irreparable losses. He was one of my college boys. I taught him the elements and principles of geology in the Towne School of the University of Pennsylvania from 1872 to 1875. He was one of the quickest of learners, and took to physical science like a duck to water. He had a genuine genius for appreciating form and structure, and was one of the few who, at the outset of a scientific career, comprehend the uses of accuracy. Many never learn them; he was accurate by nature. Everything of the nature of true proportion appealed to him with the certainty of a response in the shape of some additional striving after absolute precision of statement or presentment. He was a born artist, seeing what he drew and drawing what he saw. The love of exact scientific truthfulness, however, in his case never hardened, as it does in so many other cases, into a pedantic formalism. He was full of inventiveness. His imagination was fertile in new inventions for discovering and portraying the exact proportions and relations of things—the objects of inquiry. He was a zealot in science. He might have said to any one, or to his own soul, with safety, "The zeal for exact truth has eaten me up." In fact, we owe this zeal the heavy grudge that in the end—nay, not half-way to the proper end—it killed him. He never spared himself, or any price, to become perfectly sure of facts. For many of his facts he had to pay a high price; but the actual facts he would have. No half-facts for him. I have not encountered a more real and typical man of science—born for true science. Consequently he was a discoverer, a natural leader of men in exploration.

His first work was topographical. I commissioned him and his classmate, Charles E. Billin, in 1885, to aid Mr. John H. Dewees, Assistant Geologist in charge of the survey of the fossil ore-belt of the Juniata Valley. They soon learned to carry on their geological as well as their topographical work independently of Mr. Dewees. A very perfect contour-line map of the south flank of Jack's Mountain, and of the small valleys and ridges in front of it, was made by them in common, and is one of the most satisfactory products of the State survey.

Mr. Ashburner wrote the report on the Aughwick Valley and

East Broad Top Coal-basin, published, with Mr. Dewees's report on the fossil-ore mines, as "Report F," in 1878. His discussion of the Three Springs fault showed his extraordinary geological ability, and was a plain prediction of his future eminence. But the many precisely-constructed sections across that belt of the State, published in Report F, proved that he combined the qualities of geologist and artist in the highest degree.

In 1876 I commissioned Mr. Ashburner to survey one of the most important districts of the State, and one of the most difficult—the counties of McKean, Elk, Cameron and Forest, containing the Bradford oil-district, then becoming famous for its productiveness. His survey of McKean was commenced in July of that year, and lasted two years; but his report on it (R) was not published until 1880. The district being traversed by gentle anticlinal waves, which but slightly modify the essential horizontality of the Lower Carboniferous and Devonian measures, and being occupied largely at the surface by the Conglomerate No. XII., which had not then been subdivided properly in northern Pennsylvania, although its subdivisions had been made out by I. C. White in the western counties, Ashburner instinctively felt that his success would depend on a good topographical map as the first step of the survey; and he made one of the best, contouring it with the eye of an artist who knew the geological significance of every feature of every curve. When a model in relief, on an equal vertical and horizontal scale, was made from this map, and the colored belts of the outcrops were laid upon it, no more perfect exhibition of the geology of an extensive area could be imagined. But his study of the underground by surface-sections and well-borings was quite as excellent, and quite as well expressed to view. The generalizations which he deduced from it bore the most important fruit, fixed the limits of the oil, and placed the calculation of boring-depth in that district on a sure scientific basis, one of his most striking discoveries being the rapid increase in thickness southeastward of formation No. X., from 250 feet to 750 feet, which explained the failure of many borings to reach the deeper oil-horizon in Elk and Cameron counties. In 1878 Mr. Arthur W. Sheaffer was commissioned to assist him in completing the survey of the four counties; and the second volume (R R), relating to Elk, Cameron and Forest, was published in 1885, having been long delayed by his work in eastern Pennsylvania.

When, in 1880, the time came for organizing the survey of the anthracite-region as a special and most important part of the survey

of the State, I selected, without hesitation, Mr. Ashburner to plan, organize and execute it. I have no intention of describing this *chef d'œuvre* of geology as an applied science, now famous at home and abroad; for its numerous sheets of mine-maps, columnar-sections and cross-sections are probably in the hands of most of the members of the Institute. I wish only to lay the fame of this splendid achievement as a green wreath on the tomb of our fellow-member. He knew exactly what was to be done and did it. He selected his assistants, taught them and worked with them, inspired them with his own zeal, and lifted their work to the standard level of his own, and kept it there. He encountered indescribable obstacles of social, mercantile and professional kinds, and overcame them with admirable tact and good judgment. He entirely conquered the rooted prejudice of practical miners and local engineers against scientific geologists, until it became evident to all that the State survey knew what it was about, was doing a special and specific business, and not only could teach the oldest and most intelligent operators something they did not know, and unaided could not know, but would place upon their office-tables what they would soon come to consulting every day, and would not part with at any price. Above all, he was wise enough to inspire everybody in the anthracite region with entire confidence in his honesty, in his truthfulness, in the exact meaning of what he promised to do and not to do, and in his certain performance of such promises. His sense of private and professional honor was so keen and so subtle that it led him triumphantly through a perfect labyrinth of suspicion, fear and dislike, engendered against him and his survey by contending colliery-interests and competing official interests. He insured accuracy for his own work, and confidence in it at the same time, by the original device of a submission of every proof received from the artists of every sheet in its stages of publication, to the superintendents and engineers of the colliery companies, to be criticized and corrected as they pleased. But these returned proofs were then subjected to re-examination by him and his assistants, to test the value of such corrections, over which conferences were held, and debates, until they were accepted or rejected. In many cases the companies themselves saw the necessity for new and, at first, strange work, and ordered it done by their own engineers. In a word, not to be tedious, the survey produced a change of professional sentiment in the whole region, of a nature which the members of this Institute can well understand without my describing it. This was Ashburner's

doing. Of course his whole corps of assistants ably supported and seconded him ; fell into his ways ; helped to make his system successful ; became themselves able geologists ; and are now among the most trustworthy and reputable. His will was strong, but his heart was warm ; and, while he permitted no disobedience of orders, I never knew a man more generous and faithful to those above and those below him. Such a man will make enemies ; but he never showed the least rancor towards them. I have said he was a typical man of science ; I can safely add that he was a true Christian gentleman, with a heart overflowing with affection to his fellow-men. Ambitious ? yes, very ambitious, but only of power which he never abused ; wealth which was not for himself ; fame, but of the noblest kind.

Mr. Ashburner conducted the anthracite survey from 1880 to 1887, and was succeeded by his accomplished assistant, Mr Frank Hill, who completed the survey June 1, 1889 ; when by Act of Assembly the work of the Geological Survey of Pennsylvania ceased and the whole corps was disbanded. Mr. Ashburner's first work was a thorough survey of the Panther Creek, or eastern division of the southern anthracite field, between Mauch Chunk and Tamaqua, his report on which (AA) was published in 1883. In subsequent years he had separate field parties, working simultaneously, in the Eastern middle, Western middle, and Northern fields, with offices at Pottsville, Hazleton, and Wilkesbarre, his headquarters being at Philadelphia.

In the fall of 1886 he resigned his commission (with the understanding, however, that he would give half his time still until the following summer) to accept business relations, as a scientific expert, with Mr. Westinghouse at Pittsburgh. Since then, and up to the time of his death, he travelled widely in the United States and Canada to examine especially new oil- and gas-fields, and latterly proposed plants for mining the precious metals. It was on his second return from Arizona in December last, worn out with exertion, exposure and the responsibilities of his office, that he fell ill and died at Pittsburgh, leaving an amiable wife and two young children and innumerable friends to mourn his loss.

He was a member of the American Philosophical Society from 1880, in the *Proceedings* of which will be found the following papers, which he read at the meetings of the Society between 1881 and 1889 :

On Kintz's Fire-Damp Indicator, xxi., p. 283.

Notes on the Natural Bridge of Virginia, xxi., p. 699.

Remarks on the Recent Publications of the Second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania, xxii., p. 86.

Mr. Ashburner joined the American Institute of Mining Engineers in 1875, served as Manager in 1885, 1886 and 1887, and contributed to the *Transactions* the following papers :

	<i>Transactions.</i>
1. The Bradford Oil-District of Pennsylvania,	vii., 316
2. The Brazos Coal-Field, Texas,	ix., 495
3. New Method of Mapping the Anthracite Coal-Fields of Pennsylvania,	ix., 506
4. The Flannery Boiler-Setting for the Prevention of Smoke,	x., 212
5. The Anthracite Coal-Beds of Pennsylvania,	xi., 20
6. The Product and Exhaustion of the Oil-Regions of Pennsylvania and New York,	xiv., 419
7. The Geology of Natural Gas,	xiv., 428
8. The Classification and Constitution of Pennsylvania Anthracites, .	xiv., 706
9. The Geological Distribution of Natural Gas in the United States, .	xv., 505
10. The Geologic Relations of the Nanticoke Disaster,	xv., 629
11. Coal-Production in Utah,	xvi., 356
12. Petroleum and Natural Gas in New York State,	xvi., 906
13. The Development and Statistics of the Alabama Coal-Fields for 1887,	xvii., 206
14. The Geology of Buffalo as Related to Natural-Gas Explorations along the Niagara River,	xvii., 398
15. Statistics of Coal-Mining and of Miners' Wages in the United States for 1888 (in press),	xviii.,
16. Natural-Gas Explorations on the Ontario Peninsula (in press), . .	xviii.,

He also read at the Ottawa meeting, in October last, a biographical notice of Capt. W. R. Jones, of Pittsburgh, whose recent and distressing death by accident we were all at that time mourning. The manuscript of his notice of Capt. Jones he retained for final perfecting. It must now be finished by another hand, and the same last service must be done for him who undertook it for his friend.



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ADELE AUS DER OHE.

DECEMBER 23rd, 1886. (LISZT.)

I.

What is her playing like?
'Tis like the wind in wintry northern valleys.
A dream-pause,—then it rallies
And once more bends the pine-tops, shatters
The ice-crags, whitely scatters.
The spray along the paths of avalanches;
Startles the blood, and every visage blanches.

II.

Half-sleeps the wind above a swirling pool
That holds the trembling shadow of the trees;
Where waves too wildly rush to freeze
Though all the air is cool;
And hear, oh hear, while musically call
With nearer tinkling sounds, or distant roar,
Voices of fall on fall;
And now a swelling blast, that dies; and now—no more, no more.

JANUARY 8th, 1887. (CHOPIN.)

I.

Ah, what celestial art!
And can sweet thoughts become pure tone and float,
All music, into the tranced mind and heart!
Her hand scarce stirs the singing, wiry metal,—
Hear from the wild-rose fall each perfect petal!

II.

And can we have, on earth, of heaven the whole!
Heard thoughts—the soul of inexpressible thought;
Roses of sound
That strew melodious leaves upon the silent ground;
And music that is music's very soul,
Without one touch of earth,—
Too tender, even, for sorrow, too bright for mirth.

R. W. GILDER.

(*The Century Magazine, March, 1887.*)

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Miss ADELE AUS DER OHE.

N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS, December 24, 1886.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE, a young pianist who is one of the few who can truly claim to have been a favorite pupil of Liszt, surprised and delighted the audience by her brilliant performance of Liszt's piano concerto No. 1 in E flat. She exhibited extraordinary power and facility of execution, and fairly took the audience by storm. With such technical ability, united with such musical intelligence as she displayed, a brilliant future may be predicted for this young pianist."

N. Y. WORLD.

"IT MUST BE admitted that in Frl. Adele Aus der Ohe, New York has at the present moment one of the most surprisingly talented and skillful pianists that has been heard here for years. She surprised and delighted her audience with her splendid impetuosity, her wonderful strength, her marvelous technique, her bright, easy confidence and safety, and she was declared victress before she had played the first number of Liszt's capricious, fantastic and exquisite concerto. Rarely has Steinway Hall heard such enthusiastic applause as that which greeted the young lady when she finished. She was recalled five times, and then the audience would not rest until she had played a Chopin polonaise. Miss Aus der Ohe is a tall, handsomely built young lady of twenty or twenty-one, a pupil of Kullak and of Liszt. She has immense strength; but her hand of iron, with fingers of steel, is incased in

a velvet glove. Over the fortissimo of the orchestra her notes came out with bell-like clearness and beauty. She seems, indeed, to defy the combined strength of the orchestra against her and plays with a smiling confidence in her powers that is astonishing. Miss Aus der Ohe is, in fact, a wonderful success."

N. Y. EVENING POST.

"MISS ADELE AUS DER OHE, who made her American début in the Liszt concerto, has reason to be proud of her success. It is a long while since an instrumental débutante has won such immediate and emphatic approval as this young lady. Being unknown to the audience, she probably owed her greeting as she came on the stage to her pretty Gretchen-like appearance. Her very first bars must have convinced the audience that she was what she claimed to be—a pupil of Liszt. Such brilliancy of execution, such verve and vigor of execution, can only be learned by the contagious example of Liszt or Rubinstein. Her physical power is astounding for one of her age and sex, but it is controlled by an artistic spirit. Her phrasing was always clear and well emphasized, and the task of keeping pace with the orchestra never appeared to give her the slightest trouble, thus indicating that she knew the orchestral as well as her own part by heart. She was most enthusiastically recalled, again and again, and finally had to consent to play once more—a Liszt polonaise."

Steinway & Sons' Pianos used exclusively by Miss AUS DER OHE.

N. Y. TIMES.

"FRÄULEIN ADELE AUS DER OHE is one of the few pupils of Liszt that are really entitled to the distinction the name confers. It was once the habit of piano students who were presented to the master and permitted to play a few minutes in his presence to call themselves his pupils ever afterward; Fräulein Aus der Ohe, luckily, stands on a different footing and has bought the right to her title by protracted study under Liszt's guidance. Fräulein Aus der Ohe, in truth, produced a vivid and profound impression by execution in which tremendous physical strength was allied to considerable sensibility and intelligence, to a fine technique, and to a breadth and freedom of style totally at variance with her youthful appearance. Vigor and endurance of a surprising kind were the conspicuous traits of the débutante's playing last evening, with fluency and tonal suavity and brilliancy."

N. Y. TRIBUNE.

"HAD MR. SEIDL instituted a search for a pianist who would be in harmony with the spirit of his concert in all particulars he could not have made a happier choice than Miss Aus der Ohe. She took at once a leading position among American performers. She is a rarity among women players not less in respect of depth and seriousness of musical feeling than in finger and arm power. Her reading of the E flat concerto of Liszt's was broad and impassioned and maintained itself against an accompaniment which would have overwhelmed most of the men players now before the American public."

N. Y. HERALD.

"A NEW COMER was Fräulein "Aus der Ohe," a young pianiste of charming appearance, who by dint of her astounding technique, her inexhaustible energy and her beauty of tone shared the honors of the evening with Herr Seidl. She played Liszt's concerto in E flat, a Herculean task, and after many recalls and loud bravi she gave a polonaise by the same composer with great force and tonal splendor."

N. Y. SUN.

"MISS AUS DER OHE was fortunate in being able to make her *début* before the American public in a concert of such magnitude and excellence as that of last evening. She proved herself, however, to be worthy of the distinction. She is a young girl, not more than 18 years old, but is already a pianist of remarkable gifts and attainments. Her performances are astonishing for force and spirit. She plays as naturally as a bird flies, with a sort of willful freedom and healthy dash that are extremely fascinating. She bids fair to be a very great pianist, and is already an admirable one."

N. Y. STAATS-ZEITUNG.

"Neben Herrn Seidl und seinem Orchester feierten aber auch die Solisten dieser ersten Sinfonie-Soviree Triumph. Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe zeigte in dem überaus schwierigen und anstrengenden Es-Dur-Konzert von Liszt, daß sie bereits jetzt eine Meisterin auf ihrem Instrument ist."

N. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

"MISS ADELE AUS DER OHE, both in the Liszt concerto and in the Liszt polonaise in E, played in response to the persistent applause which followed the first, showed herself a remarkable artist in many ways. She has an apparently unlimited facility of technique, marked individuality of style and extraordinary vigor and endurance. It is seldom that a pianist has anything left, for instance, to add to the last recurrence of the principal theme of the Liszt polonaise, and by that time most players have exhausted their physical resources."

N. Y. STAR.

"AFTER THE symphony Frl. Aus der Ohe, a young Berlin pianist, played Liszt's E flat concerto so well as to win great applause, which was rewarded with the polonaise in E of the same composer. Frl. Aus der Ohe has decided merit; she is a brilliant pianist in every sense of the term.

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N. Y. MUSICAL COURIER, December 29th, 1886.

"MR. SEIDL'S concert brought forward as a débutante for American honors Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, a young pianiste of such remarkable gifts that her success with the culivated audience was assured from the beginning. The young lady rendered the Liszt E flat concerto in so masterly a manner as to leave no doubt in the minds of connoisseurs that she is an artist of the first rank. Miss Aus der Ohe's conception of Liszt's somewhat hackneyed concerto made the work seem new and fresh and acted upon us nearly as a revelation. It was broad, noble and dignified in the extreme. The artiste furthermore commands a fine touch and good, healthy, we would almost say, "male" tone. Her technic is thoroughly and evenly developed, and in fact nothing is lacking to make her a great artiste. We spoke before of the great and instantaneous success Miss Aus der Ohe achieved with the large audience, and after a triple most hearty recall she sat down to play as an encore performance Liszt's E major polonaise."

N. Y. CRITIC, Jan. 7th, 1887.

"FRÄULEIN ADELE AUS DER OHE, concerning whom the most flattering accounts have reached us, played Liszt's pianoforte concerto in E flat, and because it was necessary to quiet the tumult of enthusiasm which followed her remarkable performance, added the same composer's Polonaise in E. She caught up the spirit of the evening and bodied it forth finely in both parts. In the concerto she had to compete with a threatening muscular accompaniment, but she proved fully equal to the task. Her breadth of style and musicianly feeling were quite as remarkable as her digital power, and she left the impression that she was the coming woman—if not the coming man—for the pianoforte."

N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS, Jan. 8th, 1887.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE played Chopin's First Concerto, and in her interpretation of it displayed as much genuine poetic feeling as she did brilliancy of execution and power in her

playing of Liszt's concerto at Herr Seidl's concert. Her conception of the Chopin work is strongly emotional, yet entirely free from maudlin sentimentality. Indeed, it is less effeminate than that of several of our pianists of the sterner sex. Fräulein Aus der Ohe's simple, unpretentious bearing enhances the charm of her playing."

N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS.

"SYMPHONY SOCIETY REHEARSAL.—The feature of chief interest was Fräulein Aus der Ohe's playing of Liszt's first concerto. Her performance was marked by due appreciation of the varied emotions expressed in the composition. Her playing was forceful, sentimental and graceful as force, sentimentality and grace were called for. There is less effeminacy in her interpretation of this work than in the interpretations of it by several of our pianists of the other sex."

N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.—Fräulein Aus der Ohe, the young pianist whose performances have been favorably noticed in these columns, gave her first recital at Steinway Hall last night. The programme comprised the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Schumann's 'Carnival,' two nocturnes and a waltz by Chopin, Mendelssohn's 'Spinnerlied' and Liszt's 'Valderrauschen' and Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 9. In the interpretation of Liszt, Fräulein Aus der Ohe appears to the best advantage. The rhapsodie was given with exceptional dash and brilliancy. Schumann's 'Carnival' was played with rare delicacy and charm of expression, and the Bach Toccata with praiseworthy clearness and good taste."

N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE, who plays at next Saturday's Philharmonic concert, and will then have been heard at each of our series of important concerts, was the soloist at last night's Arion concert at Steinway Hall. She played with poetic variety of expression, and with the

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healthy sentiment which characterizes her performance, the G minor piano concerto of Mendelssohn."

N. Y. WORLD.

"THE FIFTH public rehearsal of the Symphony Society took place yesterday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House before a large audience. Fräulein Aus der Ohe was the soloist of the concert and played the Liszt concerto No. 1. Her playing was characterized by the same strength, brilliancy and artistic finish noticed on the occasion of her first appearance at Steinway Hall. She was warmly welcomed and at the conclusion of the concert was recalled five times to acknowledge the applause of audience and orchestra."

N. Y. WORLD.

"THE ARION SOCIETY gave a concert under the direction of Frank van der Stucken at Steinway Hall last night. The programme was an interesting one and the soloists included Mrs. Marie Gramm, Theodore Toedt, Mr. Remmertz and Fräulein Aus der Ohe, the Patti of the piano. The latter artiste was, of course, the great attraction of the evening, and her marvelous playing of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor called forth most enthusiastic applause."

N. Y. TIMES.

"SYMPHONY SOCIETY CONCERT.—Fräulein Aus der Ohe's interpretation was fully worthy of the music. It was admirable both in spirit and in technique. It is refreshing to meet such beauty of tone color and intelligence of conception as the player brought to the cantabile passages, while in the swifter and more playful parts she rendered the music with notable delicacy and clearness of enunciation. The finale was given with a fine burst of vigor which quite carried away the audience."

N. Y. TIMES.

"FRÄULEIN ADELE AUS DER OHE gave a piano recital at Steinway Hall last evening to the edification of a large and appreciative audience. The task of entertaining a large assembly of people unaided is no small one, but

Fräulein Aus der Ohe performed it with ease and grace. Her programme was drawn from the richest treasures of piano music, and was notable for its breadth and formidable nature. The attention of the audience was at once chained by the fine interpretation of the opening number. It is seldom that a Bach fugue is so intelligently read and so brilliantly executed. The performance was perhaps the most notable of the evening, as showing the player's thorough comprehension of the most severe and scholarly of composers. The Schumann 'Carnival' is unintelligible to all who are unacquainted with Schumann's critical writings and who have no knowledge of the personality of Eusebius and Florestan or of the fanciful society of the Davidsbündler. Those who possessed the key to its significance must have found rare enjoyment in the finished series of tone pictures which Fräulein Aus der Ohe produced last evening. It was a rendering that could fairly be called in the strictest sense of the word an interpretation. In her other selections the pianist was successful, and in some of them her brilliancy and power fairly carried away the audience, which throughout the evening was prolific in demonstrations of delight."

N. Y. TIMES.

"THE ARION CONCERT.—The most valuable feature of the concert was Fräulein Aus der Ohe's performance of Mendelssohn's G minor piano concerto. The composition is an attractive one intrinsically, being conceived in a light and happy mood, and its thought expressed in flowing and rhythmical melody of a sparkling nature. The suave sweetness of the andante is in strong contrast with the joyous, almost frolicsome spirit of the finale, and it requires a player of Fräulein Aus der Ohe's ability to give these changeful phases adequate interpretation. Her playing of the cantabile passages last night was full of poetic feeling, and her rendering of the finale was full of such splendid brio, and so admirable in the fluency and distinctness of its enunciation, that it quite carried the audience away and she was compelled to repeat the movement."

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N. Y. TRIBUNE.

"THE MOST interesting features were the solo numbers. Fräulein Aus der Ohe made so profound an impression when she played at the first of Herr Seidl's concerts that her second appearance in public was awaited with something akin to anxiety. Between her selections on the former occasion and yesterday and the two concert rooms there was a great difference, and it served to emphasize the conviction, which was generally expressed two weeks ago, that this young woman is a piano-player of extraordinary present merit and most brilliant promise. She discloses a highly poetic and musicianly conception of the piece in hand, reading the *Romanza* with especial delicacy and beauty."

N. Y. TRIBUNE.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE'S RECITAL.—One of the most enjoyable and noteworthy pianoforte recitals of the season was that given last night by Fräulein Aus der Ohe in Steinway Hall. The recital naturally attracted a numerous and enthusiastic audience. The programme was of a high character and happily chosen to enable Fräulein Aus der Ohe to show honestly and artistically her wide range of abilities as a performer and interpreter. Fräulein Aus der Ohe played the entire programme without notes and with seeming ease. She appeared to be in a poetical mood and the more sentimental numbers of the programme were played with rare feeling and touch that threw new light on the emotional side of her nature. The Chopin waltz and the 'Spinnerlied' were exquisitely played. The programme was given with great spirit and tireless energy—a feat worthy of mention."

N. Y. TRIBUNE.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE played the Liszt concerto, and her performance was the feature of the evening. She was recalled five times. But perhaps the best and most significant tribute of all to Fräulein Aus der Ohe was the warm and perfect accompaniment given to the playing of the orchestra—a natural and spontaneous result of her musicianly work."

N. Y. TRIBUNE.

"MISS AUS DER OHE played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto and won the two-fold gratitude of the audience. First for playing it, and again for playing it so admirably."

N. Y. HERALD.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE interpreted the Chopin concerto with such technical splendor and with such a depth of feeling that one is safe in ranking her with the very best pianists that have been heard in this country. She was at her best in the romanze movement, which in her hands sounded like a song, not like the movement of a piano concerto, in such sweet, singing and expansive tones did Fräulein Aus der Ohe deliver it."

N. Y. HERALD.

"THE SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.—Fräulein Aus der Ohe was heard in Liszt's concerto No. 1, in E flat major, which she played, it may be said, in masterly fashion, with much beauty of tone and the great virility of touch, breadth of style and physical strength which characterize all her performances."

N. Y. HERALD.

"A SUCCESSFUL PIANO RECITAL.—Amid the din and blazonry of last night's counter attractions, which were unusually showy and alluring, it is a pleasure to record that the quiet pianoforte recital of Miss Adele Aus der Ohe received a handsome share of public attention, and that, in fact, this admirable young artist drew single handed a full house. Miss Aus der Ohe acquitted herself in a manner that won general and appreciative applause and fully sustained her growing and enviable reputation."

N. Y. HERALD.

"THE ARION CLUB CONCERT.—Steinway Hall was filled in every part last evening with an enthusiastic audience. It was a concert given by the Arion Society, and a most pleasing programme was offered. Miss Aus der Ohe played Mendelssohn's concerto for the pianoforte in G

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minor with charming grace and in a most refined and polished manner, and was applauded again and again."

N. Y. SUN.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE performed Chopin's First Concerto with unimpeachable technique and true poetic feeling."

N. Y. SUN.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.—Fräulein Aus der Ohe's pianoforte recital at Steinway Hall last evening was given to a large and well-pleased audience. She played the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue in D minor with admirable clearness and precision, and the 'Carneval' of Schumann with a delicate sense of the varying expression which that charming composition calls for, but does not often receive at the hands of the pianists who undertake its performance. Two nocturnes and a waltz, by Chopin, and Mendelssohn's 'Spinnerlied' was exquisitely given. Liszt was her teacher, and she finds in his compositions the material with which she can best display her gifts and accomplishments. His 'Waldesrauschen,' a nocturne, and the Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 9, afforded her the opportunity of illustrating this, the rhapsodie being given with notable brilliancy of execution."

N. Y. SUN.

"THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—Fräulein Aus der Ohe is one of the very few pianoforte players who are big and broad enough in style to be heard to advantage in so large an auditorium as that of the Metropolitan. Her phrases are as grand and large as the outlines of a Doré or a Makart. She played Weber's Concert-Stück in a truly noble manner, elevating its worn and sometimes trivial phrases to a height of real grandeur. Her manner, too, is exceedingly pleasing. She is quiet, attentive only to the music in progress, calm, dignified, and very sweet and genial in her way of greeting or saluting the audience. She was encored last night, playing for the recall Chopin's G flat Nocturne."

N. Y. Staats-Zeitung.

"In den Räumen dieses Opernhauses fand gestern Abend das dritte Saison-Concert der „Sinfonie-Gesellschaft“ statt. Daselbe gestaltete sich zu einem der gelungensten und genügsreichsten Concerthe, die uns die Saison bisher gebracht hat. Fräulein Aus der Ohe bestätigte das günstige Urtheil, welches wir nach dem Debut in Steinway Hall über diese Vic-nijtin abgaben, gestern auf's Neue. Ihre technisch vollendete, elegante, an poetischem Reiz reiche Wiedergabe des schönen E-Moll-Concertes von Chopin rief stürmische Anerkennung wach."

N. Y. Staats-Zeitung.

"Mit diesem herrlichen Concert hat gestern Abend Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe das Publikum, welches sich zu dem fünften und vorletzten Saison-Concert der „Sinfonie-Gesellschaft“ überaus zahlreich im Metropolitan Opera House eingestellt hatte, zu stürmischen, enthusiastischen Beifall hingerissen. Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe spielt aber auch dieses Concert, wie wir schon gelegentlich der ersten Sinfonie-Soiree des Herrn Anton Seidl hervorgehoben haben, mit wirklich meisterhafter Vollendung."

N. Y. Staats-Zeitung.

"Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe fügte mit dem Weber'schen Concertstück ihren hier in letzter Zeit erworbenen Erfolgen einen neuen Triumph zu."

N. Y. STAR.

"THE FEATURE of the rehearsal was, naturally, Fr. Adele Aus der Ohe's playing of Liszt's Concerto, one of the most famous test pieces of the modern pianistic repertory. It was with this concerto that the young pianist made her first appearance in this country some months ago, and what was said of her in these columns at the time still holds good. Fr. Aus der Ohe is a phenomenon, a mistress of technical skill, and plays with brilliancy, and a grasp of the work before her well calculated to carry away an audience and to fill her hearers with astonishment."

N. Y. STAR.

"MISS AUS DER OHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.—A large audience attended the first

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concert of the talented young German pianist, Miss Adele Aus der Ohe. One glance at the programme assured her hearers of a treat in the way of musical gems and an exhibition of wonderful musical memory, considering the age of the performer. Miss Aus der Ohe opened her concert with 'The Toccata and Fugue,' by Bach, arranged by Tausig, in the performance of which she displayed a power, depth of tone and strict adherence to time and command of fingering throughout the most difficult counter passages, so common in Bach's music, which was simply wonderful. The 'Carneval,' op. 9, of Schumann, followed, in which Miss Aus der Ohe gave great variety and color to the various numbers in which the piece is divided. Two nocturnes and the valse C sharp minor, by Chopin; the 'Spinnerlied,' by Mendelssohn, and a grand polonaise, by Zarembski, formed the second part of the programme, the last part of which comprised three compositions of Liszt's, viz.: The 'Waldesrauschen,' a Nocturne, and the Rhapsodie Hongroise. It would be difficult to say which of Miss Aus der Ohe's renderings commanded the greatest admiration, but from a high musical standard it might be considered that the Toccata and Fugue, of Bach, was the most masterly performance, but the delightful smoothness and feeling in the Chopin nocturnes, or the brilliancy of the grand polonaise by Zarembski, and the wonderful renderings of the three compositions by her master Liszt, cannot readily be surpassed. The audience were very enthusiastic, giving her much applause."

N. Y. STAR.

"THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe, the young Berlin pianist, who has achieved success here in so unusual a degree, played with much brilliancy Weber's 'Concert-Stück,' and was so persistently applauded that she added the Liszt transcription of the 'Flying Dutchman' spinning wheel song. Fräulein Aus der Ohe has merit of so high an order that it is almost hypercritical to write of her laurels of color and poetic feeling. Her power, technical ability and brilliancy are un-

deniable and will always insure her enthusiastic reception at the hands of even so critical an audience as the Philharmonic subscribers."

M. Y. MUSICAL COURIER.

"THE MAIN interest of the audience centred in the two soloists of the occasion. Of these the charming young pianist, Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, was no new-comer, she having made a remarkable success at her first appearance at the recent Seidl concert, when she performed in a masterly manner Liszt's E flat concerto. This time she was heard in Chopin's exquisite E minor concerto, and her performance was a remarkable one. It lacked neither poetry of conception nor feeling and touch; tone and technic were as marvellous as noticed on the previous occasion. Her success with the audience was also not less marked, and Miss Aus der Ohe was recalled some half a dozen times after the conclusion of her task."

N. Y. MUSICAL COURIER.

"OF THE soloists the ladies deservedly carried away the lion's share of the applause of the evening. Miss Aus der Ohe played the somewhat hackneyed Mendelssohn G minor piano concerto with great finish, dash and verve, her technic displaying remarkable clearness of scale playing. She was thrice recalled and repeated the last movement of the concerto."

THE CRITIC, N. Y.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE, who was heard last week at the Symphony Society's rehearsal and concert, gave a pianoforte recital at Steinway Hall on Monday evening. The programme included representative selections from Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn and the performer's late master, Liszt, and showed to striking advantage the wide range of the young lady's powers. Notwithstanding the unusual counter-attractions at other houses on Monday night, the recital drew to Steinway Hall an audience almost as notable for its size as for its enthusiasm. But this is not to be wondered at, for it is many years since such masterly playing as Fräulein Aus der Ohe's has been heard in a New York concert-room."

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NEW YORK TIMES, September 30th, 1887.

"THE WORCESTER, MASS., MUSIC FESTIVAL.—The great success of the evening was achieved by the young German pianiste, Fräulein Aus der Ohe. She played a Liszt concerto in E flat with such marvellous strength and facility of execution that the girls of the chorus fairly went wild over her, and led the applause that insisted on her re-appearance. The members of the orchestra, too, joined heartily in the ovation. As an encore she played the Spinning Song from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," arranged by Liszt."

NEW YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

"THE WORCESTER MUSIC FESTIVAL.—Miss Aus der Ohe played the E flat concerto with such dash, brilliancy, power and beauty of tonal effects withal (the latter quality being present in much higher potency than at her memorable first performance of the same work at Mr. Seidl's first concert in Steinway Hall) that the orchestral players were moved to welcome her with a fanfare when she returned to the stage to bow her acknowledgment, and eventually to supplement the concerto with Liszt's transcript of the Spinning Song from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

BOSTON COURIER, March 27, 1887.

"BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.—The great sensation of the concert was the performance of the pianiste, Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, whose performance was, however, anything but sensational, being the most artistic piano playing we have heard from a woman since Mehlig and Essipoff performed here. Power and delicacy are combined in the work of this artiste, and she adds to these a perception of the composer's thought, an *Innigkeit*, that is thoroughly German. Seldom have we heard such clear execution, yet the work was free from the constant staccato which is the trademark of Stuttgart, and there was also absolute freedom from the feminine failing, overuse of the pedal. The Larghetto was glorious. To us it seemed the beau ideal of Chopin interpretation. It was

sentiment without sentimentality, and all the more refreshing, as so many of our pianists believe that they must shed tears over the keyboard when they play a Chopin slow movement. There was not a trace of such mawkishness in Miss Aus der Ohe's playing, and we felt grateful for it. The finale also was free from all rubato effects, yet it was not the less effective, and the brilliancy of the final passages was marvelous. The enthusiasm which followed was as great as the performance. Recall after recall was showered upon the young pianiste, and it was long before the audience would desist from its hearty applause."

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER.

"THE LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT.—Then came the star of the evening, Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe, to play Chopin's E minor pianoforte concerto, his opus 11. Fräulein Aus der Ohe was in no respect an artiste less than these requirements claim, and, if we may pronounce so unqualifiedly before hearing her in any other author's music, she further showed herself to be among the few really great pianists who have been heard here of late years. Her success was a complete conquest, and she was recalled five times with a warmth which was almost urgent enough to compel some encore morceau in spite of the rigid rules and the growing lateness of the hour."

BOSTON EVENING TRAVELLER.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE was a juvenile prodigy when a pupil of Kullak. She went to Liszt when 12 years old, and after a seven years' pupilage came before the world a great player. She has been in the country only since November, and one of her previous performances was the Liszt concerto at Cambridge a few weeks since, which we were privileged to hear. Her playing of the Chopin concerto possessed the highest imaginative qualities, joined to a technique which places her as virtuoso alongside Rubinstein, Von Bülow and Essipoff, while as an interpretation it showed her to be signally sensitive to the finest and most subtle thought of her composer. The romance (*largo*) was

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not only exceedingly skillful in its dynamic expression, but was perfectly beautiful as music. The quality of Fräulein Aus der Ohe's touch is as pellucid as crystal, yet she reaches the extremes of force with equally commanding results; her *forte* might be called heroic, her *pianissimo* is audible, yet almost without motion, and between these she graduates tone with a swiftness and freedom which is but little short of magical. Her manner at the pianoforte is animated and she has no mannerisms; genius, if she have it, is not with her a physical quality. She lacks, too, that vagary of some geniuses—playing wrong notes; she played the concerto with perfect accuracy, and while the style in its larger outlines was seen to be masterly, this was accomplished with no shirking of the lesser things. She read the last movement with largeness of manner and executed it with the greatest ease."

BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD.

"SUCH a success as that made by Fräulein Aus der Ohe on this occasion has not been known here for a decade, and it is difficult to recall the début of a female pianist which has been attended by such a pronounced popular verdict in her favor. She appears to be yet in her teens, but her playing is characterized by the self-confidence and finish of a veteran performer, and the absence of all apparent effort in her work gives a great additional pleasure to her audience. She chose the E minor concerto of Chopin for her selection on this occasion, and gave the work a most memorable interpretation, her reading of its several movements showing a thorough comprehension of its characteristics and her performance indicating a most perfect and complete control of all the possibilities of the instrument. Her touch is brilliant and clear in the most intricate passages, she phrases with admirable taste and intelligence, and the most difficult technical demands of the score are met with surprising ease and certainty. With all this, there is so much musical intelligence and artistic feeling in this pianiste's playing, that she easily commands the attention of the most

critical listener, and gives a degree of satisfaction by her efforts, seldom realized in similar performances. She created a sensation on this occasion, and the audience recalled her repeatedly with enthusiasm at the conclusion of the concerto."

BOSTON JOURNAL.

"SYMPHONY CONCERT.—An audience that filled every seat in Music Hall and blocked the aisles and doors Saturday evening showed by continued applause and cheers its appreciation of the musical treat for that evening. Hardly ever before has there been more enthusiasm over the work of an orchestra or soloist. This was the programme: Carl Goldmark, Overture (*Sakuntala*); F. Chopin, Concerto for Pianoforte in E minor, op. 11; Fr. Schubert, Symphony in C major; Soloist, Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe. The audience was, in a measure, prepared for the treat arranged, when it was announced that Fräulein Aus der Ohe was to be the soloist. Her brilliant success in Cambridge had shown her to be a pianist of no ordinary ability. But even the critical Boston audience was taken by surprise. Her playing was a wonderful revelation. It embodied all that the most ardent lover of music might desire, and under her touch the piano itself seemed endowed with the gift of expression. It did not seem a difficult task that she was accomplishing so easily. When she had finished, the audience was for a moment hushed. Then there was an outburst of applause that shook the building. Her success was complete. Again and again she was recalled. Seven times she responded to the calls of the audience, and then the people were only quieted by the preparations for the symphony."

BOSTON SATURDAY EVENING GAZETTE.

"BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT.—The soloist was Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, who played Chopin's Concerto in E minor. She is unquestionably a player of rare gifts, and, taken for all in all, is one of the most masterly of the women pianists who have been heard in Boston. Her technique is of a high order, clear, true and finished to an uncommon degree. Her style is

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broad and vigorous, and she produces a tone that is quite masculine in its force and robustness. She plays with the utmost ease, making nothing of difficulties, manifesting excellent taste, large musical intelligence and sincere artistic conscience. Miss Aus der Ohe made a profound impression, and excited the audience to the most stormy enthusiasm, winning five recalls at the end of her performances."

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

"MISS AUS DER OHE made a positively tremendous impression with the Chopin concerto; she is, indeed, a pianist like few, and may be ranked with those exceedingly rare birds who have not only been pupils of Liszt, but have really learnt something from him. She came here unheralded by managerial puffing, although the enthusiastic accounts of her playing in Cambridge a few weeks ago, circulated by those who had the luck to hear her on that occasion, lead one to expect great things of her. And, taking unbridled enthusiasm for what it is worth, no one could have been disappointed in her last Saturday evening. She has many points that qualify her to stand in the first rank as a pianist; her technique is in every way so magnificent, that, in this respect, she may fairly be regarded as belonging to the *hors concours* class. She has the ideal pianist's strength, that strength which comes from avoirdupois weight, seconded by finely developed muscle, to a higher degree than any woman we have yet heard here; not that mere nervous strength which all but shatters a pianoforte, but that commanding physical power which brings out its fullest tone without prejudice to its purity. In a word, she is as finely equipped for pianoforte playing as any one we know. She has the rare virtue—exceedingly rare to-day in pianists of either sex—of not being over-fond of her own fingers; merely getting over the key-board at the rate of so many notes per second seems to have no fascination for her. One feels that she makes brilliancy of execution subservient to the musical idea, and leaves the most tempting opportunities for the display of mere agility unheeded.

She phrases musically, and shows immense power of carrying through long climaxes with unflagging energy and ever growing brilliancy of effect. She plays, too, with genuine warmth of sentiment."

BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE.

"MISS AUS DER OHE showed herself from the first to be herein an artist such as few pianists who have preceded her have been—and I do not limit my comparison to her own sex by any means, for certamly there is no woman now in the country of whom I know, who can be ranked on anything an equal plane with her.

BOSTON HERALD.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE followed in the line of conquest, and awoke the echoes by her great work in the performance of the pianoforte score of the Liszt concerto. The ovation following this number beggars description. Everybody got worked up to the boiling point, and finally the orchestra gave vent to the enthusiasm of its members by a fanfare of trumpets and drums as the artist appeared for the fourth time to bow her thanks, after which she graciously added the Wagner 'Spinning Song' as an encore number."

PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE, who played Liszt's E minor concerto, proved to be a pianist of extraordinary powers. The tall young blonde, simply dressed, who took her seat at the piano with a perfectly unaffected manner and drew the gloves from her long arms, had but touched her fingers to the keys when she was recognized as an artist. She is a genuine pupil of Liszt and plays as he did, with a strong, firm, emphatic touch that gives to every note its value and its meaning. There has been so much of ultra refinement of technique of late that it was a delight to hear the masterly power and style with which this newcomer attacked a work of no common difficulty, playing it with entire understanding and absolute assurance and with a brilliancy that went always hand in hand with the impression of inexhaustible power. She is

certainly one of the most distinguished pianists that have come to us in a long time, and it may be hoped that we shall hear her often. She was rapturously recalled, and after the severe work of the concerto, played the favorite "Flying Dutchman" transcription, with a tender sentiment that gave it a new interest."

PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN.

"THE PIANIST of the evening was an entire stranger, known only by her short but enviable reputation. Fräulein Aus der Ohe's appearance is decidedly in her favor. She is young, fair and slender, modest, yet self-possessed. She touches the piano as though it were hers by right. Her hands are long, and she plays with great force, virility—but technical correctness is a matter of secondary importance, compared with fire, inspiration and soul, and these she has. Her performance of the immensely difficult Liszt Concerto was one to be remembered. She was recalled again and again, and finally, with charming simplicity, sat down and played Liszt's arrangement of the Spinning Song from the 'Flying Dutchman.'"

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

"MISS AUS DER OHE has a wonderful technique, and plays with the fire of inspiration. The legato and cantabile are exquisite. She roused the greatest enthusiasm by her brave and ambitious and interesting performance of her master's work, and after having been recalled again and again, returned and played with individuality and expression the Wagner 'Spinning Song.'"

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, May 4, 1887.

"FRÄULEIN ADELE AUS DER OHE made her Chicago début with Liszt's E flat concerto for piano and orchestra. She is a spirited player, with no lack of technique. Indeed, so great is her proficiency that she plays the most difficult portions of the work without apparent effort, handling the instrument with an ease which betoken complete mastery of mechanical means. But still more remarkable than her clear and

certain execution was the poetic nature of her interpretation, in which mechanism was entirely subordinated to the expression of the musical thought. She was thrice recalled at the close of the number."

CHICAGO INTER OCEAN.

"FRÄULEIN ADELE AUS DER OHE, the pianiste, furnished the sensation of the evening, fairly electrifying her audience with her brilliant and powerful rendition of the difficult Liszt concerto in E flat. The fair young stranger who came and conquered so completely is the daughter of a professor in the Hanover University. At an early age she displayed unusual musical abilities, and in her fifth year astonished Von Bülow by naming the tones of complex chords struck by him upon the piano, and which she could not see. Von Bülow and the Hanover Kapellmeister von Bronsart recommended her to the elder Kullak, to whom she went when seven years old. For the next five years she had the benefit of his instruction at Berlin. After this she was for some seven years one of the favorite pupils of Liszt, residing at Weimar and Berlin in alternation. Her playing certainly does honor to her distinguished preceptor, and is delightfully free from the mannerisms that mar the playing of so many distinguished pianists. She not only has a grace and dignity of bearing, but a strength and elasticity of touch that give both breadth and brilliancy to her phrasing. Her playing throughout was characterized by artistic good taste, and the apparent ease with which she carried the burden of the weighty finale aroused the most enthusiastic applause, the orchestra joining with the audience in according the merited compliment of a triple recall."

CHICAGO MORNING NEWS.

"FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE is a bona-fide pupil of Liszt, and has much of the dash and spirit of that master. Her selection was Liszt's E flat concerto, a composition of technical difficulties so great that it is calculated to dismay even a virtuoso. Fräulein Aus der Ohe has executive powers that are but little less than phe-

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nomenal, and she possesses the force and breadth of style that are usually lacking when women essay to be concert pianists. Her rendition of the concerto was wonderfully brilliant and she was repeatedly recalled, many of the audience insisting upon an encore after the fatiguing selection."

CHICAGO HERALD.

"IT REQUIRES but one hearing to convince anyone for whom music has charms that Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe possesses musical talents that are even more extraordinary than the composition of her unpronounceable name. She

played the Liszt concerto for pianoforte in E flat with a dash that was simply irresistible. The conclusion of her number was the signal for a storm of applause that did not wear itself out for several minutes."

N. Y. MUSICAL COURIER, Nov. 23, 1887.

"MISS ADELE AUS DER OHE also scored quite a success and an encore by her masterly playing of Chopin's andante spianato and polonoise. The gem of the evening, however, as far as performance is concerned, was Beethoven's fantasie, op. 80. The piano solo was magnificently played by Miss Aus der Ohe.

THE

World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition.

NEW ORLEANS, May 29th, 1885.

To Mr. LOUIS GRUNEWALD, New Orleans,

(Agent of Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS, New York.)

DEAR SIR:—In making our official report as Jurors of Group 8, Class 808, on Musical Instruments, we deeply regretted the fact of being debarred to express our opinion on the exquisite display of several magnificent Steinway Pianos at your beautiful exhibit at our Exposition; but as they were not entered for competition, and *only for exhibition*, we had to abide by our instructions and ignore them as well as other makers for above reasons.

As *professional artists* however, we feel it our sacred duty to express to you, unsolicited, our great admiration for the Steinway Pianos, which we consider the "*Beau Ideal*" of a perfect instrument, combining in its great mechanical construction all those eminent qualities of touch, sympathetic and singing qualities of tone, brilliancy, power, etc., which render them more than dear to any artist or amateur who loves music as produced on any of these wonderful and, we think, unsurpassed pianos.

Had the "Steinways" been entered for competition, our work, in place of being anything but easy and pleasant, would have become a labor of love, and instantaneously resulted in our conferring the "highest awards" possible to the Steinways. We write this after having individually expressed ourselves in mutual conversation, and tender this as a tribute to a firm which has done so much to elevate true musical art in this country, and which has the good fortune to be represented in our section by you, Mr. Grunewald, to whom we beg to tender our assurances of personal esteem and best wishes for future success.

Very respectfully and fraternally,

E. RICHARD.

H. JOUBERT.

G. D'AQUIN.

WM. H. PILCHER.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

PARIS, September 25, 1867.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

I have heard the magnificent pianos you brought from America and which emanate from your factory. Permit me to compliment you upon the excellent and rare qualities which these instruments possess. Their sonority is splendid and essentially noble; moreover, you have discovered the secret to lessen, to an imperceptible point, that unpleasant harmonic of the minor seventh, which heretofore made itself heard on the eighth or ninth node of the longer strings, to such a degree as to render some of the most simple and finest chords disagreeable (*cacophonique*). This improvement is a great progress among the various others you have introduced in the manufacture of your Pianos—a progress for which all artists and amateurs gifted with delicate perception, must be infinitely indebted to you.

Accept, I beg of you, with my compliments, my highest respects.

Your devoted

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

A. MARMONTEL.

PARIS, July 20, 1867.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

I rejoice in the justified success which your Pianos have had at the Exposition.

The International and French Jury, in placing them *first on the list*, brilliantly confirm the lively and deep impression which these excellent Pianos have produced on me.

With kind affections, yours,

MARMONTEL.

ADOLPHE HENSELT.

PARIS, September 2, 1867.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

GENTLEMEN: It is with the greatest pleasure that I have just played upon your Pianos, and can not refrain from expressing to you, in writing, my admiration, and how much I was satisfied with them. I regret much not to have seen you personally in Paris.

Accept, I beg of you, the assurance of my distinguished regards.

ADOLPHE HENSELT.

FRANZ LISZT.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

GENTS: The magnificent STEINWAY Grand Piano now stands in my music room, and presents a *harmonic totality of admirable qualities*, a detailed enumeration of which is the more superfluous as this instrument fully justifies the world-wide reputation that for years you have everywhere enjoyed.

After so much well-deserved praise, permit me also to add my homage, and the expression of my undisguised admiration, with which I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

FRANZ LISZT.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

NEW YORK, May 24, 1873.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

GENTLEMEN: On the eve of returning to Europe, I deem it my pleasant duty to express to you my most heartfelt thanks for all the kindness and courtesy you have shown me during my stay in the United States; but also, and above all, for your unrivaled Piano-Fortes, which once more have done full justice to their world-wide reputation, both for excellence and capacity of enduring the severest trials. For during all my long and difficult journeys all over America, in a very inclement season, I used, and have been enabled to use, your Pianos exclusively in my Two Hundred and Fifteen Concerts, and also in private, with the most eminent satisfaction and effect.

Yours very truly,

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

THEODORE THOMAS.

CINCINNATI, July 19, 1879.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

GENTLEMEN: I consider the Steinway Piano the best Piano at present made, and that is the reason why I use it in private and also in **all** my public concerts.

As long as the Pianos of Messrs. Steinway & Sons retain that high degree of excellence of manufacture, and those admirable qualities which have always distinguished them, I shall continue to use them in preference to all other Pianos.

Respectfully Yours,

THEODORE THOMAS.

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NEW YORK PRESS NOTICES.

FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE's artistic and scholarly interpretation of Beethoven's beautiful concerto in E flat made this number stand equal in charm and importance to the new symphony. Her reading of the concerto was dignified, and even reverential, in its strict attention to marks of expression, and as regards the meaning and spirit of the composer, while her perfect technique enabled her to make telling effects with the different styles of touch, graduation of tone, and management of the pedals.—*New York Sun*, March 11th, 1888.

A BEAUTIFUL CONCERT BY THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Next followed Schumann, bright, vigorous, resolute, impassioned, entrancing. Surely no such rendering of this magnificent piano work was ever given in New York as the one to which we listened last evening from the hands (literally) of Fräulein Aus der Ohe. It was a superb and masterly performance, worthy of every commendation. The artist seemed infused with more than ordinary spirit, and absolutely whirled through the majestic difficulties of this gigantic concerto. At times it seemed as though she were simply pulling the orchestra along with her, so entirely did one lose all sense of effort on her part in a realization of the dash with which she threw herself into her work. Immense force, facile execution, and careful expression were all to be found in Fräulein Aus der Ohe's playing, and, in addition, a splendid artistic elevation at which she held her piece, and a true fire of enthusiasm that communicated its magnetism to the audience in a very impressive manner.—*New York Sun*, January 10th, 1888.

THE SOLOIST of the evening was Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe, who played Schumann's piano concerto in A minor. The fine musical spirit of the evening inspired the pianist and she was heard at her best. Her performance abounded in beauty and variety of tone quality, in exquisite nuances, and in invigorating warmth.—*New York Times*, January 10th, 1888.

MISS AUS DER OHE played Schumann's piano-forte concerto in a fine, broad style, with brilliancy so far as the mechanical part was concerned, and with a lofty, poetical sentiment which reflected the greatest credit on her intellectual grasp of the work and her emotional capacity. It was the performance of a musician.—*New York Daily Tribune*, January 10th, 1888.

A LARGE and appreciative audience attended the piano recital of Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe at Steinway Hall last night, and were rewarded with a performance of extraordinary merit and beauty. The programme included the sonata in C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, of Beethoven, Schubert's impromptu in B flat, Mendelssohn's spinning song, Schumann's Faschingsschwank, and the Rhapsodie Espagnole of Liszt.—*New York Times*, January 5th, 1889.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first public rehearsal of the forty-eighth season of the Philharmonic Society took place at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. The house was crowded, and the audience was extremely attentive. Miss Aus der Ohe, who was the soloist yesterday, played with superb force and abandon. Her octave passages were remarkable in their rapidity and clearness, and some of her *tours de force* were uncommonly brilliant.—*New York Times*, Nov. 16th, 1889.

MISS AUS DER OHE's finest previous local success was duplicated in her performance of the solo part of the pianoforte concerto. She gave an intelligent and tasteful exposition of the contents of the piece. Its energy and dash, and the ease with which Miss Aus der Ohe overcame its technical difficulties were inspiring.—*New York Daily Tribune*, March 11th, 1888.

CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The solo attraction of the concert was Rubinsteins's pianoforte concerto in G major, played by Miss Adele Aus der Ohe. It exacts dash and brilliancy, and these qualities were present in generous abundance in the performance last night, especially in the last movement, which Miss Aus der Ohe gave with splendid fire and an audacious tempo calculated to carry all criticism off its feet. She was rewarded generously with applause by an audience splendid in point of number and character.—*New York Daily Tribune*, November 17th, 1889.

OF FRÄULEIN AUS DER OHE it may be said that never since the evening on which she was first heard here in connection with Herr Seidl did she make so powerful an impression as in the Schumann concerto. Hardly less enthusiasm than Fräulein Aus der Ohe's performance called forth—she was summoned five times—did the orchestra's playing of the Wagner selections evoke.—*New York Herald*, January 10th, 1888.

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THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Vogrich's concerto was excellently adapted to the style of Fräulein Aus der Ohe. It was so superbly played that the orchestra joined with the public in paying tribute to the player.—*New York Daily Tribune*, February 13th, 1889.

A PHILHARMONIC REHEARSAL.—Fräulein Aus der Ohe plays Rubinstein's concerto in splendid style. At the public rehearsal yesterday afternoon there was unusual enthusiasm aroused. Frl. Aus der Ohe was recalled no less than six times after her splendid performance of Rubinstein's concerto. Then followed Rubinstein's piano concerto in G, Fräulein Aus der Ohe playing the piano part with tremendous vigor and fire and yet with a feeling for tone color that delighted every musician present. It was one of the best things yet done here by this remarkable young pianist.—*New York Herald*, Nov. 16th, 1889.

AT THE Philharmonic concert last night in the Metropolitan Opera House Fräulein Aus der Ohe repeated her masterly performance of Rubinstein's fine piano concerto in G major.—*New York Herald*, November 17th, 1889.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The Philharmonic Society gave its first concert for the season last night at the Metropolitan, Theodore Thomas conducting. Rubinstein's Concerto No. 3, in G major followed the symphony. The soloist was Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe, and this work is admirably suited to this young artiste. Her execution was brilliant and clear. The second movement, the andante, was played with delicacy and grace. The last movement was dashed off with splendid energy.—*The World*, November 17th, 1889.

THE SOLOIST of the concert was Frl. Adele Aus der Ohe, her selection being Schumann's Concerto in A minor. Regarding her interpretation of it, it may be said that this remarkable artiste has done nothing better since she has been with us. She played it with energetic vitality, delicate feeling and perfection of technique. She brought out the full beauty of the allegro, with all its delicacy and refinement, as well as its passionate character, all its grace and tenderness, and, above all, the tender melancholy which is so thoroughly Schumannnesque. She gave the difficult Finale with power and brilliancy, and at the close was five times recalled.—*The World*, January 10th, 1888.

WORCESTER'S FESTIVAL.—The sixth concert of the music festival, given this afternoon, was generally admitted to be the best of the week and aroused the most enthusiasm. Mlle. Adele Aus der Ohe, the remarkably successful pianist of the festival of one year ago, was heard with pleasure in Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto.—*New York Herald*, September 27th, 1889.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON.—Next in the scheme followed Rubinstein's concerto in G major, of colossal difficulty, which was given by Fräulein Aus der Ohe with a power, freedom, and brilliancy worthy of the great composer himself. Her ease of movement, celerity, and certainty, in bravura passages, are splendid, not only to hear, but to see. For Miss Aus der Ohe is extremely graceful in the management of her hands, fingers and arms. Her playing is the personification of health and freshness, combined with rare judgment in phrasing and in sentiment. Though full of meaning, her expression of feeling is never allowed to degenerate into morbid exaggeration. Never has a better concert been heard from this renowned society than that of last night. No more charming or artistic soloist than Miss Aus der Ohe can be found, and the remaining work was as thoroughly satisfactory as hers. More of praise could not be said.—*New York Sun*, November 17th, 1889.

THE PHILHARMONIC'S REHEARSAL.—The Metropolitan Opera House was filled Friday Afternoon at the rehearsal for the fifth concert of the Philharmonic Society. The soloist was Frl. Adele Aus der Ohe, who played with intelligence, finish and fine effect, Beethoven's greatest concerto, the E flat, No. 5. She was welcomed upon her entrance and was recalled six times after the close of the concerto and received the homage of her audience.—*The World*, March 11th, 1888.

THE SOLOIST of this concert was Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, the very popular pianist, who on this occasion interpreted for the first time in New York, the loveliest of all existing piano concertos, the one by Schumann. The young lady did full justice to the demands of the composer, which are more severe in point of conception than in technic. At the close of the concerto Miss Aus der Ohe was four times recalled and enthusiastically applauded.—*The Musical Courier*, New York, January 11th, 1888.

BOSTON PRESS NOTICES.

THERE IS surely no pianist in this country who enjoys a greater general favor than Miss Adele Aus der Ohe. And there is reason for this, because beside her unquestionable high achievements as a *virtuosa*, the brilliancy, power, endurance and dash of her playing as it comes to the ear, there is the appeal which she always makes to the eye through her agreeable personality, her becoming costumes and the various graceful movements which she makes as she plays. Her appearance in the Symphony programme of this week means a crowded audience to-night, as it drew a very large concourse yesterday afternoon.—*The Beacon*, Boston, Dec. 28th, 1889.

MISS AUS DER OHE's playing of the Rubinstein G major concerto was fine enough to be counted among the "events" of the winter. Miss Aus der Ohe's playing showed admirable completeness of conception, and in point of warmth of feeling, brilliancy and magnetic effect, it rose to, and maintained itself upon a level that is not often reached by anyone. And, best of all, it was musical throughout. In a word, this gifted young pianist here touched her apogee; the impression she made upon musicians and unprofessional music-lovers of every stamp was alike satisfying, brilliant and inspiring.—*Boston Evening Transcript*, December 30th, 1889.

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THE SYMPHONY CONCERT, MISS AUS DER OHE SOLOIST.—Miss Aus der Ohe has gained great favor with the patrons of these concerts in her earlier appearances here, and she was welcomed most heartily by the great audience as she entered. Her choice of the Rubinstein concerto in G as her evening's number showed a confidence in her own abilities that she fully justified in her performance of this difficult composition, and her playing has never before given such genuine satisfaction as in this number. With the natural development of her abilities, this artist has gained a breadth of style and masterly control of the keyboard which puts her at the front of the pianists of to-day, and fully justifies all the high praise given her in former seasons. Miss Aus der Ohe proved well equipped at all points for the contest, and her victory was not only applauded most heartily by the audience, but the orchestral players joined in the enthusiastic ovation which rewarded her performance.—*The Sunday Herald, Boston, December 29th, 1889.*

ELEVENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT, MISS AUS DER OHE, SOLOIST.—Miss Aus der Ohe played with splendid fire, mastering the more exacting passages with no apparent effort, lingering over the gentler portions with loving touch, giving the whole with so much breadth and abandon as to really rouse and excite the audience; the performance marks Miss Aus der Ohe's best achievement in Boston. At the close of the concerto, which Mr. Nikisch accompanied carefully, the pianist was thrice recalled.—*Boston Daily Traveller, December 30th, 1889.*

THE SYMPHONIES.—Sixteenth Concert—Miss Adele Aus der Ohe was the soloist. The soloist's playing was a marvel. It is impossible to enumerate a tithe of the virtues of her rendering. She was more liberally applauded than any soloist this season.—*The Boston Times, Feb. 10th, 1889.*

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SATURDAY NIGHT—MISS AUS DER OHE AS SOLOIST.—Adele Aus der Ohe never appeared to better advantage than in Rubinstein's piano concerto in G major, which followed. The boldness of the pianist's playing was entirely in place, and at the end of the first movement, when the theme appeared in the orchestra, embellished with every kind of fioriture on the piano, the latter instrument fairly balanced the forcible *tutti*. The second movement afforded opportunities for contrast that were well employed. A degree of sadness, a refined melancholy, were in the performance of this, that showed the pianist in a totally different mood from the fiery style of the first and last movements. Miss Aus der Ohe never degenerated from sentiment into sentimentality, and never allowed the pathos of the adagio to become bathos. The third movement is the most successful of the concerto. It is so full of difficulties that it may almost be characterized as one continuous cadenza. There is much antiphonal work between piano and orchestra in this, and a commendable balance characterized the responses. Such octave work, such chromatic passages and such chord work as the pianist gave in the finale, can scarcely be fully explained in type! The recalls which greeted the fair young artist at the conclusion of the work, were evidence that the large audience understood the worth of the performance.—*Boston Daily Advertiser, December 30th, 1889.*

FOR THE RUBINSTEIN CONCERTO, THE SOLOIST seemed as admirably adapted as though she were to the manner born. Mlle. Aus der Ohe has seldom been heard here at better advantage, her playing being characterized by an abundance of the bravura and vital intensity that are so essential for an effective performance of Rubinstein's music. With the andante movement her repose and her womanly appreciation of the sentiment of the music were very impressive, yet the climax of her masterly achievement came with the final allegro, her performance of which with all the dash, abandon and technical clearness that were in attendance upon it, being no less masterly than superb. Mlle. Aus der Ohe's triumph, and it was in the best sense of the term a triumph, was ardently acknowledged by the audience and she was several times recalled.—*The Boston Times, December 29th, 1889.*

AS REGARDS RUBINSTEIN'S G MAJOR CONCERTO it can be said for Miss Aus der Ohe that she carried its many difficulties through triumphantly, and with an abundance of ardor and command. As a consecutive effort her performance was brainy, emotional, and of brilliant interest.—*Gazette, Boston, December 29th, 1889.*

THERE WAS AN ENORMOUS AUDIENCE at the sixteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall last night. The novelty was a concerto for piano and orchestra by Max Vogrich, which was played by Miss Adele Aus der Ohe. Miss Aus der Ohe played it with tremendous energy, and overcame its difficulties in the most brilliant manner. It was a splendid display of intensity and of endurance, and was as remarkable for its clearness and precision as it was for the unflagging fire that characterized it from beginning to end. It was done, with the most exciting effect. The artist was recalled four times with as wild an enthusiasm as has ever been manifested at these concerts.—*Gazette, Boston, February 10th, 1889.*

THEN CAME THAT BOSTON FAVORITE, the young pianist (but what a veteran in execution!), Adele Aus der Ohe, in Rubinstein's G major concerto. Miss Aus der Ohe was thoroughly in her element in the work; her very exuberance and enthusiasm was entirely in place, and from the first challenging phrases to the very end there was a dash and vigor that carried even the most callous auditor along with the torrent. In contrast to the great power of the end of the first movement, was the sweetness and tenderness of the second. Miss Aus der Ohe was feminine here, without being effeminate, pathetic without degenerating into pathos. The refinement of shading here was most marked and effective. The finale is the best part of the concerto. It is titanic in its difficulties, but all the bravura work is given in classical form, and there are some interesting responsive passages between piano and orchestra. The end is a perfect mass of difficulties, one following on the heels of the other. Miss Aus der Ohe not only conquered these, but gave them in a manner that was not labored in any degree. The octave work and the chromatic passages were magnificently done. The pianist was recalled with great enthusiasm.—*Boston Courier, December 29th, 1889.*

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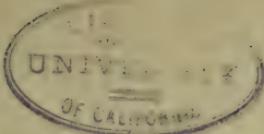
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The Owl

Biddeth

Good-bye

to

Bromley

ugust 16, 1884.

elling told me that not one of his books published in England had ever brought him in more than a hundred pounds sterling.

esting furniture wherewith for years it was their delight to fill and to fit them up.

Still, in all its main features the house re-

All hail, Bromley !

All hail, Arch High-Priest of our realm
of Bohemia !

All hail, Grand Too-Whit of the noble
Order of the Ulula !

Thou hast found favor in my yellow
eyes !

Thou hast gained lodgment in this
ancient heart !

I have not dimmed my love by express-
ing it in words—I would not waste
my love in words !

Nor have I shown it by my smiles ; I
do not smile on those I love.

But thou has not mistaken me !

At thy approach my closed eyelids,
weary with the fullness of surrounding emptiness, have opened wide.
At sight of thee, the eager pupils of
mine eyes have dilated till they
were like to burst their broad circumferences. In thy presence, my
protruded bosom hath expanded
until each yearning feather stood
on end.

Between thee and me neither word nor
smile was needed.

Thou camest ! I poured upon thee
the refreshing flood of an approving
and affectionate silence.

For years I have marked thee in thy daily walk ; a kindly heart to whom all hearts must needs be kind ; a cheerful spirit, quick to enjoy the sunshine, and to find it even among clouds ; a genial soul, receiving the young with pleasant welcome and retaining the old, because the pleasant welcome hath grown into a permanent friendship.

And I have noted in thee that higher wisdom which is wise enough sometimes to stoop to folly. Thou art too wise to be forever wise !

True wisdom hath no grief ! Look at me—I weep not ! But the wisdom of men is sad and full of pain ; it maketh the heart sick and the eyelids heavy. Therefore, is such wisdom in so far unwise, for grief and death are sworn allies !

Whatever else be folly, it is surely wise to be merry, and if much wisdom banish merriment, then is such wisdom a false friend.

Where now are the wise men of the ancient days ?

I and mine hold merry feasts in their nameless tombs.

What they thought wisdom is now sport for children ; what they deemed solemn worship is now idle mummery.

So in the never-ending cycles to come shall the jest of to-day become earnest and the earnest become jest, and the one be mistaken for the other.

Therefore, have I looked on with pleasure when thou hast led the revels of my Bohemian children. Thy unctuous voice hath always inspired their mirth ; thy jovial face hath ever inflamed their laughter.

I have seen thee, as High-Priest, guiding the young neophyte to the Bohemian altar, and leading his soul upward with such uttered precept as never neophyte heard before. I have listened when with strenuous voice thou hast brought in hoarse carols from the briny deep.

Often, for very sport, thou wouldest load up most grave and serious words with light and unaccustomed freight of meaning, and then, anon, wouldest dress some solemn thought in such gay frivolous garb of language, that men mistook it for a wanton.

Many the quips and jests which I have heard from thee, but I have noted that there was never malice behind thy humor, and never sting to mar the honey of thy wit.

And now, O best beloved of the Owl, the time draws near when we must part.

I break the silence of unnumbered years to say, "Farewell!"

But we shall meet again. Not soon perhaps, within these halls, nor in the busy hours of day. But in the quiet of the night, when sleep hath come, I and many a friend of former days shall visit thee in thy distant home and bless thy dreams!

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N.Y. Sun Aug 5/94

MEMORIES OF CASA GUIDI.

The Florentine Home of the Brownings as It Is and as It Was—Bought by the Poet's Son, but the Dwelling Place of an Australian General—Reminiscences of Life There With the Brownings Forty Years Ago—Margaret Fuller, Ossoli, Kirkup, Trelawney, and the Egerton Smiths.

FLORENCE, July 15.—A London newspaper has recently raised a somewhat idle question over the relative hold of the finest English modern poets upon the reading public in England and in America. I do not intend to-day to deal with this question further than to observe that the returns of the bookselling trade will pretty certainly afford a decisive, practical answer to it. The final appeal in such a matter must be neither to gods nor to men, but to "the booksellers' shops!" Our English cousins habitually forget that as a matter of population they are outnumbered two to one by the people of the great republic; and they are habitually ignorant also of the fact, germane to this particular inquiry, that in respect not only of English poetry, but of all forms of modern art, and especially of Continental art, the American market is very largely more important than the English. It is no exaggeration to say that where England possesses one really good modern French, Belgian, Dutch or German picture, the United States now possess twenty. In the matter of the modern English poets, beginning with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, and coming down to Browning, Swinburne, and Tennyson, all the finest work of all these poets was understood, admired, and felt in America while the authors were more or less crying in the wilderness of British Philistia. This is especially true of the Brownings. Not long before his death, and after his name had become a kind of religion with a still comparatively limited circle of British worshippers, Robert Browning told me that not one of his books published in England had ever brought him in more than a hundred pounds sterling.

I am quite sure, therefore, that what I have to say to you to-day about the Florentine home in which he and his wife passed the happiest years of their life, will find a wider as well as a more sympathetic and appreciative audience in our own country than can be looked for in theirs. The question, indeed, has been much more often put to me by Americans than by English travellers in Italy, whether the Casa Guidi is still standing in Florence and whether it is accessible to the piety of literary pilgrims. As a matter of fact the Casa Guidi not only still stands in Florence but it is now the property of the only child of the two poets who have lent immortality to its name. It is a just and fitting thing that even after the lapse of more than thirty years the room in which, on the 29th of June, 1861, the rare and radiant spirit of Elizabeth Barrett Browning passed away from earth should have become the property of her only child, known from his infancy upward to all her friends and his by the quaint pet name of "Pen," a name over which, I observe, the pundits of the "Browning societies" from Chicago to London have puzzled their wits and emptied their ink pots with infinite ingenuity but to little purpose." Possibly Miss Browning may correct me, but my own recollection, going back to the time of his birth, is, that his mother gave this name to the child simply because of the eagerness he displayed from his earliest babyhood to get at and spoil all manner of sheets and scraps of paper within reach by scrawling over them with any and with every pen on which he could lay his little hands. As his infantile industry took the form, usually, not of pot hooks and hangers, but of fearful and wonderful images intended to represent human beings, horses, cats, and dogs, it was considered by his parents to indicate his natural vocation as an artist, the vocation to which, as you know, his life has since been given. Yes, "Pen" Browning is now the owner of the Casa Guidi, but, alas, the apartments on the *piano nobile*, so long occupied by his illustrious parents, were long ago dismantled of all the quaint and interesting furniture wherewith for years it was their delight to fill and to fit them up. Still, in all its main features the house re-

mains what it was when, nearly half a century ago, Browning and his wife, then newly married and led by overmastering circumstances, as well as by their own poetic instincts, to make Italy their home, selected this as their abode. The Casa Guidi is not one of the great historic palaces of Florence, though it is a building of respectable antiquity and a fairly characteristic type of those Medician houses in which so much comfort was long ago combined by the prosperous citizens of the glorious city on the Arno, with a certain measure of stateliness. It was, I think, for more than two centuries the Florentine residence of the famous family of the Guidi, whose ancestral castle, built in 1274, at the same time with the Palazzo Vecchio of Florence, and by the same architect, Arnolfo del Cambio, still magnificently dominates the picturesque little city of Poppi, the ancient capital of the green and beautiful Casentino. The arms of the Guidi, laid in *scagliola*, still illuminate the floor of the chamber in which Mrs. Browning died. The last Count Guidi passed away, I think, in the early part of this century, and the house, when the Brownings went to live in it, was the property of a well-to-do Florentine family. Browning himself would have been glad to buy the house after the death of his wife, but the owners would not part with it. United Italy was then passing, thanks to Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and Napoleon III., from the realm of dreams into the realm of reality, and Florence was looking forward to a great future as the capital of the new nationality.

The apartment of the Brownings had been furnished by themselves. It was full of quaint and beautiful things picked up from time to time by the poets during those days of confusion which preceded and followed the revolutionary outbreaks of 1848. Mrs. Browning with the innocent glee of a good housewife, used to tell her friends that all the rare and beautiful objects which filled her rooms had really been acquired without expense, so much money had they saved by giving up hotels and furnished lodgings and making a home of their own! All these belongings were tenderly and reverently transferred by her bereaved husband, first to the house which he took at War-

wick Crescent in London, and afterward to the house in De Vere Gardens, which he owned at the time of his death in Venice. As you know at the time of his death in Venice his son, Pen, owned and occupied there with his American wife, the noble Palazzo Rezzonico, and the furniture of the Casa Guidi was some time ago brought to that place from London. Somewhat more than a year ago Mr. Pen Browning learned that in consequence of the death of one of the Florentine owners of the Casa Guidi, division had become necessary of the family estates, and that it might therefore be possible at last to secure the Florentine home of his parents. Negotiations were begun to that end through a Florentine friend, and the Casa Guidi eventually became his own at a price which represents something less than the amount of the handsome legacy left long years ago to Browning and his wife by their true and devoted friend, John Kenyon. When Mr. Browning died the municipality of Florence decreed that a noble tablet should be set in the front of the house, which bears a simple and beautiful inscription, written by Tommaseo, which your readers, perhaps, will forgive me for trying to put into English:

Here wrote and died

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING,

who, in a woman's heart, combined
The genius of a poet with the learning of a scholar,
And made of her verse a golden link
Between Italy and England.

This Memorial was set here
By grateful Florence.
1861.

Italians and Englishmen alike, I think, will agree with me that the purchase of this house by her son is a graceful recognition of his mother's loving and passionate devotion to the cause of Italy and of the feelings expressed in Tommaseo's inscription. Robert Browning, long before his death, attested his own faith in the future of Italy by investing a considerable sum in the Italian *rentes*. This sum has now been converted into a still more solid Italian investment by the purchase of the Casa Guidi on terms which would have commanded the approval, of so sound financial principles, even of so good a business man as the poet's uncle, Reuben Browning, still remembered with respect and affection at New Court and in the city of Lon-

don. How well Mrs. Browning loves Italy her poetry attests. But loving Italy well, she loved it wisely, too. Her judgment was sometimes heated, but it was never really warped by the ardor of her sympathies. "Casa Guidi Windows," read in the light of now current events, will show that these then "coming events" cast their warning shadow before upon the mind of the noble woman, who watched with such intense earnestness the uprising of the Italian populations in the middle of our century. Her friends believed at the time that her death was hastened by the shock of the news that Cavour was no more. Her detestation of autocracy never blinded her for a moment to the great claims of Napoleon III, upon the gratitude of Italy, and, while she rejoiced in the downfall of the Bourbons, she had the courage and the common sense to see that the famous expedition to Sicily would have wrecked instead of saving the Italian cause but for the prudence, the decision, and the statesmanship of the great Minister of King Victor. "A hundred Garibaldis," she is recorded to have exclaimed, "for one Cavour."

We may imagine what such a woman would have felt and said to-day, could she have lived, to see a hundred busts of Garibaldi set up in the shops and public places of Italy to the shame of Cavour! Nay, could she revisit the Italy of 1894 I do not think it would surprise her or pain her true and loyal spirit to find not a few of the Italians who in 1849 risked all that men hold dear to drive the Austrians back toward the Alps resolutely upholding the alliance of Italy with Austria as vital now to the independence and the greatness of their country. By a curious irony of fate, her own home in the Casa Guidi is now and has for many years been the home of an Austrian General, who, as a young officer of engineers, marched past the windows of Casa Guidi with troops, bringing back "the good Grand Duke" from his brief exile to resume his paternal sway over Toscana la Felice. This young officer wooed and won a Florentine bride, and after serving his Kaiser loyally through good and evil fortune he is now, as a retired and distinguished veteran, passing the evening of his days with content and delight in his Italian home, with none but feelings of respect and kindly admiration for the famous English poetess who has identified the name of the Casa Guidi forever with the indomitable resistance of the Italian people to the domination of the foreigner. I spent an hour there with the General a day or two ago. Though nothing in the furniture and hangings of the chief salon recalls it as I knew it so well more than forty years ago, a tide of memories came back upon me. I spent the greater part of the winter of 1850 in Florence, remaining there late into the lovely spring.

A photograph of the salon, taken some years later, lies before me as I write to you. There, at one corner of the deep chimney piece, stands empty the low, long chair in which Mrs. Browning was wont to receive her guests, while her luminous eyes shone under the half shade in which her seat was placed, with a welcome brighter even than that of the wood fire crackling on the hearth. We never thought of her as an invalid, but she enquired, without exacting,

all the privileges of one. The circle of their acquaintance was not large, but whenever Browning made, as he sometimes did, an excursion beyond its periphery in the circumambient cloud of casual foreigners at Florence, he usually came back more content than before with its limits. Active, alert to the verge of restlessness, keenly alive to every incident of life, he was, in those days, the incarnation of the noble lines in which Walter Savage Landor likens him to Chaucer. A great carved wooden table stood on one side of the salon, and this was always "littered" up with the strange odds and ends of "bigotry and virtue" picked up by Browning in his strolls all over the city of the Medici. But the talk at the Casa Guidi turned more easily and naturally always to the "humanities" than to bric-a-brac. The atmosphere was always aglow with a soft, lambent radiance of the indescribable content in which these married lovers lived and moved and had their being.

I lived at that time at the Hotel d'York, now long since vanished. It had been a palace of Henry Stuart, Cardinal York, who now lies buried in St. Peter's as "Henry IX., King of Great Britain and Ireland;" and his Cardinal's hat and tassels in stone were carved over the doorway. One evening Browning came and dined with me there, and we talked for a while after dinner was over with a swell group of English at the hotel. The central figure of these was a portly, predominant dame, well advanced in years, with staring Assyrian eyes and an implacable mouth. She was the wife of a baronet and had passed two winters at Rome. These circumstances made her an oracle. A shy, modest young artist, come for the first time to Italy, and full of his dreams of art, talked with us, and sought information as to the ways and means of life in the Eternal City. He had heard that he might hope to find quarters within his means not too far from the Piazza di Spagna and from the Café Greco, which in those days was an "art centre." "Could he find such quarters, decently furnished, at thirty shillings a month or thereabouts?" "Thirty shillings a month!" exclaimed Lady —, with uplifted brow and head; "you will do well if you can find a place in which any civilized being could stay for an hour at thirty shillings a week!" The poor little artist shrank within himself under the crushing tones and the icy glare of the oracle, but Browning flushed with indignation and turned upon her. "I thought you said you knew something of Rome, madam! Let me tell you that not far from the Piazza di Spagna I can show you the room in which for years, paying for it much less than thirty shillings a month, lived honorably and happily and gloriously a most civilized man, the latchet of whose shoes it would be an honor for any of us here to unloose—and his name was Thorwaldsen!" Tears of gratitude almost glistened in the eyes of the artist. The oracle was for a moment confounded, purple and dumb, but presently arose and swept majestically out of the room. Later in the evening, when I told the story at the Casa Guidi, Browning's wrath flared up anew, with an outburst of passionate prose concerning the "bitterly respectable female Briton." Every word cut like a whip until from the warm shadow of

her great chair the voice of Mrs. Browning came: "Robert! Robert! do put some humanity into your speech!" The poet paused like a child stayed by its mother's hand, stood for a moment silent, and then broke into a merry laugh as contagious as had been his righteous indignation.

In the conversation which followed, I remember, Mme. Ossoli (Margaret Fuller), who was a constant guest, told us a picturesque story more to the credit of the wandering children of Britain. It was of a sculptor then much talked of in Florence, less, perhaps, by reason of his genius as an artist than of a certain wonderful garden and conservatory which he possessed, and in which he took great delight. Some few years before 1850 this sculptor, she said, had been living in great obscurity. He was young, ambitious, but very poor, with no relatives but an aged mother, to whom he was devoted. His atelier, in one of the narrow streets of old Florence, was overlooked and commanded by the windows of a large apartment in which dwelt a lonely, rather misanthropic Englishman, obviously well to do, but saturnine and a systematic recluse. He had struck up an acquaintance with the young sculptor, which never got beyond a civil bow when they met. The sculptor was assiduous at his art, but he had almost no patrons, and gave himself apparently no distractions in life beyond a singing bird in a cage and some pots of flowers which he carefully cultivated. One day the Englishman died, solitary and alone, as he had lived. Not long afterward a Florentine notary knocked at the sculptor's door, and, being admitted, astounded the artist with the information that, under the will of a person whose very name he had never heard before, he had come into the possession of what to the Florentines of that day was a great fortune, of four or five thousand *francesconi*, or a thousand pounds sterling a year! This had been left to him by his misanthropic neighbor the Englishman, who, having few kinsmen of his own, and detesting the few he had, chose to bequeath his property to the patient, kindly, struggling Florentine artist. The incident, of course, was a nine days' wonder in the local gossip of the city, and made the artist for a time the rage. His first thought was to install his mother comfortably, and his second to make for himself an ideal garden. "But, of course," put in Browning, "this windfall made everybody admire his work as a sculptor, at which nobody before would so much as look. He was run to death by people bent on having him make their busts, and he got a commission to make one of the statues they were setting up in the niches of the Uffizi!"

Not on this evening, but on another, I remember that some allusion to the sculptor and his windfall led Browning to tell us a still more curious story, the heroes of which were Trelawney, whose acquaintance Browning had made during his second visit, I think, to Italy, and an eccentric scholar and philosopher, well known in those days, but now, I fear, forgotten: Kirkup. Kirkup, whom we always called "the Baron"—I believe that some Italian potentate had really given him the title—occupied a strange, straggling apartment, high

up in an ancient, picturesque building which overlooked the Arno, on the west bank, near the Ponte Vecchio. It was filled with rare old tomes, most of them treatises on alchemy, astrology, and the black arts generally, for Baron Kirkup was one of the last of the alchemists and devout astrologer. Perhaps there is only one man, now living in England (and he is a peer of Parliament), who can cast a horoscope as easily and as well as Kirkup. How long Kirkup had lived in Italy nobody accurately knew, but Browning told us that when Trelawney reappeared in Europe after his long occultation in the East, and found himself, through the death of relatives who had utterly lost sight of him, the owner of a property in Cornwall, he remembered Kirkup as a schoolfellow, and as the only comrade of his boyhood whose name he recalled with interest or pleasure. He came upon Kirkup at Florence, and there found him as completely secluded from the main currents of European life, by his tastes and his studies, as Trelawney had been for years by his voluntary exile in the East. So one day he sat down and wrote Kirkup a note to the effect that, as he, Trelawney, had a larger income than he cared to spend, and as Kirkup, seeking the philosopher's stone, must some time perhaps need more money than he could easily find, it would be a great pleasure to him if Kirkup would allow him to put half his income at his service! To which Kirkup replied, quietly thanking him, that he really had all the money he needed, or was likely to need, and did not see his way to making use of any more!

Besides his apartment in Florence, Kirkup had a queer old tower somewhere in the neighborhood into which he occasionally retired when engaged in some inquiry more than commonly abstruse. I have forgotten exactly where this tower stood, but I remember that one day, taking a rather longer ride than usual with Browning, we came upon it, and found it occupied only by a very large and particularly disagreeable building, which stood in the one narrow little doorway of the basement and forbade all attempts to approach and investigate the place. Science may owe little to the bulldog and to the black arts of the Baron, but art and literature are deeply indebted to him, for it was he who brought to light Giotto's portrait of Dante in the Bargello.

I do not remember that Browning ever saw Trelawney more than once or twice, but he often spoke of him and of his strange career, which I think was in Browning's mind when he wrote his poem of "Waring." Trelawney was a younger son, sent out as a cadet to India. He ran away from the service and from civilization at Bombay, roved for years about India, took a hand at piracy, perhaps in the Persian Gulf, and after joining the Greeks against Turkey, and marrying the daughter of the great Klephant Odysseus, rambled back into Europe, became intimate with Byron, was the last man to see Shelley alive on the shore at Spezia, presided over the cremation of his remains, and now himself sleeps quietly near "Cor Cordium" in the green corner of that beautiful cemetery at Rome. He told Browning a story of Byron and Lord Blessington, which I do not think appears in any memoirs.

as indicating how slight and superficial the aesthetic feeling of his fair country women really was. "You are quite unjust," said Mrs. Browning, with a humorous light in her beautiful eyes, "those girls have a genuine love of art. They were here this morning. You forget that San Marco is full of Austrian soldiers, and," with a pause, "of their lively camp followers. You men were unconscious of this, but the fleshs had the good taste to let you alone and to drive those poor girls nearly mad."

No one in Florence was on such intimate terms with Mrs. Browning as the

to the effect that after Lord Blessington had bought Byron's yacht, "as it stood," and, taking possession of it, sailed off with some friends upon a cruise, his steward came to him just before dinner was to be served, to inform him that there was neither a spoon nor a fork nor a salt to be found in the lockers. Byron's man Fletcher, the steward said, had come on board of the yacht in the morning and carried off all the silver, alleging that it belonged to his master, because it was marked not only with a B, which stood equally well for Byron and for Blessington, but with the coronet of a Baron, whereas Lord Blessington, insisted Fletcher, was an Earl.

While the career of Trelawney, I think, suggested the poem of "Waring," I ought to say that Browning more than once spoke of recognizing from the deck of the Norham Castle (the vessel in which he sailed from England for Trieste, on Good Friday, 1838, to make his first visit to Italy) the figure and the face upon another vessel, which passed them outward in the harbor of Trieste, of a man whom he had known in England, who, after disappearing completely for several years, with no discoverable history, calmly came back again and walked quietly into his own house on a winter's evening, as if returning from a stroll down the street. I do not think the general impression is well founded that the experiences of Alfred Domett, the poet of the South Seas, suggested the poem of "Waring," for there was never any ignorance among Domett's friends as to where he had gone and as to what he was doing.

The circle of Mrs. Browning's friends, as I have said, was not large. The Egerton Smiths, with whom in after years Browning was so closely associated by his love for music, came into it only casually in 1850, and at that time, like Browning himself, they were more interested in pictures and in sculpture than in the sister art. They were charming persons. I had the pleasure one day of escorting them to see the frescoes of Fra Angelico in the old Dominican Convent of San Marco, now become a museum of art. It was then occupied as a kind of barracks by the Austrians, but we were very civilly allowed by an officer whom I knew to see the frescoes. A little to my surprise, the ladies, with all their love of art, manifested a kind of haste in our tour of inspection, which seemed to me inconsistent with a real enjoyment of Fra Angelico's exquisite work. An evening or two afterward, at the Casa Guidi, an English gentleman, who had accompanied us, spoke of this

Marchesa Ossoli. No woman there, certainly, so thoroughly felt and appreciated her poetical genius, or sympathized with her so intensely in her love of Italy and her devotion to the Italian cause. Then Marchese Ossoli, a young man of thirty, whose older brother was a Guardia Mobile of the Pope, had thrown in his lot with the revolutionists of Rome, and was therefore not ruined only, but an exile. He was much younger than his wife, whose acquaintance he had made in a somewhat romantic fashion one day at St. Peter's, but he was devotedly fond of her and of their only boy, Angelo, a boy born at almost the same time as Mrs. Browning's boy "Pen." They occupied, at Florence, rooms at the top of a house in one corner of that most characteristic and Florentine square, the Piazza Santa Maria Novella. Their future depended entirely on the pen of Mme. Ossoli, who had achieved a wide reputation in America as Margaret Fuller. She wished to remain in Europe, thinking, and no doubt correctly, that her young Italian husband would find it almost impossible to make any career for himself in the new world, and she expected, in the winter of 1850, to make an arrangement with Mr. Horace Greeley, then editor of the New York *Tribune*, which would enable her to live in Italy as his correspondent. Some misunderstanding arose about this, and Browning, long afterward, in London, told me the tragical circumstances which finally led to the death by shipwreck of herself, her husband, and their little child, almost within sight of New York, in July, 1850. Believing that nothing had come of her negotiations with Mr. Greeley, Mme. Ossoli, in the early summer, engaged passage for America for herself and her family, together with a young American friend, Mr. Sumner, a brother of the well-known American Senator, on board a vessel which sailed from Leghorn. The Brownsings tried to dissuade her from this voyage, about which she herself had many curious forebodings, and assured her that they could help her to accomplish her wish of remaining in Europe. On the very day, I think, after she finally settled matters for the voyage, came a letter from Mr. Greeley making just the arrangement she had wished for, and the Brownsings then earnestly urged her to stay. She thought herself bound, however, to the Captain, and reluctantly persevered in going, and the vessel ran ashore and was lost almost at the entrance of New York Bay, and the three Ossolis, with young Sumner, perished in the surf. Strangely enough, a most interesting account of Margaret Fuller in Italy, afterward sent by Browning to America at the request of her biographer, was lost with the vessel by which it was sent, and Browning showed me, with a kind of tender superstition, a little Bible given by Mme. Ossoli the night before she left Florence to Mrs. Browning for "Pen," with an inscription as from "Angelo Ossoli."

A strong link between Mrs. Browning and this friend was Mme. Ossoli's intelligent and thorough sympathy with her in regard to the attitude into which she had felt herself forced at the time of her marriage, by the obstinate and

the peculiar fitness of the term University, as used in

unreasoning refusal of her father, Mr. Barrett, to sanction and approve her union with Browning. Browning made the acquaintance of Miss Barrett through her kinsman and his friend, John Kenyon, who was led to bring them together by her warm admiration of Browning's poetry, then little appreciated in England, and by his interest in some translations from the Greek, which Kenyon showed him as made by her. She had then for some years been confined under medical advice to a darkened room and a recumbent position. She was allowed sometimes to move about the house, but never to walk out of doors. Indeed, I remember she told me herself that she had never so much as set foot upon the ground or on the grass for several years, until a little time before her wedding, when she resolutely got out of a carriage to make the experiment. At their first meeting, both Browning and herself felt that they had "met their fate," and before very long it was determined between them to unite their lives. Browning, of course, wished to ask her hand of her father, but with a resolution as characteristic as her gentleness, Miss Barrett forbade this. She was rather older than her lover. She knew her father thoroughly and she knew that he had made up his mind long before to regard her as a hopeless invalid. "I do not wish," she said, "to marry you against his command, therefore I must marry you without his knowledge." Nor would she allow Browning to mention their purpose to Kenyon. "He will be our friend," she said, "afterward with my father, and he must be able, therefore, to clear himself of all suspicion of being our accomplice."

All the preliminaries were arranged by the two with the help of a servant, and at the appointed time Miss Barrett quitting the carriage in which she was driving at Camberwell (I think) got into another which was in waiting and drove to St. Panoras's Church, where the marriage took place. They went abroad immediately and opened communications at once with their friends. Mr. Barrett was sternly indignant, nor could all the pleadings of others of the family, and of Mr. Kenyon, move him. He never relented, never answered his daughter's letters, and made no mention of her in his will. Mrs. Browning seldom spoke of him, but always with affection. The language of Mme. Ossoli on the subject was rather different, I remember, nor shall I easily forget an evening in Florence when she read to me a letter, written not long after the marriage, by Mrs. Browning to Kenyon. In this letter Mrs. Browning, I recollect, asked Kenyon why any father should disown his daughter simply "because being of mature years and judgment she had chosen to exchange darkness and loneliness and despair for light and love and Italy, and for such happiness as human beings should scarce venture to think of save in their prayers to their God."

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Bryant

BY

CAROLINE H. KIRKLAND

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BRYANT

His youth was innocent ; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day ;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and
sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Meekly he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

The Old Man's Funeral.

FOREWORD

THERE is a tender tribute to the memory of Mrs. Kirkland, written by Mr. Bryant at the time of her death, in 1864. "A beautiful soul," wrote the Editor of *The Post* . . . "one whom I was proud to call my friend."

In the sketch presented here, friend writes of friend. Mr. Bryant had done much in bringing Mrs. Kirkland's books before the public, and it was meet that gratitude and affection should flow when she took up her pen to write of him. But Bryant's name deserves all the good and gracious things that Mrs. Kirkland says, and if Mr. Bryant's judgment was a bit blinded by friendship when he called Mrs. Kirkland's books "sublime" and "immortal," why, what boots it? Love is ever blind and friendship is quite near-sighted—and I am glad

E. H.

BRYANT.

BY CAROLINE H. KIRKLAND.*

If ever there were poet of whom it is not necessary to ask whether he lives in town or country, it is Mr. Bryant. Not even Burns gives more unmistakable signs of the inspiration of rural sights and sounds. Winds breathe soft or loud; sunshine or shadow flits over the landscape; leaves rustle and birds sing wherever his verses are read. The ceiling overhead becomes a forest with green boughs waving; the carpet turns to fresh grass, and the air we breathe is moist and fragrant with mosses and hidden streams.

* Written in 1853 for Putnam's *Homes of American Authors*.

Bryant

No need of carrying the book out-of-doors
to aid the illusion ; its own magic is irre-
sistible, and brings out-of-doors wherever
it goes. Here is a mind whose

Raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasion of poetic pomp,
But genuine—

and such as could not be excited or satis-
fied with pictures of what it loves.

It is consistent, therefore, when we find
the poet's home a great, old-time man-
sion, so embosomed in trees and vines that
we can hardly catch satisfactory glimpses
of the bay on which it lies, through the
leafy windows, of which an overhanging
roof prolongs the shade. No greener, qui-
eter, or more purely simple retreat can be
found ; none with which the owner and
his tastes and occupations are more in
keeping. It would be absurd to say that
all appearance of show or style is care-
fully avoided for it requires very little
observation to perceive that these are
absent from the place simply because
they never entered its master's mind.

Bryant

I suppose if anything could completely displease Mr. Bryant with this beloved home, it would be the addition of any outward costliness, or even elegance, calculated to attract the attention of the passing stranger. Friend Richard Kirk—a Quaker of the Quakers, if he may be judged by his works—little thought, when he built this great, ample, square dwelling-place, in the lap of the hills, in 1787, that he was fashioning the house of a poet—one worthy to be spared when temple and tower went to the ground, because it is the sanctuary of a priest of Nature.

Whether any captain, or colonel, or knight in arms did spare it, from a prophetic insight into its destination, we cannot tell; but there was wild work in its vicinity, and stories of outrages perpetrated by “cow-boys” and other desperadoes are still fresh in old families. The wide region still called Hempstead was then inhabited for the most part by loyalists, devoutly attached to the parent

government, and solicitous, by means of town meetings passing loyal resolutions, and conventions denouncing the spirit of rebellion against "his most gracious majesty, King George the Third," to put down the dangerous agitation that began to threaten "our civil and religious liberties, which can only be secured by our present constitution"; and this northern part of the township, in particular, held many worthy citizens who felt it their duty to resist to the last the unhallowed desire of the people to govern themselves.

In September, 1775, an official report states that "without the assistance of Col. Lasher's battalion" he "shall not be able, in Jamaica and Hempstead, to carry the resolutions of Congress into execution," as "the people conceal all their arms that are of any value." The disaffection of the district was considered important enough to justify a special commission from Congress, then sitting at Philadelphia, requiring the resisters to deliver

their arms and ammunition on oath, as persons "incapable of resolving to live and die freemen, and more disposed to quit their liberties than part with the small portion of their property that may be necessary to defend them."

This seems to have had the desired effect, for the people not only brought in their arms, but were "much irritated with those who had led them to make opposition," says a contemporary letter. The lovers of peace and plenty, rather than commotion and scanty harvests, were, however, still so numerous in Queen's County, that on the 21st of October, 1776, about thirteen hundred free-holders presented a most humble petition to Lord Howe, entreating that he would "declare the County in the peace of His Majesty," and denouncing "the infatuated conduct of the Congress," as having "blasted their hopes of returning peace and security." Among the names appended to this petition we find that of Richard Kirk,—a lover of comfort, doubt-

less, like his brethren in general,—and who, when once the drum had ceased to outrage the mild echoes of that Quaker region, returned to his farming or his merchandise, and in due season, being prospered, founded the substantial dwelling now known as Spring Bank, destined to last far into the time of freedom and safety, and to prove, in these latter days, fit harbor for a poet whose sympathies are anywhere but with the signers of that humble petition.

The house stands at the foot of a woody hill, which shelters it on the east, facing Hemstead Harbor, to which the flood-tide gives the appearance of a lake, bordered to its very edge with trees, through which, at intervals, are seen farm-houses and cottages, and all that brings to mind that beautiful image, “a smiling land.” The position is well chosen, and it is enhanced in beauty by a small artificial pond, collected from the springs with which the hill abounds, and lying between the house and the edge of the harbor, from which it

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is divided by an irregular embankment, affording room for a plantation of shade-trees and fine shrubbery. Here again Friend Richard was doing what he little thought of; for his only intention was to build a paper-mill—one of the earliest in the United States, whose wheel for many a year furnished employment to the outlet of the pond. The mill was burnt once and again—by way of hint, perhaps, that beauty is use enough,—and the visitor cannot but hope it will never be rebuilt.

The village at the head of the harbor was long called North Hempstead, but as there were already quite Hempsteads enough in Queen's County to perplex future topographers, the inhabitants united in desiring a more distinctive title, and applied to Mr. Bryant for his aid in choosing one. This is not so easy a matter as it seems at first glance; and in defect of all express guidance in the history of the spot, and desiring, too, a name at once musical in itself and agreeable in its associations, Mr. Bryant pro-

posed Roslyn,—the town annals declaring that when the British evacuated the island in 1781, “The Sixtieth, or Royal American Regiment, marched out of Hempstead to the tune of Roslyn Castle.” The name is not too romantic for the place, for a more irregular, picturesque cluster of houses can hardly be found, perched here and there on the hillsides, embowered in foliage, and looking down upon a chain of pretty little lakes, on the outlet of which, overhanging the upper point of the harbor, is an old-fashioned mill with its pretty rural accessories. One can hardly believe this a bit of Long Island, which is by no means famed for romantic scenery.

After Richard Kirk’s time, other Quakers in succession became proprietors of the great farm-house and the little paper-mill, but at length they were purchased by Joseph W. Moulton, Esq., author of a history of New York, who, not relishing the plainness of the original style, surrounded the house with square columns

and a heavy cornice. These help to shade a wide and ample piazza, shut in still more closely by tall trees and clustering vines, so that from within, the house is one bower of greenery, and the hottest sun of July leaves the ample hall and large rooms cool and comfortable.

The library occupies the northwest corner—and we need hardly say that of all the house this is the most attractive spot, not only because, besides ample store of books, it is supplied with all that can minister to quiet and refined pleasure, but because it is, par excellence, the haunt of the poet and his friends. Here, by the great table covered with periodicals and literary novelties, with the soft, ceaseless music of rustling leaves, and the singing of birds making the silence sweeter, the summer visitor may fancy himself in the very woods, only with a deeper and more grateful shade. And when wintry blasts are piping loud and the whispering leaves have changed to whirling ones, a bright wood-fire lights

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the home scene, enhanced in comfort by the inhospitable sky without ; and the domestic lamp calls about it a smiling or musing circle, for whose conversation or silence the shelves around afford excellent material. The collection of books is not large, but widely various ; Mr. Bryant's tastes and pursuits leading him through the entire range of literature, from the Fathers to Shelley, and from Courier to Jean Paul. In German, French, and Spanish he is proficient, and Italian he reads with ease ; so all these languages are well represented in the library. He turns naturally from the driest treatise on politics or political economy to the wildest romance or the most tender poem, happy in a power of enjoying all that genius has created or industry achieved in literature.

The library has not, however, power to keep Mr. Bryant from the fields, in which he seeks health and pleasure a large part of every day that his editorial duties allow him to pass at home. To explore

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his farm, entering into the minutest details of its cultivation ; to thread the beautiful woodland hill back of the house, making winding paths and shady seats to overlook the water or command the distant prospect ; to labor in the garden with the perseverance of an enthusiast—these ought, perhaps, to be called his favorite occupations ; for as literature has been the business of his life, these out-door pleasures have all the charm of contrast together with that of relaxation.

And it is under the open sky, and engaged in rural matters, that Mr. Bryant is seen to advantage, that is, in his true character. It is here that the amenity and natural sweetness of disposition, sometimes clouded by the cares of life and the untoward circumstances of business intercourse, shine gently forth under the influences of Nature, so dear to the heart and tranquilizing to the spirits of her child. Here the eye puts on its deeper and softer lustre, and the voice modulates itself to the tone of affection, sympathy,

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and enjoyment. Little children cluster about the grave man's steps, or climb his shoulders in triumph ; and serenest eyes meet his in fullest confidence, finding there none of the sternness of which casual observers sometimes complain. It seems almost a pity that other walks should ever draw him hence ; but perhaps the contrast between garden walks and city pavements is required for the perfection and durability of rural pleasures.

There can hardly be found a man who has tried active life for fifty years, yet preserved so entire and resolute a simplicity of character and habits as Mr. Bryant. No one can be less a man of the world—so far as that term expresses a worldly man—in spite of a large share of worldly travel and extensive intercourse with society. A disposition somewhat exclusive, and a power of living self-inclosed at will, may account in part for the total failure of politics, society, or ambition to introduce anything artificial upon a character enabled by natural courage to

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face opposition, and by inherent self-respect to adhere to individual tastes in spite of fashion or convention.

And the simplicity which is the result of high cultivation is so much more potent than that which arises only from ignorance, that it may be doubted whether, if Mr. Bryant had never left his native village of Cummington, in the heart of Massachusetts, he would have been as free from all sophistication of taste and manners as at present. It is with no sentimental aim that I call him the child of Nature, but because he is one of the few who, by their docility and devotion, show that they are not ashamed of the great Mother or desirous to exchange her rule for something more fashionable or popular.

The father of Mr. Bryant was a man of taste and learning—a physician and an habitual student; and his mother—not to discredit the general law which gives able mothers to eminent men—was a woman of excellent understanding and high char-

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acter, remarkable for judgment and decision as for faithfulness to her domestic duties. And here, in this little village of Cummington,—where William Cullen Bryant was born in 1794,—he began at ten years of age to write verses, which were printed in the Northampton newspaper of that day—the *Hampshire Gazette*. A year earlier he had written rhymes, which his father criticised and taught him to correct.

Precocity like this too often disappoints its admirers, but Bryant went on without faltering, and at fourteen wrote a satirical poem called the *Embargo*, which is, perhaps, one of the most wonderful performances of the kind on record. We know of nothing to compare with it except the achievements of Chatterton.

Here are a few of the lines—would you think a child penned them?

E'en while I sing, see Faction urge her claim,
Misled with falsehood, and with zeal inflame ;
Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride.
She blows her brazen trump, and, at the sound,

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A motley throng, obedient, flock around ;
A mist of changing hue o'er all she flings,
And darkness perches on her dragon wings !
O, might some patriot rise ! the gloom dispel,
Chase Error's mist, and break her magic spell !
But vain the wish, for, hark ! the murmuring
meed

Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed ;
Enter, and view the thronging concourse there,
Intent with gaping mouth and stupid stare ;
While, in the midst, their supple leader stands,
Harangues aloud, and flourishes his hands ;
To adulation tunes his servile throat,
And sues, successful, for each blockhead's vote.

This poem was published in company with a few shorter ones, at Boston, in 1808. A short time afterward the author entered Williams College, and greatly distinguished himself during two years, at the end of which time he obtained an honorable discharge, intending to complete his education at Yale—a design which was, however, never carried into effect. He studied law, first with Judge Howe of Washington, afterwards with Mr. William Baylies of Bridgewater, and in 1815 was admitted to the bar at Plymouth. He practised law a single year at Plainfield, near his native place, and

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then removed to Great Barrington, in Berkshire, where, in 1821, he married Miss Frances Fairchild, whose portrait is exquisitely shadowed forth, to those who know her, in that tenderest, most domestic, and most personal poem that Bryant ever wrote, *The Future Life*. In the whole range of English literature there can hardly be found so delicate and touching a tribute to feminine excellence —a husband's testimony after twenty years of married life, not exempt from toils and trials.

The poem of *Thanatopsis* was written in 1812, when the writer was eighteen. I once heard a family friend say that when Dr. Bryant showed a copy to a lady well qualified to judge of such things, saying simply: "Here are some lines that our William has been writing," the lady read the poem, raised her eyes to the father's face, and burst into tears, in which that father, a somewhat stern and silent man, was not ashamed to join. And no wonder! It must have seemed a

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mystery, as well as a joy, that in a quiet country life, in the heart of eighteen, had grown up thoughts that even in boyhood shaped themselves into solemn harmonies, majestic as the diapason of ocean, fit for a temple-service beneath the vault of heaven.

The poem of the *Water Fowl* was written two years after, while Mr. Bryant was reading law at Bridgewater. These verses, which are in tone only less solemn than *Thanatopsis*, while they show a graphic power truly remarkable, were suggested by the actual sight of a solitary water-fowl, steadily flying towards the northwest at sunset, in a brightly illumined sky. They were published, with *Thanatopsis* and the *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*, in the *North American Review* of the year 1816.

In 1821 Mr. Bryant delivered the poem called *The Ages* before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge. At the suggestion of his friends it was published the same year, at Cambridge, together with the

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three poems just mentioned, and a very few others, among which was that called *Green River*, which he had a short time before contributed to the *Idle Man*, then in course of publication by his friend Dana.

In 1824 Mr. Bryant wrote a considerable number of papers for the *Literary Gazette*, published in Boston; and in 1825, by the advice of his excellent and lamented friend, Henry D. Sedgwick, he removed to New York, and became one of the editors of the *New York Review*, in conjunction with Henry James Anderson. At the end of six months this gentleman, between whom and Mr. Bryant there has ever since subsisted a strong friendship, was appointed Professor of Mathematics in Columbia College, and Robert C. Sands took his place as associate editor of the *Review*. The *Review*, however, was not destined to as long a life as it deserved—the life of *Reviews* as well as of men depending upon a multitude of contingencies—and at the end of the year Mr. Bryant was engaged as an

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assistant editor of the *Evening Post*. The next year he became one of the proprietors of that paper, and has so continued ever since.

In 1827, and the two years next succeeding, he found time to contribute a considerable share of the matter of an annual of superior character, called the *Talisman*, the whole of which was written by three persons—Sands, Verplanck, and Bryant. He also furnished several stories for a publication called *Tales of the Glauber Spa*, published by the Harpers. The other writers were Miss Sedgwick, Paulding, Sands, Verplanck, and Leggett. Mr. Bryant's contributions were *The Skeleton's Cave* and *Medfield*.

The first general collection of his works was in 1832, when he gave to the world in one volume all the poems he was willing to acknowledge. His publisher was Mr. Elam Bliss, now no more, a man of whose sterling goodness Mr. Bryant loves to speak, as eminent for exemplary liberality in dealings, and for a most kind and

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generous disposition. It was for him that the *Talisman* was written.

In 1834 Mr. Bryant sailed with his family to Europe, leaving the *Evening Post* in the charge of his friend Leggett. His residence abroad was mostly in Italy and Germany, both of which countries he found too interesting for a mere glance. Here the pleasure and improvement of himself and his family would have detained him full three years—the allotted period of his sojourn abroad—but news of Mr. Leggett's illness, and of some disadvantage arising from it in the affairs of the paper, compelled him to return home suddenly in 1836, leaving his family to follow at more leisure under the care of Mr. Longfellow, who had been abroad at the same time. The business aspect of the *Post* was unpromising enough at this juncture, but sound judgment and patient labor succeeded, in time, in restoring it to the prosperous condition which it has enjoyed for half a century.

In 1842 appeared *The Fountain*, gravely

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sweet, like its predecessors, and breathing of Nature and green fields, in spite of editorial and pecuniary cares. In 1843, Mr. Bryant refreshed himself by a visit to the Southern States, and passed a few weeks in Florida. The *White-Footed Deer*, with several other poems, was published a year after. In 1845, Mr. Bryant visited England, Scotland, and the Shetland Isles for the first time ; and during the next year a new collection was made of his poems, with the outward garnish of mechanical elegance, and also numerous illustrations by Leutze. This edition, published at Philadelphia, is enriched with a beautiful portrait by Cheney—the best, in our opinion, ever yet published. This graceful and delicate head, with its fine, classic outline, in which taste and sensitiveness are legible at a glance, has a singular resemblance to the engraved portraits of Rubens, taken in a half-Spanish hat of wavy outline, such as Mr. Bryant is fond of wearing in his wood-rambles. Add the hat to this exquisite miniature

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of Cheney's, and we have Rubens complete—an odd enough resemblance, when we contrast the productions of the painter and the poet.

Only one still more characteristic and perfect likeness of Bryant exists—the full-length in Durand's picture of the poet standing with his friend Cole—the eminent landscape-painter—among the Catskill woods and waterfalls. This picture is particularly to be prized, not only for the sweetness and truth of its general execution, but because it gives us the poet and the painter where they loved best to be, and just as they were when under the genial influence and in the complete ease of such scenes. Such pictures are half biographies.

In 1848 Cole died, and Mr. Bryant, from a full heart, pronounced his funeral oration. Friendship is truly the wine of the poet's life, and Cole was a beloved friend. If Mr. Bryant ever appears stern or indifferent, it is not when speaking or thinking of the loved and lost. No man chooses

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his friends more carefully ; none prizes them dearer, or values their society more —none does them more generous and delicate justice. Such attachment cannot afford to be indiscriminate.

March, 1849, saw Mr. Bryant in Cuba, and in the summer of the same year he visited Europe for the third time. The letters written during his various journeys and voyages were collected and published in the year 1850 by Mr. George Palmer Putnam. They comprise a volume embodying a vast amount of practical and poetic thought expressed with the united modesty and good sense that so eminently characterize every production of Mr. Bryant ; not a superfluous word, not an empty or a showy remark. As a writer of pure, manly, straightforward English, Mr. Bryant has few equals and no superiors among us.

In the beginning of 1852, on the occasion of the public commemoration held in honor of the genius and worth of James Fenimore Cooper, and in view of a monu-

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ment to be erected in New York to that great American novelist, Mr. Bryant pronounced a discourse on his life and writings, marked by the warmest appreciation of his claims to the remembrance and gratitude of his country. Some even of Mr. Cooper's admirers objected that the poet had assigned a higher niche to his old friend than the next century will be willing to award him ; if it be so, perhaps the peculiarly manly and bold character of Cooper's mind gave him an unsuspected advantage in Mr. Bryant's estimation. He looked upon him, it may be, as a rock of truth and courage in the midst of a fluctuating sea of dilletantism and time-serving, and valued him with unconscious reference to this particular quality, so rare and precious. But the discourse was an elegant production, and a new proof of the generosity with which Mr. Bryant, who never courts praise, is disposed to accord it.

Mr. Bryant's habits of life have a smack of asceticism, although he is the disciple of

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none of the popular schools which, under various forms, claim to rule the present world in that direction. Milk is more familiar to his lips than wine. He eats sparingly of animal food, but he is by no means afraid to enjoy roast goose lest he should outrage the names of his ancestors, like some modern enthusiasts. He loves music, and his ear is finely attuned to the varied harmonies of wood and wave. His health is delicate, yet he is very seldom ill; his life laborious, yet carefully guarded against excessive and exhausting fatigue. He is a man of rule, but none the less tolerant of want of method in others; strictly self-governed, but not prone to censure the unwary or the weak-willed. In religion he is at once catholic and devout, and to moral excellence no soul bows lower.

Placable we can perhaps hardly call him, for impressions on his mind are almost indelible; but it may with the strictest truth be said, that it requires a great offence, or a great unworthiness, to make

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an enemy of him, so strong is his sense of justice. Not amid the bustle and dust of the political arena, cased in armor offensive and defensive, is a champion's more intimate self to be estimated, but in the pavilion or the bower, where, in robes of ease, and with all professional ferocity laid aside, we see his natural form and complexion, and hear in placid and domestic tones the voice so lately thundering above the fight.

So we willingly follow Mr. Bryant to Roslyn; see him musing on the pretty rural bridge that spans the fish-pond; or taking the oar in his daughter's fairy boat; or pruning his trees; or talking over farming matters with his neighbors; or—to return to the spot whence we set out some time ago—sitting calm and happy in that pleasant library, surrounded by the friends he loves to draw about him, or listening to the prattle of infant voices, quite as much at home there as under their own more especial roof—his daughter's—within the same enclosure.

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In person Mr. Bryant is tall, slender, symmetrical, and well-poised; in carriage eminently firm and self-possessed. He is fond of long rural walks and of gymnastic exercises—on all which his health depends. Poetical composition tries him severely—so severely that his efforts of that kind are necessarily rare. His are no holiday verses; and those who urge his producing a long poem are, perhaps, proposing that he should, in gratifying their admiration, build for himself a monument with a crypt beneath.

Let us rather content ourselves with asking “a few more of the same,” especially of the later poems, in which, certainly, the poet trusts his fellows with a nearer and more intimate view of his inner and peculiar self than was his wont in earlier times. Let him more and more give a human voice to woods and waters; and, in acting as the accepted interpreter of Nature, speak fearlessly to the heart as well as to the eye. His countrymen were never more disposed to hear him

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with delight; for since the public demand for his poems has placed a copy in every house in the land, the taste for them has steadily increased, and the national pride in the writer's genius become a generous enthusiasm, which is ready to grant him an apotheosis while he lives.

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ON THE CUMMINGTON HILLS.

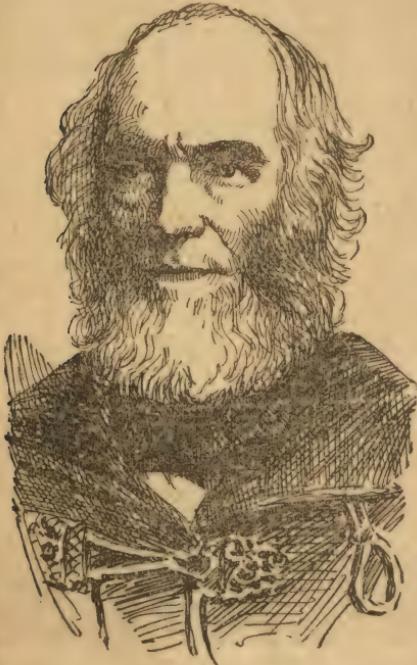
HOME MEMORIES OF THE POET.

The Celebration Not Far From His Birth-place, at the Homestead Where "Thanatopsis" and "The Rivulet" were Written.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CUMMINGTON, Saturday, August 11.

The celebration of the 100th birthday of William Cullen Bryant, which takes place next Thursday, the 16th, in this the poet's native town, will be the great event of recent years in the life of that peaceful little farming community. It is not an exact



MR BRYANT AT 60 YEARS OF AGE.

anniversary of the birthday, which comes November 3, but Cummington is so remote and inaccessible that it was thought impossible to hold the meeting at a season which might be inclement, especially as the poet's brother, John Howard Bryant of Princeton, Ill., the only surviving member of the family, would be unable to be present. As it is, there will be some diffi-

culties in the way of accommodating so many guests as are expected in a small village like Cummington. The hotel accommodations are exceedingly limited, and the residents are likely to have so many applications for private hospitality that there will be little surplus room for other visitors. The means of approach to the village are also inadequate, and a good proportion of the horses in the vicinity have already been engaged in advance by far-sighted visitors.

It is, of course, impossible to tell as yet how many guests will be present, but seats are being provided for 1200 people. It is out of the question to provide free entertainment for all who come, but lunch will be served to the invited guests, of whom it is expected that about 250 will be present. The rest will make a basket picnic of it, and all are cordially invited to come and hear the speaking. The site of the celebration is on the Bryant homestead, high on one of the hills of Cummington, about three miles a little north of west from East Cummington village, and somewhat less southeasterly from West Cummington. The drive to the homestead is full of fine scenery, of mountain and vale; one can look over from one point of view to Plainfield hill, near where the author of "A Little Journey in the World" was born, and where Mrs F. H. Cooke, for years literary editor of The Republican, lived in her youth. There is "Zion's hill," too, whence so many missionaries to the end of the earth have started on their pilgrimages. The Bryant farm lies with a favorable southern exposure on the descent from the crest of a hill whence Greylock may be discerned; and here are to be seen the many improvements which the poet wrought in the fields, himself always out to see that things were done to suit him.

and supervising the hay-field as he did the Post newspaper office in New York. He came into the house one time to see one of the many visitors who intruded upon his privacy even at this remote hill-top, and remarked that it was "catching weather," and getting in the hay was a matter of anxiety. His visitor observed: "Perhaps sometimes you almost regret having written 'Thanatopsis' when you are torn away from the meadow." "No," said the venerable poet; "it is a natural result of notoriety. When I was a youth I remember making one of a crowd that went to see a hanging. Whether one commits a poem or a murder, he becomes an object of popular interest." Mr Bryant was not exactly cordial to those whom he did not know, or who were not recommended by some one whom he did know. But he was always courteous, and bore with his visitors very patiently. He pointed out to this particular visitor the famous Rivulet,—a little trickling stream back of the house, which re-



THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD ON THE HILL.

quired and still requires an introduction, so insignificant is it in its beginnings.

It is impossible to tell yet what distinguished men of letters will be present, but a large number have been invited and it is hoped that many will be able to come. It is safe to say, however, that the gathering will be one of the most brilliant of recent years, and there are not many occasions that could bring together so many famous men to an inaccessible New England village. The people of Cummington fully realize the importance of the occasion, and while a little timid as to the way in which their best may strike such an array of city folk, they appreciate the dignity of the town as Bryant's birthplace, and are prepared to support it in proper state.

Not all of the neighboring villages, however, have as keen a sense of Cummington's greatness, and one little incident took place the other day which belongs to the class of stories commonly supposed to belong in anecdote books and not in real life. A citizen of Williamsburg, the next town but one, had driven over to Cummington with another person and after carefully inspecting the Bryant library and visiting the spacious acres of Bryant place and the birth monument, he asked naively, "Who is this Bryant, anyhow? Is he a man of some means?" Which recalls Joe Jefferson's famous story of the backwoods farmer who told how there was "a boy named

Dan, Dan'l Webster, who was foolishly set on book larnin' and went off to Boston and was never heern of again." But this is the exception; the neighborhood is as a rule proud of its poet and loyal to his memory.

There is, indeed, sufficient reason why Bryant's name should be kept green for generations at Cummington if he had never written a line. The handsome and commodious little public library and the school which bears his name and which was built by him are sufficient evidence of the quality of his citizenship. Bryant was blessed above the average lot of poets with worldly means, he even rejoiced in three homes, his New York house, his summer home at Roslyn, L. I., and the family homestead at Cummington. But his life was long enough to leave plenty of memories to associate with all of them and the fact that his career was so devoid of action or excitement lends all the more importance to the tranquil scenes of everyday life from which the beautiful fabric of his verse was wrought. In a sense Cummington has a closer hold upon the poet's admirer's than either Roslyn or his New York home, not because most of his work was done here, but because it was here that his mind was molded. These landscapes became a part of his mental furniture in childhood and remained the chief inspiring element of his life work. It is safe to say that by far the greatest part of his work could have been done with the



THE MONUMENT ON THE SITE OF THE BIRTHPLACE.

materials gathered here before he went out into the world.

The old homestead has been kept as nearly as possible as it was when Bryant left it, and the changes have been comparatively slight. The house was raised when he first made it his home during the heats of summer, and a new story built beneath it, while all the rooms were rearranged and new windows put in, except for the attic chamber where the poet wrote "The Rivulet" on one of his visits. The house has been altered somewhat at one end since Mr Bryant left it, and fitted up for the farmer who cultivates the place, but the rest is undisturbed. The place of most interest, naturally, is the study, which is on the ground floor, occupying the whole of the south wing, and well isolated from the rest of the house, so as to command quiet. It is on the whole a rather disappointing room. The walls are covered with the pale, striped paper of the period, with a narrow border, and have no pictures but a few curious old prints. There are plenty of bookshelves, but they are only half filled, and the books are apparently chosen at random, for no principle of selection or arrangement is visible. The poet's main library, indeed, was at Roslyn, and this is only a remnant.

The chief literary work which Bryant did here during his later years was translation from the Greek, and the greater part of his work on the *Odyssey* was done here, although oddly enough the chief edition of his translation is called the Roslyn edition. The table and chairs are the same that he used, and all the books are his with the exception of half a hundred or so in a case in the alcove at one end, which have been added since. The chief interest in Bryant's literary work here,

however, is in regard to "Thanatopsis," his earliest and most famous masterpiece, which is now generally admitted to have been written here. Williamstown long claimed the honor, but the question was decisively settled in a few remarks made by Mr Bryant at the Williams college commencement of 1876. The Republican at that time reported him as follows:—

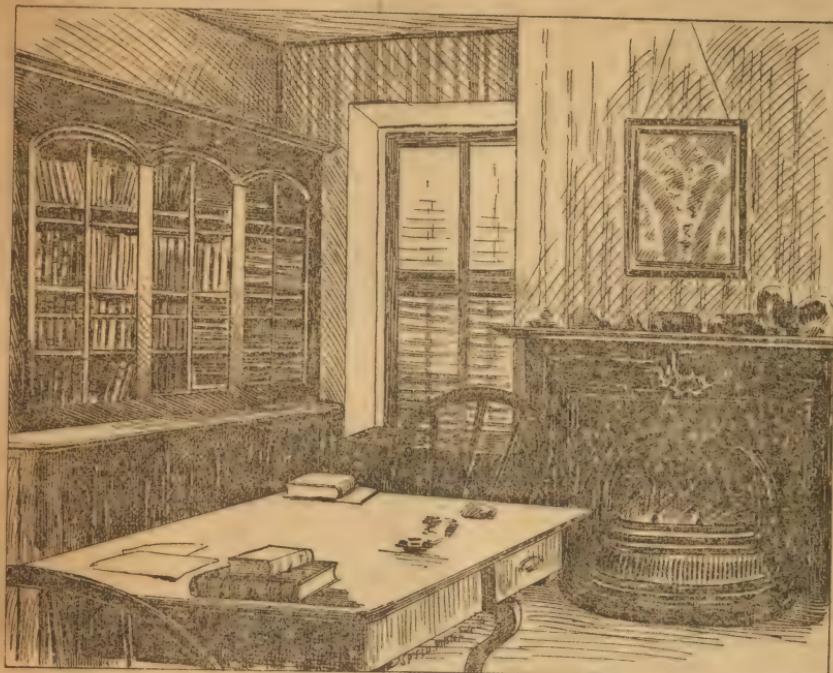
Then Mr Bryant sat down, but was brought to his feet again by the request of Rev Dr Prime that he would tell where "Thanatopsis" was written, as it was a tradition that he wrote it when a student at Williams college. Mr Bryant said that entering Williams in the sophomore class in 1811, he left it in May, 1812, intending to go to Yale, but as his father's means did not permit of that, he returned to his home in Cummington, his native place; and there, one afternoon, after wandering through the woods of that region, he rested beneath a group of majestic forest trees, and wrote the poem of "Thanatopsis," being then in his 18th year.

As it was written at that time and as it appeared in the North American Review, it was not so long as it is at present. It began "Yet a few days and thee," etc., and ended just before the epilog, "So live, that when thy summons comes," etc. The first 17 and the last nine lines were an afterthought.

Bryant felt a lifelong interest in the welfare of his native place, and the chief material token of it is to be found in the public library, a cut of which is given here. It is a plain, but handsome and substantially built stone structure, the interior being all one room, with a gallery across the front end which makes a convenient and pleasant place for work. There are about 6000 volumes in all, and those which are intended for circulation are carefully protected with heavy paper covers such as were once much in vogue. The library is

open Saturdays. There was at one time some dissatisfaction among the people of the village because the library was not placed there instead of half a mile away, but a conclusive answer is found in a letter written by Bryant, which has been mounted in a frame so that both sides of the paper can be seen, and is shown as

Fenced from the blasts. There never ruder gale
Bows the tall grass that covers all the ground;
And planted shrubs are there, and cherished flowers,
And a bright verdure born of gentle showers.



A CORNER OF MR. BRYANT'S LIBRARY.

the easiest reply to the many visitors who ask the not unnatural question, why the library is situated there. In brief, it is intended that the library shall supply the needs of Cummington, West Cummington and the families on the hill, and this location was chosen as harmonizing best the needs of all. There could be no more fit memorial than a library to one whose life was as dignified, noble, and lofty as his poetry.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

John Howard Bryant's Description of Cummington.

There lies a village in a peaceful vale,
With sloping hills and waving woods around.

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"Twas there my young existence was begun,
My earliest sports were on its flowery green,
And often, when my schoolboy task was done,
I climbed its hills to view the pleasant scene,
And stood and gazed till the sun's setting ray
Shone on the hight,—the sweetest of the day.
There, when the hour of mellow light was come,
And mountain shadows cooled the ripened grain,
I watched the weary yeoman plodding home,
In the lone path that winds across the



THE BRYANT LIBRARY BY THE WAYSIDE.

plain,
To rest his limbs, and watch his child at play,
And tell him o'er the labors of the day.
And when the woods put on their autumn glow,
And the bright sun came in among the trees,
And leaves were gathering in the glen below,
Swept softly from the mountains by the breeze,
I wandered till the starlight on the stream
At length awoke me from my fairy dream.
Ah! happy days, too happy to return,
Fled on the wings of youth's departed years.

A bitter lesson has been mine to learn,
The truth of life, its labors, pains and fears;
Yet does the memory of my boyhood stay,
A twilight of the brightness passed away.
My thoughts steal back to that sweet village still;
Its flowers and peaceful shades before me rise;
The play-place and the prospect from the hill,
Its summer verdure, and autumnal dyes;
The present brings its storms; but while they last,
I shelter me in the delightful past.

Address,

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EDWARDS.

THE SPRINGFIELD WEEKLY REPUBLICAN,

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1894.—TWELVE PAGES.

The Republican.

THE BRYANT CENTENARY.

CUMMINGTON'S OWN HIGH DAY.

FINE WEATHER, SPEAKERS, POETS.

A Goodly Company of Thousands—Notable People Present—The Address of Edwin E. Brown of Illinois—Poems by Julia Ward Howe and John Howard Bryant—Parke Godwin, Norton, Chadwick, Warner, Bigelow and Others Who Talked.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CUMMINGTON, Thursday, August 16.

There seemed to be a consciousness in Nature that it was a day on which to show her finest temper, to breathe her most spiritual air,—to cheer and invigorate as well as to smile and caress, in honor of her high priest and most faithful worshiper. Certainly in no respect could the beauty of earth and sky have been exceeded,—it was supreme. To walk the fields was pure delight, and to sit on hard benches and tightly wedged-in chairs, or even to stand up, were hardships scarcely thought of as one looked up through the rich tracery of the grove at the deep blue sky with its lightly floating clouds, heard the cool wind moving amid the boughs, and thought of the unrivaled perfectness of the many "forest hymns" which had drawn their color, their grace, and their deep and various harmony from those woodlands, hills and skies. It was such a day as the great poet of Nature alone could have written of with mastery of its music and its light, and most fortunate is Cummington in this bounteous favor of the informing spirit of the earth and man. Cummington, too, has done her part with judgment and taste; the simplicity which was Bryant's nature, and which he so highly regarded in his fellows, was observed in all things. There was no ostentation, no pretense; all was pure, self-respecting,—in the best sense, the old New England sense, democratic.

There were between 3000 and 3500 people gathered on the Bryant homestead, at a reasonable estimate, and many called it 5000. Just think what this means on high Cummington hill, a dozen miles from the



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

nearest railroad, electric or otherwise. All the country-side turned out; the procession of vehicles at the hour appointed for beginning, 10 o'clock, was something of a sight in itself. It grew and grew as we neared the place,—buggies and canopies, carryalls and buckboards, and now and then a long truck wagon, with its rough sides covered with evergreen and goldenrod, turning in from the cross roads, and all moving with slow and solemn dignity. It was a great crowd, and provision had been made for them all; for those who loosed their horses from the buggies one lot was reserved in which they could be hitched to low rails and baited conveniently; for others stakes were driven firmly and poles stoutly fastened to them, and lines of these freshly cut saplings stretched out across a broad side-hill mowing in quadruple ranks or more, and all along these lines were hitched the horses attached to their various conveyances. And in the sweet cool day neither heat nor flies annoyed them, for neither were there. Many hundreds of these visitors to the celebration made a basket picnic of it, and the mowing was full of groups of

friends or families enjoying themselves. There were all the hill towns round about represented;—Plainfield, Ashfield, Chesterfield, Worthington, Huntington, Savoy: Cummington was in full force as beffited it; and there were visitors from Springfield, Holyoke, Northampton, Easthampton, Greenfield, Conway, Cheshire, Adams and North Adams.

The exercises of the day, both literary and gustatory, were held under trees, and the eating and talking places were very near each other. The whole aspect of the groves northwest of the homestead was that of a combined camp-meeting and picnic. Perhaps the most remarkable comprehensive view was obtained from the carriage stand, erected at the roadside so that the vehicles might be drawn up close and people step in without trouble. Here, a little ways in toward the sunlit space between the grove of Lucullus, so to speak, and that of Academe, was erected a triple rustic arch with a large central and two lesser side passages, wrought of running evergreen, laurel and fern, and decorated with United States flags—for it was not forgotten that Bryant was a great and worthy citizen, as well as poet. At the left there were booths, tastefully arranged as such things can well be, where light refreshments, ice-cream, cigars and so forth were dispensed. Further and nearer the house were the tables where

the invited guests were entertained in most generous,—indeed, over-generous fashion, for when they had all eaten, general proclamation was made that all who were hungry or athirst were heartily welcome to devour the still bountifully filled

tables. Then at the right, in the grove where the young Bryant probably wrote "Thanatopsis,"—it is certainly near the spot—the seats were disposed for the audience and the platform erected for the speakers and invited guests, besides the singers and the players upon instruments, who had their part in the program. This platform was but slightly elevated, but the seats for the people sloped up from its front, and others stood all around at the edges, front and rear and sides, and heard what they could. It is very fine to have such an affair in the open air, but it is trying to the speakers, few of whom are equal to the task of reaching even a small throng, when the wind is rustling the trees above and those on the outer borders are restless and talkative, and the small boys in the rest of the region are chattering, whirling bazoos and manipulating the screaming bladders. The speakers stood beneath a tall hickory, upon which was affixed the large framed lithograph of Bryant, with immortelles placed loosely over it, and beneath sumach boughs with their crimson bobs, the ground pine, and around the trunk at the foot a mass of asters and golden-rod. A roughly constructed desk was before this, and in front thereof were arranged flowers and ferns of both field and garden.

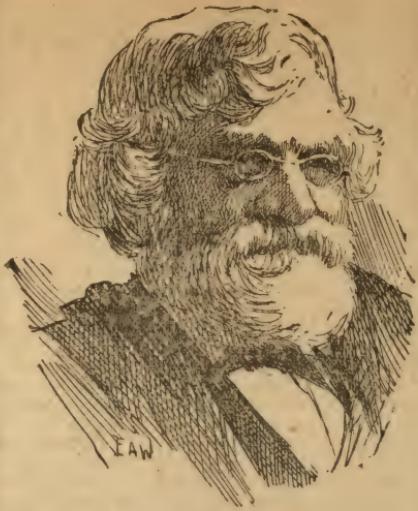
The greatest interest was manifested in the distinguished guests grouped in the center of the platform, most noticeable among all being the great head with its shaggy crown of snow white hair and its full white beard which belongs to one of the most individual of men—Parke Godwin, Bryant's son-in-law and long-time business and editorial associate. Near him sat John Howard Bryant,—a strong man, despite his 87 years, with a rich, clear voice and a thin, deeply marked, yet very peaceful and interesting countenance,—not at all resembling his eminent brother. There also was Mrs Julia Ward Howe, now looking her age, white-haired, of notable presence, and vivid in her gestures as she read her fine poem in a voice so sweet and with so clear an enunciation that it could have been heard by twice the number that did hear it if people were only patient, and could remember that even if they cannot hear nobody wants to hear them, at all events. Sarah O. Jewett was close beside her, looking fresh of color and very well,—a true New England woman. In front of them sat John Bigelow, a strong, manly figure, with statesmanlike head and face—which reminded one in something more than the cut of the whiskers of George William Curtis. Across, next to the Cummington chorus and the instruments, sat a striking old



JOHN HOWARD BRYANT.

man, with his long white hair brushed straight back all around his brow, without a part, and his long white beard beneath keen and alert eyes—this was John W. Hutchinson, whose voice is as good as when the Hutchinsons sang anti-slavery and woman's rights songs, long ago. Miss Julia Bryant, the poet's youngest daughter, and heir to the homestead, sat close by Mrs Howe and Mr Bigelow, a nervous, finely tuned and original nature, one would say. The cordial, earnest and most agreeable physiognomy of John W. Chadwick was close at hand, and later the clear-cut, scholarly and animated features of Charles Eliot Norton. Then there was the orator of the day, Edwin R. Brown of Elmwood, Ill., a neighbor of John H. Bryant's now, and, like him, a native of Cummington. He is a retired banker, we hear, but he might be a man of letters—or a "literatus," as he chooses to call it,—judging from the excellent style of his address and the fine things he said in it,—especially his characterization of "Thanatopsis." Contrasted with him and the only representative present of the youngest generation of American literature, was Arthur Stedman, son of the poet Edmund Clarence Stedman, who could not come. Arthur Stedman's clear dark complexion and brilliant brown eyes command an attention which he fully deserves. It was a pity his father could not come, and a great pity that Richard Henry Stoddard, the intimate friend and poetic disciple of Bryant, who has written so nobly of his master's genius, should not have been present, if not in person, then by such a noble poem as no one else could write on this theme.

The orchestra, which opened the proceedings of the morning, a home organization, consisted of a violin, clarinet, bass viol and reed organ, and was creditably handled. The local chorus did well also, singing with taste, although it evidently has not practiced much out-of-doors, and being well directed by Miss Julia A. Shaw of Cummington, who was presented a handsome baton last night. The proceedings of the morning were begun by a few modest and judicious remarks by Wesley Gurney, president of the centenary committee. Then Lorenzo H. Tower of Cummington, a natural orator, gave with spirit and force an admirable and brief address of welcome. It is seldom that it is given to a speaker to pack away in a few sentences so much clear and unadulterated spirit of New England. It had been the purpose of the citizens, he said, to give a welcome not by words alone, but by deeds, but the smallness of the town of 800 inhabitants had to be taken into consideration. They did in effect offer their guests the very same welcome which greeted William Cullen Bryant at the beginning of this stage of existence.



PARKE GODWIN.

The town is still one of pure New England stock, and out of the 200 voters only three are not American by birth. The town has deteriorated, but it is because it has sent its sons out to other communities to do them good. He instanced three families which had dwelt on this spot, all the sons and daughters of which had made their homes out of the town. It is still a farming community, as it was 100 years ago, and the farmers win a scanty living from rebellious soil. Everything is much as it was in Bryant's time, and to all this the guests are welcome. It is to be hoped that after the difficulty of getting here and getting away is softened by time they will not regret having paid a visit to the home of William Cullen Bryant.

Parke Godwin's Speech.

Parke Godwin was then handsomely introduced by Mr Tower as president of the day, and Mr Godwin began his address by quoting Dr Samuel Johnson's aphorism: "The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Mr Godwin said that Johnson meant by this that localities, by mere historic association, acquire a power which stirs the minds and hearts of men to their fountains. Such a locality is this. And assuredly no American can traverse these hills without feeling an exaltation of the soul at the fact that here one of the noblest of poets and one of the most excellent of American citizens was born. It was here that a mother wrote in this book which I hold in my hand, in 1794. "This night a son was

born to me." It was here that he grew from infancy in sympathy with Nature. It was here that he heard the tales of Bunker Hill which made him so patriotic an American ever after. There was a solemnity in Nature about him, where death was everywhere going on. The "Thanatopsis" which he wrote here was the morning star of our literature. But letters could not earn him a living, and he was obliged to labor in the world. It was a sad day for him when he set out in a chill wintry evening on the lonely road to Plainfield. He turned to look back upon the ruddy sunset, and across the path of the sun's rays there passed a solitary bird. The poet watched its flight, and out of that spectacle and its meaning, borne in upon him at that departure in his fortunes, was born the poem of "The Waterfowl." John Bright had said to the speaker that he read American rather than English poets, not because they were greater poets, but because they were better citizens. And in his mind it was the chief distinction of Mr Bryant that he was a great citizen. Mr Bryant was the advocate, from the beginning of his public career, of freedom of speech and assembly. He was the enemy from the beginning of that hideous system of slavery which had got the nation in its clutch, and he was ever the sedulous, considerate and irrepressible opponent of that other system of industrial servitude, which, under the pretext of general protection, fosters special traders, monopolists and trusts, lures a pernicious immigration and prepares the way for the division of classes and anarchial outbreaks and bloodshed. Bryant was willing to go down into the ring of combat and fight with the gladiators. It is not my purpose, however, to go into Bryant's public career. Greater than the poet, the patriot, the publicist, was the man. Not a day but added to my estimate of his completeness as a human being. He had so strong a sense of duty that not the world in arms could have intimidated him. When he saw the path of duty he walked in it. He was accused of being cold, and among strangers he had a singular reticence; but the moment you broke through this you had a glimpse of the genial humorist, the warm-hearted comrade. I do not think there is a more impressive picture of old age than that of Bryant, not the idol, but the patriarch of literary men. There was not a day that did not see him employed in some useful labor. A neighbor, who walked with him near Roslyn, not long before his death, says that when he saw him turn and look toward the ocean, his white beard tossed by the wind, he seemed like one of the seers of the Bible, or better, like Homer himself by the shores of the Aegean. He lived to be 84 years old, and had no apology to make for anything that he had done—no forgiveness to ask from a human being. You could do yourselves no greater honor than in getting up this memorial. You honor yourselves even more than you honor him.

Mr Brown's Leading Address.

Mr Godwin then introduced Edwin R. Brown, who was to speak of Bryant from personal knowledge and did it admirably

in an address full of thought and spirit in style and in delivery, occupying an hour and a quarter without wearying his hearers. Mr Brown began by repeating part of Bryant's "lines on revisiting the country":
I stand upon my native hills again
Broad, round and green, that in the summer
sky
With garniture of waving grass and grain;
Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped be-
tween,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams
unseen.
The mountain wind! most spiritual thing of
all
The wide earth knows; when in the sultry
time
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime!
As if from heaven's wide open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.
Perfect love, he quoted, casteth out fear,
otherwise how could I find courage to talk
about Bryant after such an address as
you have heard already? But I am not



E. R. BROWN.

here to speak to you as a literatus or scholar, but to talk with you as mechanics by the benchside, as farmers leaning over their hoes might talk of Bryant. I represent the public which has never ranged far in the field of poetry, but which long ago learned to love Bryant.

To-day the fountains of joy and of tears lie close side by side. Salutation quickly turns to valediction; for with many of us this occasion will prove a dissolving view of these dear scenes. We are gathered here from many states, for mutual congratulation, while we look across one of those broad billows which we call centuries and recall the life of one of Cummington's sons—a wonderful life in a wonderful cen-

tury. All the family of which William Cullen was the bright particular star were born among these hills; you have seen the decreasing group returning here summers, white-bearded druids seeking their forest haunts. Now only one remains, a solitary, picturesque and pathetic figure, the last of a splendid generation. The chief of the group found fame in the metropolis. The rest, with their feet planted on the soil of Illinois, grew tall and strong. The reaper has spared us John Howard Bryant, and he is with us to-day, with brain unscathed. Winter is on his head but eternal spring is in his heart. I see in this gathering little of Cummington of old. Most of those of older days are sleeping under turf, but the rock-ribbed hills remain as they were and some of the beeches still live on which the poet carved his name 85 years ago. The people of this region may well cherish their poet's memory, for there is not a brook or hill or murmuring pine that has not been immortalized by him. Every farmer finds life better worth living for the life which began here 100 years ago. Much that was precious here was his by right of discovery, but he has left us the key to that ideal estate for our use forever. The secret of his genius escapes us, but one thing we can say, that whereas we were blind, now we see. Bryant's genius has thrown over these scenes the charm which makes the Westfield river precious, like the Avon and the Doon.

You know the poet's birthplace just over the hill, but this farm was soon made his home, and a delightful one it was. Where is there a winter so delightful as here, a June so tender? And anywhere is there anything equal to that little sheaf of days in November called Indian summer, when the Indian sun-god smokes his pipe upon the hills, and the earth is filled with the sun haze of his dream? It always did seem to me that this should be the home of poetry. While we are proud of the many honors paid our distinguished poet, yet to-day on this hallowed ground we will recall rather the early life than the later days of assured honor and wide renown. In a period like this, when multitudes raise their fists and clamor for possession of they know not what, it is a refreshment to turn to a character as serene as old Greylock. Great men are apt to have great vices to match their intellectual power. But here was a life no chapter or line in which calls for erasure. He came of a line sound in physique, eminent in virtue; running back to John Alden and Priscilla Mullins. What better mixture could have been desired? The Puritan element was strong in the poet's grandfather Snell. He had a vein of humor, but a joke from him was like a cherub carved on one of your old mica-slate tombstones.

Dr Bryant, the poet's father, wisely provided pastureage on which little ones could browse at will. "Sandford and Merton," the poets, and the best periodicals. Yonder stood the barn where the boys fought over the battles of the Greeks and Trojans. Dr Bryant's reputation drew stran-

gers of education to tarry over night in company with a brilliant mind. The young lad must have absorbed much in those Socratic discussions at his father's hearth that no school could have given him. Amid these scenes his mind was stored with those broad pictures of Nature which distinguished his poems from the silhouettes of the parlor poet. His life was much the same as that of other lads, though he must have felt stirring in him dreams which he could never share with his companions. Among the sources of his education I must not forget the university extension town-meeting at which the town men and boys gathered in mass, the men to talk and vote, and the boys to learn the meaning and method of public affairs. It was a model school. The March meeting was the New England House of Commons and the orthodox pulpit was the House of Lords. I often wonder whether we should have had from Bryant "*Thanatopsis*" or a "*Forest Hymn*" if our mediocrity producing public schools, with competitive examination system, had been in vogue 100 years ago. Far better were the discussions which Bryant heard. Dr Bryant was a federalist, and most of his friends and neighbors were likewise; Cummington was a sort of center of federalism, as Cheshire, under the head of Elder Leland, was a stronghold of Jeffersonian faith. The young Bryant wrote his old-school satires in the federalist interest, and his proud father got them published in Boston. It was the time of which Wendell Phillips used to tell, when Massachusetts mothers used to frighten their children into bed by saying "*Thomas Jefferson!*" But the boy had learned to reason and in time he became the leader of the Jeffersonian forces of the land.

Dr Bryant was a worthy man, worthy to stand with Mr Thackeray's doctor in the "*Roundabout Papers*." No Greek or Roman matron ever had a more potent influence on her children than William Cullen Bryant's mother. She was tall and active, and at the age of 67 could still vault into the saddle. She set the good example of planting elms and maples by the roadside. I wish that some one would inlay a tablet in the breast of one, with the name of Sallie Snell Bryant. The poet's mother kept a diary for 53 solid years, without the break of day,—a condensed record of the weather, her household work and family and neighborhood events. Nothing was allowed to interfere, sickness and even death made no break in the record. There are 53 of these books, each covering a complete year. Each book was bound with her own hands and sewed with thread of her own spinning. The diary makes no complaint in the 57 years, and utters not one syllable of gush. Where can this be matched? There is one entry of importance: "November 3, 1794,—stormed; wind northeast; churned; 7 at night a son born." That is the son whose centenary we celebrate to-day. Two days later the record is, "Clear; wind northwest; made Austin a coat; sat up all day; went into the kitchen; Mr Dawes died."—the grandfather of ex-

Senator Dawes. Cullen returned from Williams college after a short stay; a calf was killed, whether in honor of the student's return is not stated. Still on and on the diary goes, till it records her fall and the breaking of a hip, but there is no break in the record till the last tremulous entry was made in her own hand on the day of her death, May 1, 1847. The persistence of Mrs Bryant is only paralleled by that of her son, who up to the last years of his life devoted an hour and a half every morning to gymnastic exercises for the preservation of health and vigor.

There was a return to Nature in the early years of the century. Of the leaders of the American group, all were born in Massachusetts except Longfellow, and he quickly made this his home. There is an idea that the poet must be an ill-regulated being, but all these made home the center around which things revolved. All proved stanch and true on the slavery question, all were profoundly religious. They all lived to a great age; only one remains, wearing evenly like the "One-hoss Shay"—the "Last Leaf on the Tree." Bryant was the first to catch the spirit of Nature in this country, as Wordsworth was in England, and the two have much in common. The American group was led by the Cummington lad of 17, and that with a subject as trite as it is old, the subject of death. It was reserved for Bryant, above any other poet, to complete nature's circuit and make even old age and death grand and sweet. Moses Hallock, with whom Bryant and others boarded for a time, is embalmed in "An Old Man's Funeral," and what an embalming process is that!

Let us recall Bryant's rare personality. He was erect in figure, always standing squarely on both feet—a mental as well as a physical characteristic. His head and face, like his first great poem, seemed to belong to all ages of the world. What a capital model it would have made for a sculpture on the pediment of the Parthenon! Some faces carry their date and all their story in the lines of expression,—the whole book is printed on the cover. Bryant's deeply carved countenance was hieroglyphic, and belonged to antediluvian, post-diluvian or current time, according to your fancy. Keen eyes, peering out from the shadow of overhanging brows, did not hold you like the glittering eye of the Ancient Mariner, but they penetrated to your very marrow. There was an indefinable something in his whole aspect that at once conveyed the impression of a nature robust and grand, combined with something of sanctity and mystery. He was always neatly dressed, for he had none of the small "pride that apes humility." Antisthenes, the cynic, affected a ragged coat; but Socrates said to him, "Antisthenes, I can see your vanity peering out through the holes of your coat." Bryant carefully observed the proprieties of good society. He knew very well what was due to his position, but felt no sense of incongruity in the company of shirt-sleeved laborers, nor would he, like Scott's Sir Pierce Shaftoe, blush to lead the farmer's daughter out to dinner or the dance. He was reticent. Even with old acquaintances he did not altogether conceal his distaste for those pretty conventional fibs and pretenses that come of "making talk."

He loved to have with him on a long stroll an original-minded and suggestive friend, who could enjoy the companionship of silence and

take a great deal for granted. Webster said of himself that he had a talent for sleep. Bryant had a talent for solitude and silence. He must often have felt like saying, as little Paul Dombev said to the sympathetic chattering children at the sea-side as they crowded around him, "Go away, please; thank you, thank you, but I don't want you." The lover is never lonely with his mistress. Bryant, being profoundly in love with Nature, was no more lonely with wind and cloud in the wide pastures and deep woods than amid the stacks of stone and brick and the everlasting din of wheels and hustling crowds of Fulton street and Broadway. Even there, his inner ear still heard the rustle of the poplars and the soft purr of "Roaring Brook," falling into his cool, rocky basins.

Bryant's power of acquiring knowledge was so prodigious, and his industry so unremitting, that in effect he lived two or three centuries. His almost phenomenal memory was not like that of Robert Houdin, the juggler, a drag-net, raking in everything, good, bad and indifferent; only that which had merit of some kind was retained. He would have no title. What title could add anything to that of Mr Bryant, or Mr Gladstone, each the chief citizen of his own country? The popular notion that he was of cold and impulsive temperament was not without excuse, though the truth is that he had, on the contrary, a torrid temper. His whole life having been a struggle to overcome imperfections of every kind, he came at last to have an air-brake control of himself, and became the gentlest of men. One, however, who should presume at any time to impugn his personal integrity, or kill the wild birds on his premises, would quickly become aware of heat under that cool exterior.

Bryant secured nothing of what is called "passional training."—Lord save the mark!—by breaking women's hearts, as did Goethe and Byron and Burns. The windows of his soul were open to veracity, courage and virtue, and these angels brought him the gift of tongues and of song. Every public meeting in Athens, at a certain period of its history, was opened with a curse on any one who should not speak what he really thought.

Bryant was one of the few for whom such a curse would have had no terrors. He was saturated with truthfulness, and hence the very antipode of the demagog.

Like the planets in their courses Bryant was never idle, never behind time, and never in a hurry. Though ravished by the order and beauty of the universe, the Snell in his nature would never allow him to burst into a volcanic frenzy, like poor Keats. Though he made many voyages to Europe and elsewhere, the record of which makes charming chapters in his biography, he remained the most American of our poets. He belongs to the soil and skies of his native land, as distinctly as the bison or the bald eagle. He was an optimist, with the serene assurance of great and earnest souls that the universe is sound and God is well. His faith was like the eternal sunset in "Faust," where every height is on fire and every vale is in repose. Browning vociferates this assurance with such passionate vehemence as almost to make us doubt the writer's confidence in his own shouting. He cries, "Snatch it from the hells!"—

Pay the ringers to ring it; put it in the mouths of the bells,
Get the singers to sing it, that God is well.
In calmer and loftier strains Bryant leads us on to serener heights, where the same glorious assurance opens upon us

With warmth, and certainty, and boundless light.

Bryant's poetry is like the playing of actors like Booth and Jefferson, artists who never descend to sentimental or sensationalism in order to please those who are to hear the play but once. A commoner poet

might at first produce a stronger effect. But, gradually, absolute fidelity to Nature attunes our taste to a faultless execution. So in the poetry of Bryant there may at first appear a lack of fire, but, like everything truly beautiful, it is a continual revelation, and we come at last to listen to him as to Nature herself, and to resent the slightest alteration in the text, even by the author himself.

"Thanatopsis" was written at the home-stead in the summer of 1811. It must be counted the most remarkable of short poems. The extreme youth of the author, and the fact that the existence of the poem was a secret shared with no human being for five years, at least, give it a mystery and marvel that add to its grandeur. It is the vastest figure of death ever drawn. The subject, though ancient as Arcturus and Orion, seems new and untried. He tells us what we knew full well before, but tells it with such power and fitness that he seems to be the original discoverer, and to have rescued the fact from chaos. We can well imagine Milton saying to Bryant, as he said to another, "After so glorious a performance you ought to do nothing that is mean and little, not so much as to think of anything but what is great and sublime." If any such injunction was heard by our poet, right well did he heed it.

When as a boy of 8 or 10 years of age I sat on the "little seats" in the old red school-house over yonder hill, the bigger boys and girls sometimes had "Thanatopsis" for a reading lesson. Even then a vague wonder arose in my mind why it was that to hear the minister talk of death made my flesh creep and my heart sink, while to hear "Thanatopsis," though the theme was the very same, was soothing and exalting. Doubtless this was in part due to the large way in which the subject is reviewed in the poem, the magnificent vastness and universality of death taking away the feeling of loneliness and gloom; it was ever a little flattering,—"Thou shalt lie down with patriarchs of the infant world, with kings," and so on. And perhaps it was also the deep sea roll of its rhythm and the exquisite fitness of language, which even a child could feel, and whose beauty not even the shambling clumsiness of rustic readers could altogether mar or hide. There is nothing in it pitiful and distressing, as in Addison's "Vision of Mirza," with its terrible bridge in the valley of Bagdad, but all was grand, orderly and serene.

Sitting in the northeast section of the wide gallery in the "Old Meet'n House," on Meet'n House hill, might have been seen in the summer of 1811 a handsome youth, who seemed to be listening decorously to the long homilies poured forth by good Parson Briggs from the high pulpit, in which the preacher seemed to be going to sea in a bowl. (Parson Briggs, by the way, was ordained in this very grove 116 years ago.) But really the thoughts of the youth in the wide gallery were wandering in God's first temples, and he was listening to

Airs from viewless Eden blown,
for "Thanatopsis" was then taking form in his mind. How little the grave and stately minister dreamed that when 80 years should have rolled away the soliloquy of the handsome youth would be known and admired in all civilized lands and languages, while his own faithful and sonorous messages of 52 consecutive years would have passed with the tall pulpit and sounding board from which they were promulgated to a deep and common forgetfulness!

"Thanatopsis" is the soliloquy of youth, yet forgotten nations, extinguished constellations and the living present seem to be reverently listening and adding their solemn amen. It was not written for fame nor to propagate a theory. Beecher, in a discourse delivered soon after the poet's death, pronounced "Thanatopsis" a pagan poem. Well, it is the poem of the human race, and that includes the pagan. It is pagan, as the air and the Pleiades and the Zodiac are pagan. We all instantly agree that what is said is the exact truth, but if there were a theory, the more exact the statement of it the more certain should we be of disagreement. It was no

more affected by authorities of financial considerations than the "night of years" itself. It is Nature's own voice, spoken through the clear brain of an ingenuous youth. The poem is unique in what it says and in what it does not say. Though the author lived in the midst of fierce and continual theological pronouncement, there it not in the poem the slightest allusion to any system of faith, to a deity, or even to a future state of existence. There is no side issue, no tub to any whale of public opinion, but death is quietly and surely restored to its proper place in the beautiful universal order. It is the one great poem to which a date is an impertinence. It fits as perfectly for ten thousand years ago or ten thousand years hence as for to-day.

After this passage, which is just as he delivered it. Mr Brown exhibited in a number of examples the nicety of Mr Bryant's choice of words in his poems, observing that his words are the common speech of the common people; that his personifications have such truth that they are accepted as a matter of course. He quoted in reference to "The Waterfowl" Victor Hugo's saying: "Every bird that flies carries the thread of the universe in its claw." He dwelt also upon Bryant's serene and constant joy of life; and spent some interesting sentences in characterizing his career as editor, referring here to the delight the Buffalo platform free-sailors felt when Bryant in the Evening Post declared for free soil, free speech, free men—and added to it on his own account free trade. No window of this Aladdin palace was left unfinished, said Mr Brown, Bryant's first utterance was the truth of Nature, his last the truth of human nature. Beautiful was this life of 84 years in character; beautiful upon the mountains, but more beautiful when he went down into the arena of human strife for human right.

After Mr Brown's address there was a duet sung by Miss Shaw and Mrs Nahmer. The poet's brother was then presented to the audience by Mr Godwin, and read with clear and sustained voice his sweet and feeling monody, which is printed elsewhere; preluding it by saying that it was not quite true to say that it was written on the occasion of his brother William's death; a part of it was then written, but it had only within a few days assumed the shape in which he should read it to his hearers. After this the majestic national lyric of Mrs Howe, "The Battle Hymn of The Republic," was sung, each s'unzi in solo by E. Lester Brown of Princeton, Ill., son of the orator of the day, in a musical baritone, the audience joining in the "Glory Hallelujah" chorus; until the last stanza, "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea," which was taken by Mr Hutchinson in his ringing tenor in a truly inspiring fashion. The chorus by this time had forced the too rapid tempo down to a reasonable beat, and the body of sound was grand. Then the throng dispersed for dinner.

Letters from Mr Dawes and O. W. Holmes.

In the afternoon there were read letters of regret from several persons, and among them these from Dr O. W. Holmes and es-Senator Dawes:—

BEVERLY FARMS, August 13.

It would have given me great pleasure to attend the celebration of Bryant's 100th birthday at Cummington, but the effects of a

recent illness render it imprudent for me to undertake the journey.

Thirty years ago I had the privilege of being present at a great meeting at New York to greet Mr Bryant on his 70th birthday. He was the oldest of that group of poets whose names were already familiar to all American readers. If such an office had existed, he would have been the dean of the guild of our native poets. Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell were all then living and in full possession of their varied powers. As I recall him on that occasion he seemed as one belonging to the past. His venerable aspect was growing more and more like the ideal of the bard as Gray has pictured him. I need not quote the lines which recur to all who

remember Bryant in his later years. Yet, though his life was handed over to us from a bygone century, though he looked to the younger crowd around him as if he had strayed from another world into that of today, no man was more keenly alive to the thoughts and doings of his time than William Cullen Bryant.

I could have wished to contribute on this occasion to the memory of the poet in the form of verse, but I must be permitted to borrow the words of one of the guests at the banquet in New York which express what I would say better than any I should be likely to extort from the languors of convalescence:

How shall we praise the verse whose music flows

With solemn cadence and majestic close,
Pure as the dew that filters through the rose!

How shall we thank him that in evil days
He faltered never, nor for blame or praise.
Nor hire nor party shamed his earlier lays,

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,
So to his youth his manly years were true;
All dyed in royal purple through and through.

At the meeting on his 70th birthday Bryant was in a vigorous condition of mind and body. He might, perhaps, have lived into his 9th or 10th decade had he not been in dangerously good health, but trusting to his strong constitution he would not spare himself. He forgot the limitations of three score and twenty, and nature reminded him of them in fatal message. As a patriot his name belongs with those of the "Sons of Liberty" of the century in which he was born. As a man of letters he deserves an honorable place among those of the scholars of his time. As a poet he has shaped his own monument.

Marbles forget their message to mankind;

In his own verse the poet lives enshrined.
A breath of noble verse oullives all that can be carved in stone or cast in bronze. In his poems inspired by Nature, Bryant has identified himself with her perennial life. In singing of death he has won the prize of immortality.

O. W. HOLMES.

PITTSFIELD, August 10, 1894.

I sincerely regret that I have not been able to so arrange previous engagements as to make it possible for me to participate in the commemorative exercises of the 16th in my native town. I am very glad that this generation of its inhabitants cherish the memory and honor the name of its most illustrious son. The town does itself great honor in bearing testimony to the personal worth and the genius of the most distinguished of its children. It thus testifies to the world its own appreciation of those rare gifts with which Mr Bryant was endowed, and casts out from its borders the pretense that a prophet is without honor in his own country.

It is the birthright of us all to love and honor him who has done so much to keep the name of our good old town a living memory as long as the rivulet shall run to the river, and the hills among which he was born shall stand about his birthplace. May the occasion be most enjoyable to you and all those who shall with you pay fitting tribute to the rare and lovable character we have all held in such high regard. I am truly yours,

H. L. DAWES.

Speech of John Bigelow.

The president of the day then introduced John Bigelow as our representative at the court of France under Abraham Lincoln, and as a distinguished public servant for many years, but especially as the man whom Bryant chose to assist him in editing the New York Evening Post. Mr Bigelow began with the old joke that he came prepared to make the best speech that was ever made, but the previous speakers were both mind readers and had extracted all of it for their own credit. Then he said that in order to be present to honor his master and friend, William Cullen Bryant, he had lost the only opportunity he should ever have, as he feared, of casting his vote for female suffrage—that is the phrase he used—in the constitutional convention of the state of New York, for the vote was to be taken last night. There was a good deal of noise around at this time, and it slipped our hearing whether he was able to pair on the question or not, and Joseph H. Choate seemed to be mixed up in it; but the clear statement was made that Mrs Choate was an ardent woman suffragist. Then Mr Bigelow said that the invitation from Mr Bryant to join him in the conduct of the Evening Post and share with him its responsibilities and duties he regarded the greatest compliment he had ever received. He spoke of the long association as inspiring him with infinite respect for the purity of character of his associate. Long after, as well as during the time of his association, Bryant exerted an influence upon him which no other man had ever exerted. The singular uprightness, truthfulness and directness of character which distinguished him above all men that he had ever known had so influenced him—that in the result you might hardly believe it—that for years he never found himself perplexed in regard to the line of duty upon any question, embarrassed to know what he ought to do or what not to do, that he did not find himself turning back to ask what Bryant would have done under the same circumstances. "And I may say that I have never asked myself that question and doubted any longer. I thought it might interest his neighbors to have that influence which he exerted recorded."

The closing part of Mr Bigelow's talk was in honor of Mr Bryant's wife, and after eulogizing her from personal knowledge, he described her as the guardian and inspiration of Mr Bryant's best work and his finest thought, and read a poem of Bryant's, "The Life That Is," which found its origin in Mrs Bryant's serious illness at Naples (some time before she died), in which her noble and inspiring qualities were given full measure. Mr Godwin after this introduced as one of the eminent advocates of that reform of woman suffrage which Mr Bigelow had so eloquently alluded to, Mrs Julia Ward Howe, who read in a singularly impressive and beautiful fashion, which will never be forgotten by any who heard her, or even saw her, a poem of mingled reminiscence and prophecy.

Mrs Howe's Poem.

The age its latest decade shows,
The wondrous autumn near its close,
Revealing in its fateful span
Unwonted ways of good to man.

Imprisoned vapor speeds its course,
Flies, quick with life, th' electric force,
Nature's daemonic mysteries
Are angels now that win and please.

But dearer far to human ken
The record of illustrious men,
The gifts conveyed in measures wrought
Of noble purpose and high thought.

Above the wild industrial din,
The race an hundred goals to win,
The gathered wealth, the rifled mine,
Still sounds the poet's song divine.

The skill that marshals myriad hands,
For manhood's task in many lands,
Attunes her anvil by the lyre,
And forges with Promethean fire.

Oh master of imperial lays
Crowned in the fullness of thy days,



MRS JULIA WARD HOWE.

One heart that owned thy gracious spell
Thy reverend men remembers well.

For mine it was, ere fell the snow
Upon this head of long ago,
My modest wreath to intertwine
With richer offerings at thy shrine.

A guest upon that day of days
How leapt my heart to hymn thy praise!
Yea, from that hour my spirit wore
A high content unknown before.

The past engulfs these 'echoes' fond;
Thou and thy mates have passed beyond,
And that fair festival appears
Dim through the vista of long years.

But love still keeps his watch below,
When fades from sight the sunset glow,
And at the challenge of thy name
Stirs in each heart the loyal flame.

Still battling on the field of life,
We break from the unequal strife,
From task or pastime hasten all
As at a vanished leader's call.

Within the shadow of thy tent
We read again thy testament,
Review the treasure which thy art
Bequeathed t' enrich thy country's heart.

No gift whose precious bloom can fade,
No holocaust on false shrine laid,
A legacy of good untold,
August as oracles of old,
The winged words that cannot die,
The world-transcending prophecy.

Words from Mr Warner.

Charles Dudley Warner made a characteristic and witty speech. This is a very general and promiscuous picnic, he said. When I came to the edge of it I pushed for the storm center, and when I saw that leonine head of Mr Godwin, I knew where the center was. It is a great thing for a town like this to keep in mind the memory of its great men and to get together on one pretext or another as often as possible for the interchange of social feeling. To the towns about here I recommend that they go back as soon as possible and get a Bryant to celebrate. As I was born myself in Plainfield and as I was told by Mr Bryant that his father was the physician who attended my father (and I am happy to say that he was not the last physician), it seems to me that I have the right to lay a few wreaths of homage upon his shrine. I remember in my humble way that when I was a boy I knew "Thanatos" by heart. I am quite certain that it was a sweet and noble influence. I remember also how mortified I was to be discovered by a relation of mine in my attitude of Bryant worshiper, reciting that immortal poem to a mortal cow as I was milking her. I have wondered how I could have accommodated the music of that poem to the metrical sound of the milk in the pail. I probably did not, and that may account for the fact that they said I dried up the cow. I wondered then and wondered now where Bryant got the poem. He was remote from the great world and from the literary current. How did he happen to strike such a note as that? I think we shall have to say that it comes from that something of an almost supernatural character that we call genius. You might have had all the dictation makers, and some of the plodding fellows who speak to you, and you would never have gathered as you do to-day. I am now going to suggest to you that this hill hereafter by a unanimous vote be given a name which shall express some-

thing of the permanent reputation which the man has left. Mr Bigelow has won many friends as a man who might have voted for woman suffrage. I am going to do better than that. I am going to give you all a chance to vote right now. The resolution is: "Resolved, That it is the sense of the town of Cummington and the county that the hill on which we stand shall hereafter be known to the world and the map-makers as Mt Bryant." Those opposed are not in favor of woman suffrage, and I won't take the vote.

John W. Hutchinson, who was to sing after Mr Warner's address prefaced the duet in which he took part with a few impromptu remarks, saying that he was the first in the country to sing woman suffrage songs. He was now the last of the Mohicans. He quoted from John H. Bryant's "Monody," which was read in the morning, and gave some reminiscences of old days, after which E. Lester Brown and he sang a duet, "Old friends are the best." John H. Bryant followed with the reading of another poem, "At 87."

Remarks by Norton, Chadwick and Others.

Prof Charles Eliot Norton made one of his peculiarly felicitous little addresses on certain characteristics of Bryant. Such a day as this, he said, is a fit homage to a great American citizen. Nothing which a poet can do for his people is of greater service than to make their land dear to them. That is what Burns and Scott did for Scotland, what Bryant did for us. The dominant character is the sentiment most expressive of the hills of Western Massachusetts. I do not think any poet can do more than speak the word for his people which their closed lips will not let them utter. Bryant has associated himself with Western Massachusetts so that his name cannot be separated from its hills. Happy the poet who connects himself thus with the life of a region, and makes himself part of the patriotic pride of the people of that region,—who connects his fame with some natural object, with a mountain, with a bird even, or a flower. Wordsworth has the daffodil, Burns the daisy, Bryant the fringed gentian. No one will gather one again without thinking of him.

Rev John W. Chadwick gave a somewhat extended analysis of Bryant's genius. He said in a prayer-meeting in New York a man got up in a silence and said that as no one seemed to have anything to say, he would speak about the tariff. There has not been enough said about Mr Bryant and the tariff. One might as well speak of George William Curtis and not mention civil-service-reform. I wish he could write one more editorial for the Evening Post, and tells what he thinks of those Gormandizers of the Senate who have sold their birthright for a mess of potage. It is poor work ranking poets. When our English friends were trying it my friend, Dr Hayes, wrote me that "Thanatopsis" was our greatest poem, Longfellow our greatest poet, Poe nowhere. But we need them all in the

orchestra, the tinkling triangle of Poe among the rest. Bryant was not a poet of books; he went out to Nature. He abounds in felicities of observation. I was pleased to find one of them in "Peter Ibbetson," a phrase out of "The Waterfowl." He was a master of meter, though not an experimenter. I think we should agree that his best things, the things that move us, are few, but these are of such perfection that we are content. He was not an American Wordsworth, but an American Bryant. He embodied the New England spirit. "Thanatopsis" is a glorification of the great tomb of man.

George W. Cable, who had been expected to speak, was unable to be present on account of ill-health. In place of the address Mr Hutchinson sang another of his old-time songs, "The Old Granite State," and the chorus sang again, after which President G. Stanley Hall spoke a few words. He had studied in the laboratory the symptoms of fatigue, and had made such progress this afternoon in this study that he was tempted to go on an hour or two to falter. He said he was a simple lover of science and Nature, and lit his candle at Bryant's fire. Bryant was almost the only poet he read, and from him he learned to love not only Nature but science, which is but an altar on which we worship Nature's God. Bryant says: "Man is necessarily a naturalist," and if I had time I would take that sentence as my text. Every child worships Nature; personifies trees and flowers. We have found a new mine of psychology in the doctrine of Wordsworth, that a man is best when he becomes most childlike. As we live for our children and strive to make them better and wiser let us remember that the love of Nature is the root of wisdom; see in all Nature's products that there is a soul. This childish love which the school too often kills is the root of poetry and science and religion. I wish that we might recognize that science and literature are one, and then our schools would be transformed and the love of Nature taught.

A. M. Howe of Boston, who belongs by descent to the law firm with which Bryant studied law, began by defending his profession. The effect of the legal studies of Bryant were felt, he believed, through all his life. It was a natural development of his life that he should come out of the narrow tariff legislation of the time to free trade. As a lawyer and as an editor Bryant was an American citizen. Those of us in the midst of affairs belonging to the dumb who cannot express themselves owe a large debt to William Cullen Bryant for his daily statements of public opinion. Bryant practiced law 10 years and is said to have become disgusted with the law because he was overruled. I do not believe he was such a coward. He may have felt that there was a larger ground for him to maintain the law outside of the court-house.

An unexpected number in the program was an address by James H. Eckels, controller of the currency. He was well acquainted, he said, with the poet and his

brother, and sent that he did himself an honor in coming to pay his respects on this occasion. The first thing built in the town of Princeton, Ill., where he lives, was a church: the second, a school. The best thought of New England has gone there. For what it is it owes much to the Bryant influence. The name of John H. Bryant is loved and cherished like that of William Cullen Bryant. Nowadays, said the chairman, at the close of the speech, everything begins and ends in the newspapers, and he therefore called on Henry S. Gere, editor of the Hampshire Gazette. Mr Gere said that he had been examining the early files of the paper and found all of the poems which Bryant contributed thereto that were signed. One in the issue of March 13, 1807, is prefaced by the editor, "A poem composed by a lad 12 years old; to be exhibited at the close of the winter school in presence of the master, the minister of the parish and a number of private guests." It is dated from Cummington, 1807, and must have been written in his 13th year and not in his 10th year, as was stated in a sketch of his life published in 1880. In 1810 was written a poem called "The Genius of Columbia," dated April 15, an ode for the Fourth of July to the air "Ye Gentlemen of England" and in the issue of July 12, 1815, another ode. The speaker closed with a warm tribute to the work and character of the poet.

J. H. BRYANT'S POEMS.

"A MONADY."

My heart to-day is far away;
I seem to tread my native hills;
I see the flocks and mossy rocks;
I hear the gush of mountain rills.

There with me walks and kindly talks
The dear, dear friend of all my years.
We laid him low not long ago,
At Roslyn-side, with sobs and tears.

But though I know that this is so,
I will not have it so to-day;
The illusion still, by force of will,
Shall give my wayward fancy play.

With joy we roam around the home
Where in our childhood days we played;
We tread the mead with verdure spread,
And seek the woodpath's grateful shade.

We climb the steep where fresh winds sweep,
Where oft before our feet have trod,
And look far forth, east, south and north,
"Upon the glorious works of God."

We tread again the rocky glen,
Where foaming waters dash along;
And sit alone on mossy stone,
Charmed by the thrasher's twilight song.

Anon we stray, far, far away.
The club-moss crumblin' 'neath our tread,
Seeking the spot by most forgot
Where sleep the generations dead.

And now we come into the home—
The dear old home our childhood knew,
And round the board with plenty stored
We gather as we used to do.

With reverence now I see him bow
That head with many honors crowned;
All white his locks are as the flocks
That feed upon the hills around.

Again we meet in converse sweet
Around the blazing cottage hearth,
And while away the closing day
With quiet talk and tales of mirth.

The spell is broke. Oh, cruel stroke!
The illusive vision will not stay;
My fond, sweet dream was fancy's gleam,
Which stubborn fact has chased away.

I am alone; my friend is gone.
He'll seek no more that lovely scene;
His feet no more shall wander o'er
Those wooded hills and pastures green.

No more he'll look upon the brook
Whose banks his infant feet had pressed,
The little rill whose waters still
Come dancing from the rosy west.

Nor will he climb at autumn time
Those hills the glorious sight to view,
When in their best the woods are dressed—
The same his raptured boyhood knew.

The hermit thrush at twilight bush
He'll hear no more with deep delight;
No blossoms gay beside the way
Attract his quick and eager sight.

The lulling sound from pines around
No more shall soothe his noonday rest,
Nor trailing cloud with misty shroud
For him the morning hills invest.

That voice so sweet that late did greet
My ear each passing summertide
Is silent now; that reverend brow
Rests in the grave at Roslyn-side.

His was a life of toil and strife
Against the wrong and for the good;
Through weary years of hopes and fears,
For freedom, truth and right he stood.

At length a gleam of broad esteem
On his declining years was cast,
And a bright crown of high renown
Enwreathed his hoary head at last.

His love of song so deep and strong
In boyhood, faded not in age;
At life's last hour, with noon tide power,
His genius lit the printed page.

His sun has set; its twilight yet
Flushes the chambers of the sky;
A softer flame of spreading fame,
A glory that shall never die.

A EIGHTY-SEVEN.

Alone, alone, why wait I here,
When all most loved have passed away;
Parents and wife and children dear,
Brothers and sisters, where are they?

Gone to the boundless silent past—
And will that past return again,
Restore its conquests wide and vast,
Or is this yearning hope in vain?

I know not and I cannot know;
I only know a mighty wave,
Resistless in its onward flow,
Sweeps all things living to the grave.

No voice from that reluctant sphere
Or whisper of the silly night
Ever falls upon my waiting ear,
Nor faintest shadow meets my sight.

Still, hope eternal looks gray
Beyond the darkness of the tomb,
Where friends departed meet, or stray
Through bowers of light and joy and bloom.

Though thus bereft, life still is sweet;
All nature doth her promise fill;
The wild flowers blossom at my feet;
These glorious heavens are round me still.

The changing seasons come and go,
Full harvests ripen on the plain,
The autumn woods resume their glow,
And winter snows return again.

Alone, I said; oh, not alone,
For loving friends still wait around,
Sweet voices yet of silvery tone
Greet my dull ear with grateful sound.

Goodness and mercy day by day,
From birth unto the present hour,
Have followed me or led the way—
The guidance of Almighty Power.

And now, amid the fading light,
With faltering steps I journey on,
Waiting the coming of the night
When earthly light and life are gone.

And shall there rise a brighter day
Beyond this scene of calm and strife,
Where love and peace shall rule for aye,
And goodness be the rule of life?

I lean on the Almighty arm,
The Good, the Merciful and Just.
His love and care all fears disarm;
On His unchanging law I rest.



Samuel de Champlain;

A SHORT SKETCH

—BY—

HENRY H. HURLBUT.



SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN;

A BRIEF SKETCH
OF THE
EMINENT NAVIGATOR AND DISCOVERER.

READ BEFORE THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20, 1885,

BY
HENRY H. HURLBUT.
_H

A PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT EXPLORER,
PAINTED BY
MISS HARRIET P. HURLBUT,
WAS ON THIS OCCASION PRESENTED IN HER NAME TO THE SOCIETY.



CHICAGO:
FERGUS PRINTING COMPANY.
1885.



HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOMS,
CHICAGO, October 22, 1885.

DEAR MISS HURLBUT:

I have the honor to inform you that at a Quarterly Meeting of the Chicago Historical Society, held on the 20th inst., on motion of Hon. Mark Skinner the thanks of the Society were unanimously tendered to you for the excellent and valuable portrait of Samuel de Champlain you so generously presented to the Society.

Very respectfully,

ALBERT D. HAGER,

Miss HARRIET P. HURLBUT, Chicago.

Secretary.

The thanks of the Historical Society were also given to Mr. Hurlbut for the Paper read by him on evening of October 20, 1885.





SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

FROM the enlarged notes of a work now in preparation by myself and intended for publication, to be entitled "Our Inland Seas and Early Lake Navigation," I will, with your leave, read a sketch, or rather an imperfect outline portrayal, of the movements in the life of the first white man who came within the basin of the great American Lakes; the first European, I may say, that saw and navigated not only the small yet storied body of water drained by the Sorel, but that of Lake Ontario; and who, furthermore, was the first who looked upon the face of Lake Huron. I need not suggest that there is an evident propriety for the Historical Society of the greatest City of the Lakes to pay at least some tribute to the memory of our earliest explorer, who passed over the waters of Lake Ontario more than sixty years before LaSalle built Fort Frontenac by its banks, and more than a quarter of a century before either Joliet or Marquette, the first-known white men at Chicago, were born. I speak of Samuel de Champlain.

Though James Cartier, in 1535, passed up the St. Lawrence River as far as the Island of Hochelaga, to which he gave the name of Monte Royal, yet singular as it seems, he nor any other European, as far as we know, never reached any of our great Lakes for three-fourths of a century succeeding.

Samuel de Champlain was the son of Antoine de Champlain (a captain in the French marine), and the maiden name of his mother was Marguerite Leroy; he was born in the village of Brouage, in the ancient Province of Saintonge, about the year 1567. Little is known of the boyhood days of Champlain; his home-village was a fortified town, and its harbor, available for large ships, was called one of the best in France. Not only was Brouage a post of some military importance, but it was the manufacturing centre and port of shipment of a large trade in salt; and these were the two great interests of the people in citadel and seaport of the busy Brouage.

During many years of Champlain's early life, Brouage was the occasion of frequent struggles of contending parties for its possession, during the civil wars of the time. While these vicissitudes must have been perplexing to close study in school, and while Champlain's school education was no doubt limited, there was yet a discipline in that misfortune, and his active habits and excellent common-sense led him to educate himself.

It was no slight good fortune for Champlain that he often came in contact with men of high character, connected with the military and commercial departments of Brouage. It is supposed that he paid considerable attention to the study and practice of drawing, as his after-efforts in that line were, and are still, of no little interest and value.

Early in the year 1599, he was in command of a large French ship, chartered by the Spanish government for a voyage to the West Indies. Just previously, however, he had been connected with the French army as quartermaster for several years, yet still before that he must have had practical experience in navigation; indeed he acknowledged the fact,

for he has confessed the fascination which attracted his early life to that employment. In the Spanish voyage referred to, including not merely a view of various West-India Islands and important ports, but casting his anchor in the roadstead of San Juan d'Ulloa (then as today the island castle and defence of Vera Cruz), he visited not merely Porto Bello on the Isthmus, by a native sail-boat, but from Vera Cruz he passed into the interior, spending a month at the City of Mexico.

This voyage embraced a period of somewhat over two years, and in it Champlain carried out a purpose of his own, which was to make extended notes and drawings of whatever seemed worth his observation; not for his own gratification merely, but for use and aid to the French government. It was Champlain that made the first suggestion of the benefits to be derived from a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

It is understood that after an able communication by Champlain to his own government,* regarding matters and things coming within his notice in the Spanish possessions of America, he was honored not only with the gift of a pension from the French king, Henry IV., but it is believed that from the same source there was also conferred upon him a patent of nobility.

In March, 1603, Champlain first sailed for northern America, having joined the expedition under Pont Gravé, which had been organized by Gov. Aymer de Chastes. The fleet consisted of two barques of small size, accompanied by

* The full and illustrated account of that voyage to Spanish America by Champlain continued in manuscript more than two centuries and a half, but in 1859, after an English translation, it was printed in London by the Hakluyt Society.

one or more craft of still less burthen, and arrived in the St. Lawrence River at a place called Tadoussac, at the mouth of Saguenay River.

I wish to make here a slight digression, and say that we have no authentic knowledge of an earlier people who dwelt by or navigated our great lakes and their tributary or neighboring waters, than various tribes of our North-American Indians. These Indians, we are to presume, were the inventors and from time immemorial have been the manufacturers of that famous and historic little craft, the birch-bark canoe. The first description which we have of this canoe appears identical with that manufactured by our northern Indians of today. Though no long distances very far from shore were often attempted, the ability of this canoe when well managed, even in a pretty rough sea, is not slight.

The Indian canoes of the old fur-companies were usually large, of some four or five tons burthen. How many centuries previously they may have been in use we have no means of telling, yet two hundred and eighty-two years ago, in 1603, Champlain met them at the Saguenay, and which he afterward spoke of as "from eight to nine paces long, and about a pace or pace and a-half broad in the middle, growing narrower toward the two ends." "They are apt," said he, "to turn over, in case one does not understand managing them, and are made of birch bark, strengthened on the inside by little ribs of white cedar, very neatly arranged; they are so light that a man can easily carry one." Said Gouverneur Morris: "Among the curiosities of newly-discovered America was the Indian canoe. Its slender and elegant form, its rapid movement, its capacity to bear burdens and resist the rage of the billows and torrents, excited no small degree of admiration for the skill by which it was con-

structed." The Chippewas call it che-maun, and it was this same sort of vessel in which Champlain passed into lakes Champlain, Huron, and Ontario; the same in which Joliet and Marquette voyaged down the Mississippi, the same in which, differing as I must from the opinion of our worthy secretary, they navigated the Chicago. The Society, it is noticed, has a small specimen of this canoe.

After looking a few miles up the Saguenay, Gravé and Champlain, in a light boat, ascended the St. Lawrence as far as the Falls of St. Louis, now called the Lachine Rapids, and by the way going a short distance on what they called the River of the Iroquois, now known as the Sorel or Richelieu. Unable to pass the rapids in their boat, they returned to their vessels at the outlet of the Saguenay.

Upon this first visit of Champlain to the St. Lawrence, he questioned the Indians about the river and waters above and beyond what he had seen; in a manner, imperfectly however, they told of the Rapids of the upper St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario, the Falls of Niagara, Lake Erie, and the Strait of Detroit. Of anything beyond they professed no knowledge. In the month of September of that year, 1603, Gravé and Champlain reached France. Champlain now learned that his friend de Chastes had died in his absence; he exhibited to his sovereign, however, a map which he had drawn of the region he had visited, together with an account of what he had learned.

In 1604, two vessels left France, having Champlain on board one of them; a new expedition for colonial settlement in America, north of latitude 40° , N., having been organized by Sieur de Monts. Arriving in America, and passing a severe winter at a temporary station, Champlain after thoroughly exploring the coasts of New England, New Bruns-

wick, and Nova Scotia, and after three years absence, reached France in 1607, where he spent the succeeding winter.

Champlain is distinguished for his survey of the New-England coast, extending also to the northern limits of Nova Scotia. While other explorers made but slight examinations, imperfectly described, his account is thorough, and, furthermore, is illustrated by drawings of the seashore, rivers, harbors, etc.

Again Champlain had reached the St. Lawrence, in June, 1608, and while a barque was being constructed, he explored the Saguenay and also the St. Lawrence, and where at the site of a future city, then called Quebec—an Algonkin word, meaning a narrowing—he was impressed with its peculiar attractions, and decided to commence a settlement there at once. The decision was followed directly by the felling of trees and the erection of buildings. Fortunately, a few days after their arrival there, it was revealed to Champlain that a plan was about perfected among a number of the men to assassinate not only him but others also, and then conduct matters as they might choose. By a cautious and prompt movement, however, four of the ringleaders were placed in irons, and, after a trial, one was hanged and the others sent to France for further treatment.

One of the vessels sailed for France in September, but Champlain remained to spend the winter with the little colony at Quebec. That winter, however, was one of sickness and death; from an exclusively salt diet they were attacked with the scurvy, and twenty out of the twenty-eight had died before winter had disappeared. Of the Indians in the neighborhood also, many died from starvation, for Champlain could only, from his limited supplies, afford slight relief. But spring at length succeeded that winter of

death, and in June, Gravé again appeared with a vessel in the St. Lawrence.

Champlain now prepared to carry out his plans for exploring the interior. A fierce war was then existing between the Algonkin tribes of the north and the great Iroquois confederacy of the region now called New York. It was proposed to Champlain by the Indians, in consideration of services to be rendered him in his travels as guides, interpreters, and canoe-men, that he should aid them in their battles with their enemies, the Iroquois. To this he consented.

Whether or not it was wise for Champlain to conclude such a treaty with his newly-found red friends may at least be questioned. I do not, however, believe with Mr. George Geddes that "but for the mistake of Champlain, and the unwise treatment of the Five Nations that followed, the government of the continent would have fallen to the French rather than to the English." Yet the consequences resulting from the acceptance and ratification of the agreement referred to, for more than a century and a half involved a multitude of gory witnesses; it was a most unfortunate precedent, too readily copied. Torture, human blood, and human scalps were the seals of the cruel strife, of which instances by the hundred might be quoted. The governments of France and Great Britain in their contests for dominion helped onward the red-handed crime.

America, after breaking loose from the crown of Great Britain, fell heir to the miseries of the system referred to. In the words of DeWitt Clinton, "The whole confederacy, except a little more than half of the Oneidas, hung like the scythe of death upon the rear of our settlements, and their deeds are inscribed with the scalping-knife and the tomahawk in characters of blood on the fields of Wyoming and Cherry Valley, and on the banks of the Mohawk."

I need not recite particulars of Champlain's tour of that year, 1609, accompanying his Indian friends upon a war excursion against their enemies, the Iroquois, farther than to say that he then discovered the lake since called after him; and if, as he seems to have acknowledged, he then introduced to the acquaintance of the Indians of the great Iroquois league the fatal effects of firearms, by killing three of their chiefs, it was not the most unfortunate first salutation of a deadly agent which came to the red men. That same year of 1609, Henry Hudson sailed up the river which received his name. On that occasion, the renowned yet baneful fire-water was pressed upon the notice of the savages. Of the two satanic inventions, gunpowder and whiskey, the last, with its numerously-named congeners, is reasonably believed to have been the most destructive:

Returning to Quebec, Champlain sailed with Gravé for France, arriving out in October. Again in April of the following year, 1610, he reached the mouth of the Saguenay. He found his Indian allies had in view another expedition against the Iroquois, and they again desired his assistance. I may say that they accordingly attacked a party of the enemy, who were located near the mouth of the Sorel; and, as in the previously-named battle, came off victors.

Hearing of the assassination of King Henry IV., with other unwelcome news from over the sea, Champlain left for France, arriving there in September, 1610. During this visit a contract was made by Champlain with the parents of Helene Boulé, for his marriage with their daughter; the nuptials, however, were not to take place under two years. They were afterward married, and she accompanied him to Quebec some years later.

In the year 1611, he visited the St. Lawrence, but returned

in the autumn of that year. In March, 1613, he again sailed from France, and arrived at Tadoussac in April. A tour up the Ottawa River was soon undertaken by Champlain. The purpose of this expedition was, in great part, to ascertain if there might be found a channel and shorter way to the Pacific and the famed Cathay. Some reports which had been told to Champlain led to strengthen his belief in and to look for such a passage. Champlain, after a journey of some two hundred miles from the St. Lawrence, up the channel and over the portages around the numerous falls of the Ottawa, reached Allumette Island in that river. Here Champlain raised a cross of cedar, to which he attached the arms of France; not succeeding, however, in the main purpose of his journey. Returning, he embarked for France the same year, and where he remained through the year 1614, making plans for the success of his colony.

He was particularly impressed with the importance of establishing "the Christian faith in the wilds of America." By his efforts, four Franciscan friars were secured for such a mission, who embarked with himself for America in the spring of 1615. One of them, Joseph LeCaron, was appointed to the distant Wyandotte or Huron tribe of Indians, and set out with great bravery, knowing nothing as he did of those Indians or of the country where they dwelt. Champlain also soon left for the westward, for an expedition had been already planned by the Indians to invade the country of the Iroquois, and the power of Champlain and the deadly arquebus was needed to accompany them to their enemy's stronghold south of Lake Ontario.

Going up the Ottawa, Champlain took a roundabout way to reach Central New York, but he was piloted by the Indians, who doubtless had an axe or rather a tomahawk of

some kind to grind, and so they led him to their place of abode. A part of the route up the Ottawa Champlain had traveled before; now, still farther, he passed via Lake Nipissing and French River into the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron. This course by the Ottawa was the old canoe-route of after-years, the route of the fur-trader's goods from Montreal to Mackinac and the upper lakes. But if it was the shortest channel to the Northwest, it was yet a hard, back-breaking road to travel; its numerous uprising portages and rough paths, which none but the famed and hardy Canadian voyageurs, those toiling, yet uncomplaining and merry *courier des bois*, would endure, each carrying the ninety pounds of pack, box, or cask, whenever the vessel and cargo must take to the land.

When the canoe of Champlain pushed into Lake Huron it was the farthest point westward yet visited by any white man within the basin of the Great Lakes. The statement in several historical works of Michigan, that Champlain or any other European visited the site of Detroit before that date, July, 1615, is certainly an error. The priest LeCaron was a few days earlier than Champlain in the neighborhood of Lake Huron, at a large Indian village, but that was not by the lake, and we are not advised that he came within sight of it. From the vicinity of the north-east shore of Lake Huron, with only a portion of the force of savages expected to comprise the invading army, Champlain now passed by way of Lake Simcoe and various small lakes, the River Trent, and Bay of Quinte; and whether he went out above or below the Isle of Tonti, the name of which has been stupidly changed to Amherst Island, he, the first of white men, now glided over the waters of Lake Ontario.

Coasting along the east shore in part and partly on foot

upon the sandy beach of the lake, and after secreting their canoes in the woods near the shore, the invaders struck into the forest, and went southward from some point in the present county of Oswego, N.Y. Whether the fortress sought was at Onondaga Lake, as believed by the late Hon. O. H. Marshall, or upon a pond in the county of Madison, as confidentially urged by Gen. Clark, the post of the enemy was reached in due time, and the siege of a rather uncommonly strong Indian stockade began. After considerable time spent in the investment, and some hours of fierce contest, the attacking Indians lost their patience, and concluded to abandon the enterprise. Champlain had endeavored to direct and guide them in the attack, but the thing was impossible; they were an unmanageable, boisterous crowd of ruffians, with no purpose, it would seem, beyond the gratification of cruelty and revenge.

However interesting this marauding adventure may be considered as a matter of history, and though the invading Indians, with Champlain's assistance, had suffered much less than the besieged, it was a bootless expedition. The fortress was not taken, and Champlain was wounded in the leg.

The retreating army now returned to the outlet of Lake Ontario; but the Indians were unwilling to give Champlain an escort down the St. Lawrence, and the result was he was obliged to follow them to the interior and pass a winter in their wigwams. It was summer in the following year, 1616, before Champlain, who was accompanied by the missionary LeCaron, reached Quebec, where they found Gravé from over the sea, and with whom they embarked for France in the month of July. In 1617, and also in 1618, Champlain visited New France, but returned to the fatherland each of those years. He desired something more for his country than a

mere trading-post on the St. Lawrence. To quote the words of Rev. Edmund F. Slaster: "He was anxious to elevate the meagre factory at Quebec into the dignity of a colonial plantation." * Without doubt he had to struggle with the avarice of a company which cared little for New France beyond its own profits in furs. But Champlain enlisted official aid, and by government appointment was made lieutenant of the viceroy of New France, which last-named dignitary was the Duke de Montmorenci, high admiral of France.

Champlain sailed for America, accompanied by his wife, in 1620. His time was now occupied at Quebec during the four ensuing years, energetically attending to the building of various structures and other duties; yet we learn that he had to endure not a few annoyances and discouragements.

In 1624, with his wife he sailed for France, arriving there in October. In April, 1626, he again left France for the St. Lawrence. This was his eleventh voyage across the Atlantic to this river, besides one to the coast of New England.

A new association in place of the former company was organized by the Cardinal Richelieu, the able prime-minister of France, a friend of Champlain. The prospect to Champlain seemed now more promising for his great purpose of French colonization. Hitherto as a colony his settlement had not prospered. We are told that at no time had its numbers exceeded fifty persons; and what seems strange, so unlike our own prairie pioneers, that for a period of twenty years but one family of the colony attempted to gain a living by cultivating the soil.

* To Rev. Edmund F. Slaster I am indebted for many facts used in this Paper, found in his Comprehensive Memoir of Champlain, published in the Prince Society papers.

I do not agree with Mr. DeCosta, that "but for a head-wind when off Cape Cod, sailing southward in 1605, Champlain might have reached the Hudson, and instead of planting Port Royal in Nova Scotia, he might have established its foundations on Manhattan Island, and that this would have made the greatest city in America a French city."

But I will here take the occasion, parenthetically, to make the query, *why it was* that French colonization in America has been comparatively a failure? May the answer be given that it is a national characteristic to be averse to becoming agricultural pioneers? Or may it have been occasioned by the restrictive laws and feudal tenure which came with them from the fatherland? Else was it, as some claim, the result of superstitious and bigoted religious teaching, hampering the freedom of mind and person?

Quebec was founded in 1608, and New France had the opportunity of more than one hundred and fifty years before it finally resigned in favor of Great Britain. A hundred and fifty years from the settlement of New Plymouth had fitted the descendants of those settlers for self-government and the opening drama of the Revolution.

We believe that Champlain and other French explorers were men of broad, practical views, and their plans, embracing the settlement of the vast and fertile basin of the great Lakes and valleys of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi, may certainly be termed grand; yet the genius of the French nation, indeed of any Latin nation, was not fitted to the task. Sterile New England was peopled by another race.

The remaining few years in the life of Champlain may be briefly alluded to: War had broken out between France and Great Britain, and a British fleet appeared in the St. Lawrence in 1628; but it was not until July of the following year

that serious demonstration was made against the post of Quebec, which was then obliged to surrender to a British force. Champlain was taken to England, but as a peace had been arranged even before Quebec had been taken, he was allowed to go to France, and Quebec was restored to French rule.

In March, 1633, Champlain made his last departure from France, being again appointed governor; and he arrived at Quebec in May. He was greeted with demonstrations of great affection, for he was much beloved by his people. In the fort at Quebec, December 25, 1635, after an illness of several months, Champlain died. Somewhere within what is now the court-yard of Quebec post-office his remains lie buried; this much has been satisfactorily proven, yet the exact spot is unknown. It does not appear that Champlain had children. His widow entered a convent, and afterward founded a religious institution in which she herself subsequently entered as a nun. She died in 1654.

We will close this meagre sketch by quoting the following from the Rev. Mr. Slafter, regarding the eminent explorer:

"He was wise, modest, and judicious in council; prompt, vigorous, and practical in administration; simple and frugal in his mode of life; persistent and unyielding in the execution of his plans; brave and valient in danger; unselfish, honest, and conscientious in the discharge of duty."

[The portrait of Champlain was here unveiled.]

It would have been rather a singular circumstance, at the time of the landing of the early settlers of New England, for one of their number, one of the Puritans or Pilgrims, to have volunteered to memorize as praiseworthy the name of any prominent personage connected with the Roman Catholic

Church; but some things seem to have changed, and we trust somewhat improved since that day, and here this evening is a painted portrait of the distinguished navigator of whom I have spoken, copied by a native of the west coast of Lake Michigan, a protestant daughter of the eighth generation, in direct descent from Priscilla of the Mayflower, who is rather a prominent figure in Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and who, in December, 1620, left the cabin of the famous vessel just named, and stepped

"On the wild New-England shore."

We shall not soon forget that the Pilgrims arrived in 1620, but it is well also to remember that Champlain with his vessel spent a day in Plymouth harbor fifteen years before.

This painting, intended as a copy of one of the engraved portraits of Champlain by Moncornet, as it appears in a volume of the Prince Society publications, together with the frame enclosing it (which frame is not altogether without a story, as may be seen on page 80 of the volume known as "Chicago Antiquities"), I beg to present to the Chicago Historical Society in behalf of Miss Harriet P. Hurlbut.



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Nov. 20th, 1885.

Fergus Printing Co., Chicago.

Unveiling of the
Statue of *



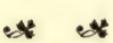
George Clinton

Newburgh N. Y.,
Oct. 6th, 1896.

Compliments of
Historical Society, Newburgh
Bay and the Highlands.





Unveiling of the
Statue of 

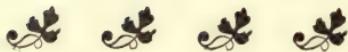
George Clinton

Newburgh, N. Y.,
Oct. 6th, 1896.



At a meeting of the committee for obtaining subscriptions, etc., E. M. Ruttenber, Wm. Cook Belknap and Chas. L. C. Kerr, were appointed a sub-committee to prepare and have printed a full report of the subscriptions received and of the exercises on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of George Clinton.

At a meeting of the Historical Society, held October 26, 1896, this action was approved by resolution authorizing the publication of the report in creditable pamphlet form.



Historical Statement.

The inception of the proposition to erect in Newburgh a statue of George Clinton, the first Governor of the State of New York, is due to Miss Mary H. Skeel, deceased, who, on the 7th of January, 1896, addressed to Mr. E. M. Ruttenber the following letter:

Newburgh, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1896.

Dear Mr. Ruttenber:

"I appeal to you as a well known authority on historical subjects, and also, because, like myself, I think you love our beautiful Highland City, and also know the public pulse.

"In an interview with my friend, H. K. Bush-Brown, he spoke of a statue of General Clinton, now in the capitol at Washington, made by his uncle, Henry K. Brown.

"Of this statue Mr. Bush-Brown offered to give a duplicate in bronze, if the city would stand the necessary expense of placing and mounting it—placing it in Colden Square—once owned, it is said, by the Clinton family.

"Do you think we could persuade some of our wealthy citizens to furnish the money, and our City Fathers to accept the statue?"

MARY H. SKEEL.

Publication was made of this letter in the "Newburgh Telegram," with favorable endorsement, and the proposition also received the equally favorable endorsement of the "Newburgh Journal," "Newburgh Register," "Newburgh News," and "Newburgh Press." Mr. Charles S. Jenkins, on request, interviewed Mr. H. K. Bush-Brown, and received from him, under date of February 14, 1896, the distinct proposition that he "would have the statue of General George Clinton cast in bronze and placed in Newburgh on a suitable granite pedestal, and guarantee every part of it carried out in the best manner, for the sum of three thousand dollars."

The proposition to obtain had had from its first publication the warm approval of Mr. Wm. Cook Belknap and Mr. Charles L. C. Kerr, and other members of the "Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands," and on formal submission to that body a committee, composed of E. M. Ruttenber, Chas. L. C. Kerr, Wm. Cook Belknap, Jas. N. Dickey, Chas. F. Allan, and Russel Headley, was appointed to open subscriptions. The Committee met—Rev. Rufus Emery, President of the Society, ex-officio, acting as Chairman, and Wm. Cook Belknap, as Secretary—and issued an appeal to the public, soliciting subscriptions of "one dollar from each and every person, without limit as to how many subscriptions should be made by any one individual as the representative of family or friends." Books were opened at the National Bank of Newburgh, the Highland National Bank of Newburgh, the Quassaick National Bank of Newburgh, the Newburgh Savings Bank, the Columbus Trust Company, the Newburgh Free Library, and the members of the Committee. The first individual subscription was by Miss Mary H. Skeel (five). The Tenth Separate Company and the Fifth Separate Company subscribed one dollar for each man on their respective rolls; the Daughters of the American Revolution sent in fifty subscriptions; Newburgh Lodge, F. & A. M., and Hudson River Lodge, F. & A. M., each twenty-five subscriptions, and Newburgh Lodge, No. 242, I. O. G. T., ten subscriptions. Individual subscriptions came in with liberality, and the fund was aided by the proceeds of a ball match between the Etna Club and Washington Heights Hose Co., net \$35.20; and by the proceeds of the Corse Payton Comedy Co., voluntarily tendered, net \$91.80. When about two-thirds of the amount required had been realized, it was deemed best, in order to insure the completion of the statue on or before the 6th of October, to solicit special subscriptions, for which purpose Mayor B. B. Odell (subsequently added to the Com-

mittee) consented to act in association with Mr. Wm. Cook Belknap. The response was prompt and satisfactory. A contract was then made with Mr. H. K. Bush-Brown, and the statue was duly placed by him in Colden Square in accordance with its terms.

The program of the exercises on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue, the names of the subscribers to the fund, and other matters relative, are annexed. The statue is a duplicate of that placed by order of the State of New York in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. The figure is seven feet in height, the pedestal is also seven feet. The facial portraiture is from a bust of Gov. Clinton at the time of his death and corresponds fairly with the St. Memin portrait. The entire work is a work of art, and the first step towards the Historical and Artistic embellishment of the city.

Order of the Day.

The statue was unveiled on Tuesday, October 6th, 1896; the occasion being the 119th anniversary of the battles at Forts "Montgomery" and "Clinton," in the Highlands. The celebration was entirely local and embraced the following official

ORDER OF THE DAY.

Rooms of the Clinton Statue Committee of the Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands:

Newburgh, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1896.

The following Program to be observed in connection with the unveiling of the Statue of George Clinton in this city, on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 6th, is published for the guidance of all concerned.

FORMATION OF PROCESSION.

First division on south side of Broadway, right resting on Liberty street. Second division on north side of Broadway, right resting on Liberty street. Third division on Liberty street, north of Broadway, and right resting on Broadway. The various organizations will assemble at the points designated at 1.30 p. m. Procession will move promptly at 2 o'clock p. m., and the exercises at Colden Square will begin at 3 o'clock. The citizens are requested to decorate and display national colors and, as far as possible, to discontinue business and participate in making the occasion one long to be remembered. By order

CHAS. H. WEYGANT, C. M.

CHAS. T. GOODRICH, Secretary.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Platoon of Police under City Marshal,
Emanuel Perrott.

Chief Marshal, Chas. H. Weygant.

Aids—James A. P. Ramsdell, J. Blackburn Miller, Frank G. Wood, Cornelius L. Waring, Albert N. Chambers, Geo. E. Trimble, Wm. I. Cook, F. G. Balfe.

FIRST DIVISION.

- Collins' Band, Newburgh.
Marshal, James T. Chase.
Fifth Separate Co., N. G. N. Y.
Captain, James T. Chase.
Twenty-first Regiment Band, Poughkeepsie.
Tenth Separate Co., N. G. N. Y.,
Captain, William G. Hunter.
Drum Corps.
Ellis Post, No. 52, G. A. R.,
William B. Russell, Commander.
S. W. Fullerton Post, No. 58, G. A. R.,
John N. Milliken, Commander.
Col. W. D. Dickey Camp, No. 106, S. of V.,
William G. Thorpe, Captain.

Participants of Exercises at Unveiling of Monument in Carriages, in charge
of Chas. T. Goodrich, Assistant Marshal.

SECOND DIVISION.

- Marshal, Joseph M. Leeper.
Knights of Pythias.
Waite's Comedy Band.
Assistant Marshal, A. G. Baxter.
Chas. T. Goodrich Division, No. 25, U. R.,
A. G. Baxter, Captain.
Storm King Lodge, No. 11,
C. H. Baumes, Chancellor Commander.
Olive Branch Lodge, No. 133,
Frank B. Bayless, Chancellor Commander.
Independent Order of Odd Fellows.
Assistant Marshal, James T. Erwin.
Highland Lodge, No. 65,
Isaac Sager, Noble Grand.
Bismark Lodge, No. 420,
Philip Diehl, Noble Grand.
Acme Lodge, No. 469,
Lewis Zimmerman, Noble Grand.
German Societies.
Assistant Marshal, Chas. E. Moscow.
People's Band.
Newburgh Turn Verein,
William Mucke, President.
Newburgh Mannerchor,
Ernest Brunngraber, President.

CLINTON STATUE UNVEILING.

Newburgh German Citizens Association,
 Henry Rudolph, President.
 Independent Order of Red Men,
 Muchattoes Tribe, No. 54,
 Wm. J. Douglas, Sachem.
 Minsis Tribe, No. 285,
 Alexander O. Lockwood, Sachem.
 Ancient Order Hibernians,
 Newburgh Division, No. 4,
 John Dourney, President.
 Foresters of America,
 Court Quassaick, No. 264,
 Frederick Ott, Chief Ranger.
 Court Newburgh, No. 44,
 James Tole, Chief Ranger.
 Court Pride-of-the-Hudson, No. 122,
 Samuel Hewitt, Chief Ranger.
 Sons of St. George,
 Hudson River Lodge, No. 276,
 Harry Milner, W. P.
 Junior Order American Mechanics,
 Highland Council, No. 5,
 George Turner, Councilor.
 Patriotic Order Sons of America,
 Washington Camp, No. 13,
 H. W. Walsh, Vice-President.
 Order United American Mechanics,
 Newburgh Council, No. 38,
 James B. Ronk, Councilor.

THIRD DIVISION.

Marshal, William Nixon.
 Aids—Andrew Glynn, Daniel Long, John Sansbury.
 Peabody Band, Poughkeepsie.
 Brewster Hook and Ladder Co., No. 1,
 William P. Donahue, Foreman.
 Anderson's Drum Corps.
 Chapman Steamer Co., No. 1,
 Michael McLaughlin, Foreman.
 Ketcham Post Band, Marlboro.
 C. M. Leonard Steamer Co., No. 2,
 Edward F. Kelly, Foreman.
 Blaine Drum Corps.
 Highland Steamer Co., No. 3,

Charles E. McCleery, Foreman.
 Walden Drum Corps.
 Washington Steamer Co., No. 4,
 Walter G. Allwood, Foreman.
 Po'keepsie Drum Corps.
 Ringgold Hose Co., No. 1,
 William Nixon, jr., Foreman.
 Band.
 Columbian Hose Co., No. 2,
 John J. Strong, Foreman.
 Rupp's Military Band, Newburgh.
 Washington Heights Hose Co., No. 3,
 George E. Purdy, Foreman.
 Walden Cornet Band.
 Lawson Hose Co., No. 5,
 George R. Mitchell, Foreman.

LINE OF MARCH.

Starting on Broadway and moving north through Grand street to the junction with North Water street, thence south through North Water and Water street to Colden Square.

EXERCISES AT THE SQUARE.

1. Invocation by Rev. Charles H. Snedeker.
 2. Singing by the audience—"America"—accompanied by band.
 3. Unveiling of the statue by Master Albert Rivers Genet, Jr., of Sing Sing, great-great-grandson of George Clinton, accompanied by other descendants.
 4. Salute of statue by 17 guns at Headquarters, all bands playing "Red, White and Blue."
 5. Presentation of statue to the city by Rev. W. K. Hall, D. D.
 6. Acceptance of statue on behalf of the city by Hon. B. B. Odell, Mayor.
 7. "Star Spangled Banner," by bands.
 8. Address by Hon. M. H. Hirschberg.
 9. Benediction by Rev. Henry B. Cornwell, D. D.
-

HISTORICAL COMMITTEE.

E. M. RUTTENBER,
 RUSSEL HEADLEY,
 CHAS. F. ALLAN,
 JAMES N. DICKEY,

C. L. C. KERR,
 HON. B. B. ODELL,
 REV. RUFUS EMERY,
 President Ex-Officio.
 W. COOK BELKNAP,
 Secretary.

Unveiling Ceremonies.

The unveiling ceremonies were conducted from a stand erected on the south end of Colden Square. The large assembly was called to order by the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. E. M. Ruttenber, who introduced Mr. Russel Headley, who, on behalf of the Committee, made the following explanatory remarks:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

At the solicitation of the Committee of Arrangements, the Rev. Dr. Hall has kindly consented to preside on this occasion, and discharge those duties connected with the ceremonies about to take place, which would have devolved upon the Rev. Rufus Emery, the President of the Historical Society. Both the committee and all who have been in anywise brought into connection with Mr. Emery during the progress of this patriotic project desire to publicly voice their sincere regret that he has been prevented by a severe illness from being present with us to-day, and thus deprived from witnessing the completion of a work which has enlisted his liveliest interest, and toward the success of which his constant efforts and untiring zeal have contributed in a most material degree. Dr. Hall will now take the chair.

Rev. Dr. Hall, President, introduced the Rev. Chas. H. Snedeker, who made the following

INVOCATION.

O Lord, Our God; Father of Nations and of men! Thou hast crowned us with glory and honor, and enriched us with every token of Thy Love. We thank Thee for the favored place of our American Nation among the peoples of the earth. We thank Thee for the patriots and the fathers, for those great and good men who have caught a measure of Thy Spirit, and led us on toward liberty and righteousness. We thank Thee for the glorious name and the abundant labors of the heroic statesman in whose honor we are this day assembled. May the inspiration of this hour redouble our devotion to the welfare of our fellowmen and of this world which Thou Thyself hast so unceasingly loved. Grant, we beseech Thee,

that as this noble monument shall grace the busy scenes of our city's commerce, may it keep us mindful of the unselfish virtues which made him great, and may we, too, be enabled by Thy Grace to do our duty as brothers, citizens, patriots and men, and to Thy Name alone will we ascribe the praise. Amen.

"America" was then sung by the audience, led by Messrs. Nathan S. Taylor, Wm. H. Coldwell, and George G. Peck, accompanied by Collins' band.

UNVEILING THE STATUE.

The ceremony of unveiling the statue was then performed. The arrangements for the purpose were complete and the scene dramatic. The cord was placed in the hands of Albert Rivers Genet, Jr., aged seven years, son of Albert Rivers Genet, of Sing Sing, and great-great-great-grandson of Governor Clinton, with the following descendants of Gov. Clinton standing as guard-of-honor, viz: Gilbert Rodman Genet, brother of Albert Rivers Genet, Jr., aged six years, great-great-great-grandson; Albert Rivers Genet, great-great-grandson; Mrs. Elizabeth T. Burdett, of Englewood, N. J., great-great-granddaughter; George Clinton Genet, great-grandson; George Clinton Hale, of Catskill, Charles Hale, Will K. Hale, Anna M. Hale, Mary L. Hale, great-great-grandchildren, children of George C. and Anna M. Hale, of Catskill. The shroud-veil—a flag of the United States—rose gracefully and floated in full expanse above the statue, while the audience broke into cheers, the several bands played "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," and a salute of 17 guns at the Headquarters of Washington awoke the echoes in the hills.

ADDRESS BY REV. WM. K. HALL, D. D.

On the restoration of order, Rev. Dr. Hall, Chairman, delivered the following address:

Fellow Citizens: The honor of the inception of the patriotic enterprise which has resulted in this occasion, the first of the kind in the history of

Newburgh, is due to a Daughter of the American Revolution, Miss Mary H. Skeel, who has not lived to see this full realization of her desire and to participate with us in these rejoicings.

A frequent visitor to the studio of our esteemed citizen, Mr. H. K. Bush-Brown, she had often admired the model of the statue which the sculptor's uncle, Henry K. Brown, in whose national fame Newburgh has just pride, was commissioned by the State of New York to execute as one of the two statues of her most distinguished sons of the Revolutionary Era to be placed in the rotunda of the Nation's Capitol. This happy thought came into her mind, 'Newburgh should erect a statue from that model in one of its public parks.' Encouraged by a subsequent consultation with the artist, she made a public appeal through one of the city newspapers on January 7, 1896, in behalf of the project. That appeal received a prompt and hearty response from one whose enthusiasm in historical research, and particularly in that of our own locality and neighborhood, has contributed so largely to the fostering of a patriotic interest and pride in our Revolutionary history. I scarcely need to mention his name in this presence, Mr. Edward M. Ruttenber. Two young men, the youngest members of the Newburgh Historical Society, the sons of honored sires prominently identified with the recent history of our city, Messrs. William Cook Belknap and Charles L. C. Kerr, caught his enthusiasm, and together with our veteran historian laid the matter before the Historical Society for its consideration. Impressed by their ardent presentation of the project and their courageous faith in its success the Society took immediate and unanimous action, appointing them, with Messrs. James N. Dickey, Dr. Charles F. Allan and Russel Headley, and the President, the Rev. Rufus Emery, as Chairman ex-officio, a committee to raise the requisite funds by a popular subscription. To this committee there was afterwards added his Honor, Mayor Odell, by whose timely, personal efforts the subscription was successfully completed.

And now, Mr. Mayor, with this brief recital of the history of this enterprise, in the outcome of which we all so heartily rejoice to-day, the grateful duty falls to me to make formal presentation of this statue through you to the City of Newburgh. Though this patriotic endeavor has been made under the leadership and auspices of the Newburgh Historical Society, it had not been possible for it to issue in this success, crowned as it is by this large, enthusiastic assemblage of people and of our military, firemanic and civic organizations, were it not for the general and ready response to the appeals of the Society for the co-operation of citizens and our public press.

In behalf, therefore, of many citizens and others, as well as in behalf of the Newburgh Historical Society, I now commit to your care and to the care of your honored successors in office this statue of George Clinton. This statue will adorn our city, but not for this primarily has it been erected. This statue will honor the memory of a native citizen of our county,

whose name is illustrious in the annals of the State and of the Republic, but not for this mainly has it been erected. It has been erected in the hope and in the belief that the heroic virtues, exalted patriotism, eminent abilities and purity of character exemplified by George Clinton, which won for him the many high and honorable official trusts which are inscribed on this pedestal, may be an inspiration to us and to the generations that are to come after us. As long as this statue shall stand in the midst of the busy trafficking of these thoroughfares, may it be a silent force in the culture of a spirit not only loyal to the memory of the founders of the Nation, but loyal to the institutions of liberty they conceived and bequeathed to us. So shall the sentiment incised upon the base of the statue ever find an echo in the hearts and lives of our citizens: "Country is dear, Liberty is dearer." (Applause.)

ADDRESS BY MAYOR B. B. ODELL.

His Honor, Mayor Benj. B. Odell, responded as follows:

Mr. President: I can assure you and those of your Society and other citizens whom you represent, that I have never been called upon to discharge a more agreeable duty as Mayor than is involved in the acceptance of this magnificent monument. Our city has been highly favored by nature in its location and surroundings; it has a record unusually rich in historic associations; and in its churches, its schools and its many other public buildings will compare very favorably with any other city of its size in the land. But it has been heretofore destitute of any public monument, excepting the property of the State at Washington's Headquarters. This artistic creation which you present to the city to-day is therefore valuable as a means of civic adornment, while at the same time it serves as a permanent memorial of a great man, whose fame is a part of the colonial and revolutionary history of the neighborhood.

George Clinton was an illustrious member of a most illustrious family among the pioneers of what is now Orange County. His achievements as a soldier and a statesman render the erection of a monument to his memory in every way commendable and proper, and there is no place more suitable for it than here in Newburgh. On behalf of the city I accept it with gratitude and gratification, and trust that it may ever stand not only as a proud ornament of our beautiful city, but also as an artistic instructor of our citizens and our visitors in the great lessons of duty, devotion and patriotism which are inseparably connected with the life and public service of George Clinton. (Applause.)

ORATION BY HON. M. H. HIRSCHBERG.

These addresses were followed by the "Star Spangled Banner" by the several bands in attendance, and at its conclusion Dr. Hall introduced the orator of the day, Hon. M. H. Hirschberg, who spoke as follows:

Mr. President and fellow citizens: We have assembled to-day to commemorate the life and perpetuate the features of a great American. He has not always received in full measure the due recognition of his services. His character and his achievements are but imperfectly understood and appreciated by the present generation. No published volume devotes itself exclusively to the narration of his biography; no public monument immortalizes his memory; but it is our purpose that from this day forth on this historic spot the genius of art shall tell the thrilling story of his noble life as long as granite withstands the elements and bronze endures. Since he was the proud product of our own county as at present constituted, the celebration has been made wholly local in its scope and character. Suggested by a public spirited Newburgh woman, adopted and carried out under the auspices of our Historical Association, and powerfully aided at a critical moment by our city's Executive, it is fitting that our civic societies, our fire and military organizations, and our citizens generally, should grace and dignify the ceremony with their presence. So too it is matter of congratulation that the statue which we unveil is itself the production of a former great Newburgh artist whose National reputation survives his span of life. But the fame which kindles our admiration cannot be confined to the limits of our city or our county. The illustrious deeds which compel our homage to-day, and the stirring scenes which inspire our memories are the priceless heritage of freemen everywhere. Wherever civilization spreads its benign influence, and the hope of liberty cheers and illumines the life of man, the story of George Clinton should be hailed as at once an inspiration and a benediction. His history is the record of a man born of the common people, in unsettled times and amid unpromising worldly surroundings, yet winning a high place without adventitious aid, by dint alone of his unequalled energy, courage and force of character, wearing the rewards of public honor, esteem and confidence to the close of a lengthened life; and leaving in death an unsullied name and an unbroken record of patriotic services to his country.

George Clinton was born at Little Britain, in the neighboring town of New Windsor, on the 26th day of July, 1739. His parents had emigrated from the country of Longford in Ireland ten years before, sailing from Dublin, May 20th, with the intention of debarking at Philadelphia, but landing at Cape Cod, in October following, after a voyage as fateful and momentous as it was protracted. His father was the lineal descendant of a titled adherent to the cause of royalty during England's civil wars as an

officer in the army of Charles I. Religious proscription incited the act of emigration, and with a number of his fellow immigrants the elder Clinton settled in Little Britain in the Autumn of 1730, purchasing the farm on which George, his youngest son, was afterwards born. The country was then a wilderness, and the Clinton home was fortified and stockaded for security from savage incursions, and as a refuge to neighbors in time of need, agreeably to pioneer custom. Here George Clinton was educated in the school of nature, amid her grandest and most inspiring surroundings, ripening quickly into the matchless manhood of a typical colonist, strong, hardy, alert, sagacious and brave, breathing the spirit of independence in every pure blast of the virgin forest air, and moulding a physical and moral being, firm, reliant, rugged and unshakable as the granite of his native hills.

It is not surprising that his early years gave promise of his characteristic activity, enterprise and courage. In the second French and Indian war, when but sixteen years of age, he enlisted on board a privateer which sailed from the port of New York, and on his return he demanded and received a sub-commission in the company of his brother in their father's regiment, and with them rendered valuable service in the expedition against Fort Frontenac. On the cessation of hostilities he studied law in the office of the Chief Justice, William Smith, was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of his profession in his native county, then Ulster, where for some time he held the offices of County Clerk and Surrogate. He was meanwhile elected a member of the Colonial Legislature, and served in that body until its closing session under the English Government, during which period no voice was firmer in resistance to the aggressive demands of the ministry, and none among his distinguished associates received greater recognition as a leader. In 1775 he was elected a member of the Continental Congress, remaining in attendance until the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, but leaving Philadelphia to engage in active service as a revolutionary soldier before that instrument was prepared to receive the signatures. He was appointed one of the first brigadier-generals in the Continental Army, and as such saw active and incessant service during the first years of the revolutionary struggle. The British had succeeded in invading and capturing the City of New York, and during these years his chief military duty was devoted to guarding the passes and forts of the Highlands. That this work was skilfully, energetically and effectively performed, is the unanimous verdict of history.

Meanwhile, however, in accordance with the recommendation of the Continental Congress measures were taken for the formation of a State Constitution. In the Spring of 1777 a convention was held for that purpose and a constitution duly adopted, and under it in the summer of that year George Clinton was elected with great unanimity by the people of the State of New York to the offices both of Governor and Lieutenant Governor. When we consider that he was not formally nominated and that

among the candidates voted for were such men as Schuyler, Jay and the Livingstons, scions all of proud and noble lineage and princely fortunes, this spontaneous selection of a New Windsor pioneer farmer's son to be the first magistrate of the State is a striking proof of the impress he had already made upon the age. It was with reluctance that he accepted the office of Governor, and with difficulty that he could be persuaded to leave his post in the Highlands long enough to appear at Kingston and take the oath of office. Yielding to the importunities of the Legislature he finally went to Kingston, and according to one account, in front of the Court House, clothed in the uniform of a continental general, with sword in hand, and standing upon a barrel, he officially assumed by oath the duties of the first Governor of the State. This act performed he immediately returned to his post in the Highlands to engage in the most sanguinary conflict of his military life.

His defense of the Highland forts merits more than a passing notice to-day. It is the story of the only battle ever fought on the soil of Orange County. It was a culminating act in an invasion the successful resistance of which sealed the fate of the British dominion over the colonies, and this day is its one hundred and nineteenth anniversary. In the year 1777 the British Government, then in possession of the St. Lawrence and of the harbor at the mouth of the Hudson, designed an invasion embracing both streams and the lakes and valleys which unite them; a magnificent war-path along which France and England had contended for a century for the control of the western continent. The scheme was comprehensive in its broad simplicity. Burgoyne, the very flower of royalist military pride, was to proceed from Canada through Lake Champlain and down the upper valley of the Hudson to Albany. St. Leger from Oswego was to push through the Valley of the Mohawk, reaching the same point; and Sir William Howe, from New York was to force his way up the majestic Hudson, reduce the forts under Clinton's command, break through the chain and boom which had been placed across the river beneath the beetling Highland crags, and proceed on his triumphant way to join Burgoyne and St. Leger. It was confidently believed that the three forces so co-operating would succeed in severing the New England colonies from their sisters, and thus by a single and combined blow shatter the revolutionary hopes forever. How gaily Burgoyne sailed up the lake, with beating drums and flying banners, the summer's sun glinting from the helmets of his German dragoons, and lighting up the swarthy faces of his savage allies; and with what short-lived confidence St. Leger invested Fort Stanwix as a preliminary to dealing death and desolation along the pathway of the winding Mohawk, are all too well known to require repetition. The fall of Ticonderoga, the unsuccessful siege of Fort Stanwix, the deadly ambuscade of Oriskany, the famous triumph of Bennington, the double victory of Bemus Heights, and the final glorious and decisive field of Saratoga, are the revolutionary watchwords of the state.

Deserted by his Indian allies, his forces reduced by fatal defeat, and scarcely less fatal victory, without provisions or the means of transportation, hemmed in by the forces of Gates, hourly increasing as the startled colonists gained confidence and courage, Burgoyne in the early autumn found the glad hopes of the summer converted to despair; and doubtful whether to retreat or to surrender, he despatched a hasty message to New York for the expected co-operation, announcing that he could hold out only until October 12th. The vision of victory vanished while the verdure still was green, and the courage of the invader bade fair to droop and die with the falling of the forest leaves.

But Sir William Howe had unexplainedly sailed away to the south. Some one had blundered. It seems the orders requiring Howe to co-operate with the others had never been despatched at all. They were not originally written in accordance with the fastidious taste of Lord George Germaine, and withheld for correction, were actually found after the collapse of the invasion, unsigned upon the minister's desk in London. Sir Henry Clinton, however, whom Sir William Howe had left in charge of the British forces at New York, at last voluntarily responded to the urgent appeal from the north by preparing late in the month of September to proceed up the river to Burgoyne's succor. Reinforcements had just arrived across the water and an unwonted activity was stirring New York's unrivalled bay. All kinds of water craft ply the harbor, but the most conspicuous are the ships of war and the armed galleys carrying between three and four thousand of the British soldiers. Slowly in the early October days these vessels are wafted up the river. On the 4th, Putnam at Peekskill learns that Sir Henry's men have landed at Tarrytown and he sends the information across the river to our tough and determined Governor at the Highland forts; but the landing is a mere feint designed to impress and succeeding in impressing, on Putnam the idea that the east side of the river is Sir Henry's point of attack. The men are soon recalled, the armament sails further up the river, and on the 5th Sir Henry's men are once more landed on the east shore, this time a few miles below Peekskill. Putnam in haste draws back into the country east of Peekskill, to meet the expected attack, and sends post haste to Governor Clinton at the forts for reinforcements; but the entire manoeuvre of Sir Henry's is a feint. Having drawn the attention of the American commanders to the vicinity of Peekskill and Fort Independence, thus preventing a union of their forces at the forts, in the early hours of October 6th, stealthily, and shrouded in the obscurity of a fog, Sir Henry crosses the river to the west shore just below the Dunderberg for a forced march through the narrow and rugged mountain passes to the rear of the still unfinished forts which he hopes will quickly yield to his overpowering assaults. Here between Fort Montgomery on the north and Fort Clinton on the south the Poplopen Creek bursts its channel through the Highlands. On either side the mountain crags tower steeply, and then, as now, the vivid glories of our autumn

nal splendor blush and blaze upon their shaggy sides. The possibility of hostile approach by land to these guardian forts had early challenged Washington's keen sight, but Greene and Knox had reported it impracticable. Once again in war the impossible occurs. Through the Highland defiles Sir Henry's men push and fight their way, stubbornly and bloodily resisted by detachments sent out from the scanty garrisons, until at about four o'clock in the afternoon, the patriot forces are driven within the works and both forts are assailed. For an hour the desperate and hopeless defense is still maintained, the Governor hoping for reinforcements from Putnam, who by this time must know Sir Henry's real purpose, but determined to resist until nightfall may offer a chance of escape; and his forces equally determined to die each man if need be, but never to surrender. About five o'clock a British officer advances with a flag demanding the surrender of the forts to prevent a further effusion of blood. "Surrender yourselves," is our Governor's reply; "surrender yourselves as prisoners of war and you shall be well treated. Otherwise renew your attack at once, for I am determined to defend my post to the last extremity." The attack is renewed at once with increased violence and impetuosity, and just as the darkness of night closes upon the scene, overpowering numbers exhaust the depleted garrison and force the works. Down the sheer precipice and through the dense and tangled brush rush the American survivors to the river, our doughty General and his wounded brother among the rest, and lighted by the blazing American frigates, he, our hero, hastily crosses to Putnam to concert immediate and effective measures to harass and check the further progress of the triumphant foe.

Such in brief was the hopeless battle of the forts. It is the story of more than a century ago. Peace smiles upon the country now; happy villages, fruitful farms and stately mansions adorn the landscape; and the tourists of the world gaze in rapture upon the grandeur of the rugged Highland gorge through which the lordly river bears on its majestic bosom the commerce of an empire to the sea. And in conquering, the final peace and happiness which now pervade the scene the conflict so hastily described proved to be a potent force, for though the battle on the mountain top was lost, the stubborn purpose of the defense was gained in the delay which the reduction of the forts necessitated, in the effect of the exhibition of American bravery and nerve, and in the succeeding interception of Sir Henry's message to Burgoyne to the effect that he was on the way to the latter's relief. "Here we are," wrote Sir Henry; "here we are, and nothing between us but Gates." This airy message of cheer and consolation committed to the keeping of a spy is forced in its silver case from the body of the messenger, by our general's rude emetic administered at the house of Mrs. Falls, still standing at Little Britain, and Burgoyne is left to ponder his deplorable condition without the knowledge of Sir Henry's fruitless victory. A few days later the spy is hanging dead upon

a tree in sight of Kingston's ashes, Burgoyne surrenders to Gates upon the plains of Saratoga, Sir Henry's vandals return to New York, leaving the Continental forces again in complete possession of the Highlands, and America is free. The conflict indeed wages a few years longer but the question has become but one of time. The defeat of the invasion inspires the patriots with confidence and secures the French alliance, and that alliance assures the final result. "Paul Revere's lantern," says Curtis, "shone through the valley of the Hudson and flashed along the cliffs of the Blue Ridge. The scattering volley of Lexington green swelled to the triumphant thunder of Saratoga, and the reverberation of Burgoyne's falling arms in New York shook those of Cornwallis in Virginia from his hands."

Yes, it is the story of long, long ago; a story paralleled on countless fields since freedom's battle first began. But it possesses a peculiar and a personal interest to us, for the men who stood by Clinton's side to meet the bayonet thrust and sabre blow were the men who rescued from the wilderness the fair region in which we dwell. The brunt of the resistance fell on the brave heroes of the Fifth Regiment of the New York Continental line, a regiment organized to serve during the war under the call of September 16th, 1776, and recruited almost, if not entirely, from among the residents of Orange and Ulster Counties. This regiment was commanded by Col. Lewis DuBois, of Huguenot descent, and a soldier of distinguished colonial and revolutionary fame. Besides this regiment and three regiments from other districts, there were Col. Lamb's artillery and detachments of military from the Goshen regiment of Col. Allison, the New Windsor regiment of Col. McClaughry, the Cornwall regiment of Col. Woodhull and the Newburgh regiment of Col. Hasbrouck. But at least one-third of the effective strength of Col. DuBois' command perished in the engagement of October 6th, and this loss comprised a very large percentage of the total casualties. On this anniversary hour it is most fitting that we should recall their stubborn valor and yield a grateful tribute to the memories of the men of this vicinity who died to give their country independence.

To narrate in detail George Clinton's other military services is beyond the scope of this address. It was after all in civil life that his virtues chiefly shone, and his claim to the gratitude and the recognition of his countrymen may well rest upon his statesmanship. In this regard he displayed a most marked sagacity and far-sightedness. His view of public questions was always broad and comprehensive. His qualified opposition to the federal constitution has been at times unjustly criticised. It is difficult for us to comprehend the politics of 1788, but we, better than the fathers, can appreciate the value of an opposition which secured the amendments proposed by the New York Convention under the leadership of its President, Gov. Clinton, and which sanctified the Constitution of the United States by its association with the sacred bill of rights. This

opposition secured to the people the freedom of religion and of speech, the right of petition, the right to bear arms, immunity from unreasonable search and seizure in their homes, and the constitutional safeguards which surround the citizen accused of crime, and no man is entitled to greater credit for their enactment in our fundamental law than is the just due of George Clinton.

In 1780, and again in 1783, in 1786 and in 1789, in 1792 and in 1801, he was re-elected Governor of the State. At the close of the last term in 1804 he was further honored by election to the office of Vice-President of the United States under Thomas Jefferson's second administration, and in 1808 he was re-elected Vice-President for the first term of James Madison's administration. The mere mention of these repeatedly renewed expressions of public confidence suggests the exalted estimation of those who best knew his sterling worth, and the most cursory examination of the records of the time fully justifies the people in their good opinion. During the war, of course the Governor and the legislature, when in session, were chiefly engaged inconcerting measures for defense. But after hostilities were terminated and tranquillity restored, other subjects were permitted to engross the Governor's attention and chief among them were the questions of internal improvements and public education. It was in pursuance of his early recommendation that the board of regents of the university of the state was established and he became the first in its illustrious line of chancellors. The institution has no parallel in the world. Unique both in conception and in operation, it not only survived a century without a distinctive home and with the most meagre official aid, but its services in the cause of higher education even under discouraging conditions proved so admirably effective that the people of the state in 1894 felt constrained to perpetuate the institution and its brilliant results by constitutional recognition and adoption. So, too, the Governor found the common school system prostrate. To build it up, to place it on a sure and permanent foundation, and to foster and encourage its healthy growth and development were the salutary objects of his suggestions to the legislature from year to year; and were we indebted to him for no other blessing than his wise, foreseeing contributions to the cause of both primary and secondary education, which have since constituted so large a share of the true glory of the state, that manifestation of genuine statesmanship would be amply sufficient to justify the memorial which we unveil to-day.

In the matter of internal improvements his fame is overshadowed by his nephew DeWitt. Yet his state papers furnish abundant evidence that it was his mind which originally conceived the mighty system of inland water communication which the genius and perseverance of the nephew afterwards carried out. In short he advocated every measure during his administration of the affairs of state which was calculated to advance the interests and promote the happiness of his fellow citizens, and to keep

New York in the highest rank in the promotion of the substantial welfare and prosperity of the union.

He never lost his interest in public events. He was never an indifferent observer of his country's progress. His retirement from the post of Governor in 1795 was an act dictated by private matters which imperatively demanded his attention, and the need of rest from the incessant cares of state. He died at Washington on the 20th of April, 1812, while serving his second term in the second office in the land, and was buried there in the Congressional Cemetery. His children erected a monument over his remains on which is inscribed the simple, truthful tribute that "while he lived, his virtue, wisdom and valor were the pride, the ornament and security of his country; and when he died he left an illustrious example of a well spent life, worthy of all imitation."

When the general government during its centennial celebration resolved to place in the capitol at Washington the statues of two of the most distinguished citizens of each of the original thirteen states, the State of New York naturally selected George Clinton as one of its illustrious representatives. The statue which now adorns that edifice was the production of the famous sculptor Henry K. Brown, and the statue which we unveil is its replica. We see that Clinton was prepossessing in appearance, dignified, energetic, majestic and intrepid, cast in the large mould of great and noble men. He was essentially a man of the people, from them and of them, and he never lost their confidence and affection. Washington trusted him implicitly and felt especially that his judgment could always be relied on. As a soldier, he was bold, courageous, and resourceful, of unfailing will, absolute self-possession and unfaltering confidence in ultimate success. As a civil magistrate he was industrious, untiring, capable, broad, sagacious and creative. In private life he was amiable and affectionate, but not lacking in firmness and decision, a warm friend and a good hater, but always ready and eager to do an act of kindness. His mind was strong, his perceptions clear, and his character displayed an even and consistent uprightness of purpose and a lofty patriotism which were recognized and appreciated by the masses of his day, and earned for him their ungrudging and unstinted respect, esteem and love. We sum up our estimate of him in the words of one who knew him well: "He had a boldness and inflexibility of purpose and decision and simplicity of character which resembled those of the hardy sons of antiquity in the best days of Roman freedom, when the sages and heroes displayed the majestic port and stern defiance of the 'lords of human kind.'"

And now our pleasant task is done. Here on the old "gore" where the heroes of the revolution passed to and from the continental ferry; where Washington, and Gates, and Greene, and Knox have often trod; where the Father of his country watched and waited through many gloomy, anxious hours of Liberty's Gethsemane, and where the final joyous resurrection of the western world was triumphantly proclaimed to struggling

and oppressed humanity; here where the many thousands of earth's patriotic pilgrims tread the yearly pathway to Freedom's Mecca on the hill; here where the tide of peaceful trade and commerce ebbs and flows and surges at its base, we plant our statue of George Clinton; and here may it remain through countless centuries to teach the world the lofty lessons of his noble and heroic life, and to testify forever our filial reverence for the memory of the Father of the Empire State. (Loud applause.)

The oration was received with marked demonstrations of appreciation, and at its conclusion the speaker was warmly congratulated.

Rev. Henry B. Cornwell, D. D., pronounced the Benediction:

The Blessing of God Almighty—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—the Controller of the destiny of nations, and the Creator of all souls, be with us now and evermore! Amen.

And the audience dispersed.





GEORGE CLINTON.

Born at Little Britain, Orange County, July 26, 1739.
Died at Washington, April 20, 1812, aged 73.



CORNELIA TAPPEN.

Wife of George Clinton, born at Kingston, N. Y., daughter
of Petrus and Tyante Tappen.

*From Engravings by St. Memin in Possession of Pierre Van Cortlandt.
[Doc. Hist. N. Y., Vol. IV.]*

Press Notes.

Newburgh Register, Oct. 6.

Very properly the committee, when it had secured the funds for the construction of the statue, decided that there should be suitable exercises attending the placing of it in position, and in order that it might be done with as little ostentation and bluster as possible, it was decided to make it wholly of local character. They had not the least idea that it would eventually assume such gigantic proportions and prove in the end one of the grandest and greatest local observances ever held in the city. But Newburghers are never content with doing anything by halves, and when their enthusiasm becomes thoroughly aroused there is no telling where they will stop. It was so in this case, and when the military, firemanic, fraternal and civic organizations were asked what they would do to aid the committee in the way of a parade, there was a general rally, and it seemed almost like a repetition of the shout that went up during the days of civil strife, when the call for more troops was made and the response came back, "We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 more."

The day was not exactly what might have been styled "all that could have been desired," but as the committee in charge had no control over the meteorological department conducted by the government, it was in no way responsible for the failure of the sun to shine all day, or the mercury in the thermometer to touch the 80 degree mark. That it was not a stormy day all should be thankful, and feel content with the blessings accorded, even if not up to the desired point of excellence. During the morning hours everything ran along about as usual. The committee had performed its duty so fully that there was nothing left for them to do but wait for the final exercises. The bronze figure had been hoisted on the pedestal yesterday, the box removed, and the reproduced form of him who had so faithfully served his state and his nation, was hidden from the view of the passer-by in the folds of the flag whose early history he had himself taken no little part in making. * * * *

The orders of the marshal, Colonel Charles H. Weygant, issued to all his aids and by them promulgated to the several organizations, in their respective divisions, was that the column would form at 1.30 p. m., so that a half hour later the line of march might be taken up. For convenience the column had been divided into three divisions, each having its particular rendezvous, and so excellent had been the detail work performed that there was no confusion and but little delay; in fact it is rare that a parade is started so close on time as was the one of to-day. At 2.16 the column moved up Broadway, on the south side of the street, and when the first division, formed of military and veteran bodies, had got fairly under way,

the second division formed of fraternal organizations followed, and then came Newburgh's glory, the fire department, forming the third division. They went as far as the electric power house, and then countermarched on the north side of the railroad track, coming down as far as Grand street. There were about 1,500 persons in line, occupying a quarter of an hour in passing. * * * *

The column marched up Grand street to its junction with Water street, and then south to the place where the exercises were to be held. * * * *

The scene on the streets, as the column moved along, beggars description, and as the head of the procession approached the park the scene was one the like of which Water street has not seen since that autumnal day in '83, when Newburgh fittingly observed the centenary of the proclamation of peace. As far as the eye could see there was a mass of people assembled, only a small proportion of whom could hope to get near enough to the speaker's stand to hear a word of what was being said, and some of whom could scarcely see what was being done. * * * *

The assemblage joined in singing the inspiring national hymn "America." As the thousands of voices joined in its rendition a volume of melody went up that threatened to drown the sound of the band as it played an accompaniment. To thoroughly appreciate the honor of being an American citizen one has but to listen to such a grand chorus as that on the square to-day. The words seem to thrill the soul and to make one feel that there is a realism in every utterance, and that truly they are pouring out their soul in praise to our father's God, author of liberty. As the last note died away, the statue was unveiled. * * * *

Simple words can but fully describe the enthusiasm that prevailed, or the scene as the flag dropped from the well proportioned form of the statue of the first governor of the Empire State of the union. Cheer after cheer went up, the bands were playing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and from Washington's headquarters could be heard the booming of cannon, as a salute of 17 guns was fired. * * * *

Newburgh Telegram, Oct. 11.

The celebration of the George Clinton statue, on Tuesday, was a marked success. As a home product it has had no equal in our history, nor has it been exceeded by any event, except by the great centennial of '83, when New York City, Brooklyn and the national government were contributing elements. Masses of people—a very sea of faces—witnessed the procession on Broadway and through Grand street to Clinton, while Water street was simply packed. The elements composing the procession were the flower of the male representatives of Newburgh's population in fine dress, regaled or panoplied for war, with heroes surviving fields of conflict—a procession bristling with bands of music and unmarred by intemperance, cigars or cigarettes, and well ordered and admirably handled. The only mark throughout was the effort to put 25,000 people into the triangle and its immediate approaches—it could not be done, and the effort to do it only

resulted in noise, confusion, pressing, squeezing, and, worst of all, in the utter inability to get the firemen within two blocks of the stand. Decorations along the line of march were abundant and in many cases elaborate. The manifestations of interest were everywhere apparent. * * * *

We are sure that every man, woman and child who witnessed the procession was proud of its appearance and representative character. We are not going to say that "as a home product" it was a grand demonstration, but we are going to say that it was a grand demonstration compared with anything that can be produced elsewhere. Perhaps the Knights of Pythias excelled in marching in the civic division; but the honors seemed to be pretty evenly divided. The fire companies will have to settle the claim to superiority among themselves. There is no doubt that the boys in red shirts and black pants were recognized most distinctly as firemen. The age of art in firemanic uniforms was in evidence, as well as the age of art in history. The representation was the first appearance of most of our companies in the new departure. They looked well, no doubt about it. * * * *

The vast audience dispersed, everybody within hearing distance congratulating every other body upon the success of the whole affair, the eloquence of the speakers, the appropriateness of the exercises, and themselves in particular as a part of the grand aggregate in an event which opens to our city the era of art in history. * * * *

Newburgh Journal, Oct. 6.

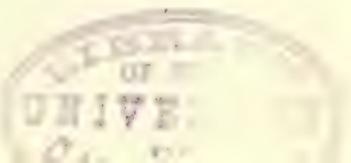
To-day is Clinton Day in Newburgh. The exercises held this day in Colden Square, the decorations which appear in every part of the city, the splendid parade of the local organizations, are all in memory of General George Clinton, first Governor of the State of New York, elected to that high office six times, twice elected Vice-President of the United States.

General Clinton was a son of Orange, born but a few miles distant from the spot on which his statue stands. It was fitting, therefore, that Newburgh should thus honor his memory, as that of one of the Revolutionary patriots who fought for the national cause on the soil of Orange County. That this honor has been paid in a manner most appropriate will be the judgment of all who witnessed the day's events. * * * *

The work of decorating residences, public buildings and places of business began yesterday, and has been performed with taste and effectiveness. Not often has the city been so adorned as it is to-day. The National colors of course have had the chief place in this work of decoration. * * * *

Colden Square never held more people than to-day, not even in the great centennial outpouring of 1883. It was packed from end to end and from side to side, and the streets in the neighborhood were also packed. Ten thousand is a small estimate of the number of people gathered there to-day.

Of similar tenor were the descriptions in the "Newburgh News" and the "Newburgh Press."





Correspondence.

State of New York, Executive Chamber,
Albany, October 5, 1896.

William Cook Belknap, Esq., Secretary,
Newburgh, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Governor Morton is in receipt of the invitation which you forwarded to him on behalf of the committee having in charge the exercises to be held in Newburgh, N. Y., to-morrow at the unveiling of the statue of George Clinton, first Governor of the State of New York. He directs me to say that he has held this invitation unanswered until now in the hope that he might be able to be present, but at the last moment he finds that official business will require his attendance to-morrow at the capitol to meet a number of engagements made some time ago, and which could not well be set aside without great inconvenience to the persons who desire to appear before him. He, therefore, expresses to the committee his thanks for their courteous invitation, and regrets that it will not be possible for him to attend.

Very respectfully,
ASHLEY W. COLE,
Private Secretary.

709 Fifth Ave., New York, October 3, 1896.

Mr. W. C. Belknap,

Secretary of the Newburgh Historical Society.

My Dear Sir: I have to thank you for the kind invitation of your committee of arrangements, to be present at the unveiling of the statue of Governor George Clinton in your city on the 6th of this month.

It would give me great pleasure to be present on such an interesting occasion, but my health is such that I must deny myself the enjoyment I would have, to mingle with the patriotic citizens who have been instrumental in the movement which has led to the achievement of so important a result in honoring the memory of one, so long identified with the early history of your beautiful city.

Again thanking you, and through you the committee for their courtesy, I am

Yours very respectfully,
J. A. C. GRAY,

CLINTON STATUE UNVEILING.

State of New York, Court of Appeals, Judges' Chambers,
Albany, October 4, 1896.

Wm. Cook Belknap, Esq., Secretary, etc., etc.

My Dear Sir: Your kind invitation has but just come to my hands, upon my return here, or I should have acknowledged the receipt earlier. I regret that the necessity of my attendance upon my Court will prevent my going to Newburgh upon the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of George Clinton on next Tuesday. Thanking you for the invitation I am

Very truly yours,

J. M. CLINTON, ESQ.

488 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.
October 5, 1896.

Wm. C. Belknap,

Dear Sir: I have this moment received your invitation to attend the unveiling of the statue of my illustrious ancestor, George Clinton. It is impossible, even with the most rapid transit system, for me to reach you to-morrow. I regret it exceedingly, and I beg you to convey to the Historical Society my thanks for their kind invitation and my inability to bridg the space between us and be present in body as I shall in spirit.

Most gratefully,

MARIE CLINTON LEDUC.

The Chenango National Bank of Norwich.
Norwich, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1896.

William Cook Belknap, Esq.,

Secretary Historical Society, Newburgh, N. Y.

Dear Sir: It would give me pleasure to accept your Society's invitation to be present at the unveiling of the George Clinton statue, but it is to be located too far away for my convenience on the date named—Oct. 6—and so I will send my thanks for the courtesy extended to

Yours truly,

CYRUS B. MARTIN.

71 Wall St., New York, October 2, 1896.

Mr. Wm. C. Belknap, Secretary,

Dear Sir: I have been absent from this city for several weeks, and am just in receipt of your kind favor, stating your committee has extended an invitation to me to be present at the unveiling of the George Clinton statue, on Tuesday, 6th inst. I sincerely regret an important business engagement on said date, will prevent my accepting.

With cordial thanks to the committee, and yourself, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

A. J. CLINTON.

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Allan, C. F.	Banks, Margaret A.
Allan, Francis Crawford	Barclay, David
Allan, Mary E. C.	Barclay, Mrs. David H.
Allen, Mrs. Sarah	Barclay, Harriet E.
Allen, William	Barclay, Maude M.
Allen, James	Barclay, P. M.
Allison, Mrs. Anna DeP.	Barnes, E. C.
Anderson, Elizabeth S.	Barnes, James W.
Anderson, Hilma	Barney, Mrs. J. L.
Anthony, Mary H.	Barns, W. D.
Anthony, Mary T.	Barr, Rev. Robert H.
Anthony, Theo. V. W.	Barrett, Mrs. E. R.
Anthony, Walter C.	Bartlett, Fred
Appleton, Eliza J.	Bartlett, H. A.
Appleton, Elizabeth	Bartlett, Mary H.
Appleton, G. J.	Barton, Charles
Armstrong, Wm. J.	Baumes, C. H.
Armstrong, W. H. H.	Bayne, James
Arbuckle, George A.	Bayne, John R.
Atkins, George H.	Beattie, Rev. R. H.
Avery, Mary St. John	Bedell, Newton
Bain, F. N.	Belknap, Wm. Cook

- Belknap, Mrs. Charlotte
Belknap, Cornelia R.
Belknap, Evelina D.
Belknap, Edmund S.
Belknap, Edwin Starr
Belknap, E. W.
Belknap, Frank S.
Belknap, Florence H.
Belknap, Helen K.
Belknap, Mary E.
Belknap, N. Deyo
Belknap, Ward
Belknap, Ward Broadhead
Belknap, Wm. Cook, Jr.
Bell, Anna C.
Bell, David
Bell, Mrs. David
Bell, David C.
Bennett, Hannah M.
Bennett, Mrs. Geo.
Bensel, A. A.
Bensel, Mrs. A. A.
Birch, James G.
Birch, Mrs. James G.
Bircury, Wm.
Birnie, Alex. O.
Birnie, Gabrielle G.
Board, Frank
Bomberger, J.
Boothroyd, Arthur W.
Boothroyd, J. T.
Boothroyd, Mrs. J. T.
Boothroyd, Raymond T.
Bourne, C. Clayton
Boyd, Robt. H.
Boyer, Mrs. Arthur A.
Bradley, Ambrose
Bradley, Mrs. Ambrose
Bradley, Ambrose S.
Bradley, Charles T.
Bradley, Emma J.
Bradley, F. J.
Bradley, Mrs. F. J.
Bradner, Mary W.
Brewster, Anna W.
Brewster, E. A.
Brewster, Mrs. E. A.
Brewster, Elizabeth T.
Brewster, George R.
Bridgeman, Alfred
Bridgeman, Mrs. Alfred
Briggs, J. A.
Brill, Edward Hopkins
Brill, Harriet Oakley
Brill, J. S.
Brill, Ruth Oakley
Brink, C.
Brockaway, I. M.
Brooks, Alfred H.
Brooks, E. G.
Brotzmann, George F.
Brougham, Mary
Brown, Chas. F.
Brown, Mrs. Chas. F.
Brown, C. L.
Brown, Miss Florence
Brown, Mrs. Geo. T.
Brown, Miss Nana
Brown, S. F.
Brown, Wm. H.
Bruder, James
Brundage, Mrs. E. E. M.
Brundidge H. V.
Bull, Emilie Grace
Bull, Herbert E.
Bull, John S.
Bull, Martha M.
Bull, S. M.
Burton, Crawford
Burton, Florence S.
Burton, Florence Southwick
Burton, Louise
Burton, Robert L.
Caldwell, Charles
Caldwell, Mrs. Charles
Caldwell, Janet
Caldwell, John R.
Caldwell, Mary S.
Callahan, Geo. M.
Callahan, Margaret L.

- Cameron, Ada D.
 Cameron, A. May
 Cameron, DeWitt Clinton
 Cameron, D. G.
 Cameron, Kenneth M.
 Cameron, Mrs. De Witt C.
 Cameron, Sarah M.
 Campbell, Jennie
 Campbell, Sadie
 Cantine, Emily E.
 Cantine, Francis M.
 Cantine, Geo. A.
 Carpenter, Wm. W.
 Carroll, Edward
 Carroll, Joseph
 Carroll, Mary
 Casey, Helen Thornton
 Carr, W. J.
 Carson, Agnes O.
 Carson, David, Sr., Craigville, 1794
 (In memoriam)
 Carson, David F. B.
 Carson, George W.
 Carson, Harry W.
 Carson, John D.
 Carson, Margaret D.
 Carson, Sarah M.
 Carson Thomas G.
 Carson, Wm. W.
 Carver, Geo. B.
 Carvey, Mrs. W. S.
 Carvey, W. S.
 Cassedy, Mrs. W. F.
 Cassedy, J. Townsend
 Cassedy, W. F.
 Cathcart, Hugh
 Chadborn, G. F.
 Chadwick Bros.
 Chadwick, James
 Chadwick, Mrs. James
 Chadwick, Joseph
 Chadwick, Mrs. Joseph
 Chadwick, Joseph, Jr.
 Chadwick, M. L.
 Chadwick, Thomas F.
 Chadwick, William E.
 Chadwick, Willie
 Chadeayne, H. W.
 Chambers, A. N.
 Chambers, Mrs. A. N.
 Chambers, Durno
 Chambers, Helen
 Chambers, Mrs. W. C
 Chambers, Wm.
 Chambers, W. C.
 Chandler, Mrs. A. K.
 Chapman, I. C.
 Chapman, Mrs. I. C.
 Chapman, John H.
 Chatterton, Jule P.
 Chatterton, Susie D.
 Chew, Rev. J. M.
 Church, Irving P.
 Church, S. P.
 Clapp, Annie Brooks
 Clapp, Eliza Townsend
 Clark, Delia
 Clark, Mrs. Edson L.
 Clark, Edson Stanley
 Clark, Frances
 Clark, George Avery
 Clark, Juliette Weed
 Clark, Leander, Jr.
 Clark, Owen
 Clark, Zipporah R.
 Clarke, E. Y.
 Clarke, Ernest P.
 Clarke, Mrs. Mary E.
 Clarkson, D. A.
 Clauson, Henry P.
 Cleveland, Frances E.
 Cleveland, Harry W.
 Cleveland, Louis C.
 Cleveland, O. M.
 Cleveland, Mrs. O. M.
 Clinton, A. J.
 Clinton, Mrs. A. J.
 Cohen, Mrs. Sol.
 Cohen, Sol.
 Coldwell, Kenneth Peirce

- Coldwell, Mrs. Wm. H.
 Coldwell, Thos.
 Coldwell, Theodore
 Coldwell, Wm. H.
 Coleman, William
 Collier, Mrs. Price
 Collier, Katherine
 Collier, Price
 Collins, Mary
 Colvill, Arthur
 Colwell, Miss A. B.
 Conkling, B. H.
 Conners, John
 Connell, Mary
 Conyngham, John A.
 Cook, A. M.
 Cook, J. Hervey
 Cook, Martha M.
 Cook, Mrs. W. H.
 Cook, Pierre F.
 Cook, R. P.
 Coolbaugh, Addie Reeve
 Coolbaugh, Mrs. Adeline R.
 Coolbaugh, Wilhelmine F.
 Corley, Mary E.
 Cornwell, Rev. Henry B.
 Cornwell, Mrs. Sarah J.
 Cornwell, W. K.
 Corwin, John
 Coutant, D. J.
 Covert, C. W.
 Covert, Helen Denniston
 Covert, Mrs. C. W.
 Covert, O. J.
 Covert, Mrs. O. J.
 Covert, Wm. J.
 Craig, Frederick Phillips
 Craig, Hector
 Craig, Harriet Ruena
 Craig, Mary D.
 Crane, James M.
 Crane, James T.
 Crawford, Fanny C. }
 Crawford, David }
 Crawford, Isaac B. } (In memoriam)
 Crawford, James T. }
- Crist, John N.
 Crowther, Nelson
 Cronk, Viola K.
 Culbert, Francis R.
 Culbert, Mrs. Henrietta P.
 Curtis, Lewis
 Curtis, Susie Carson
 Curtis, Thomas Carson
 Cusack, Rev. Andrew F.
 Daly, John J.
 Dales, John
 Dannat, W. E.
 Darragh, J. J.
 Decker, Geo. W.
 Decker, G. W.
 Delany, Joseph A.
 Delany, P. & Co.
 Delaney, Bessie
 Delaney, Mollie
 Delaney, P.
 Delano, Catharine
 Delano, Frederic A.
 Delano, Mrs. Frederic A.
 Delano, Helen W.
 Delano, Jennie W.
 Delano, Laura
 Delano, Lyman
 Delano, Louise
 Delano, Laura
 Delano, Sara
 Delano, Warren
 Delano, Warren, Jr.
 Delano, Mrs. Warren, Jr.
 Dell, Andrew
 Dell, Andrew
 Dell, Mrs. Andrew
 Denniston, Alexander
 Denniston, Anna M.
 Denniston, Aug.
 Denniston, Chas. M.
 Denniston, Henry M.
 Denniston, Mrs. Mary
 Denniston, Mary E.
 Denniston, Prudence M.,
 Denniston, Susan H.,
 Depuy, Thomas R.

Derbyshir, John	Dubois, Mrs. M. W.
Derbyshire, John	Dudley,, Guilford
Deyo, Edith	Dudley, Mrs. Guilford
Deyo, Emma C.	Dumville, Walter
Deyo, John	Duncan, H. C.
Deyo, Mildred	Dunlevy, R.
Deyo, Robert E.	Dwyer, Mary E.
Dickey, Anna L.	Dwyer, M. J.
Dickey, Arthur	Dwyer, Mrs. M. J.
Dickey, Constance S.	Earl, J. H.
Dickey, Frank R.	Edwards, Thomas
Dickey, Helen	Edwards, Mrs. Thomas
Dickey, J. M.	Egan, John
Dickey, James N.	Ellis, R.
Dickey, Jennie M.	Ellis, Mrs. Julia C.
Dickey, Mrs. J. M.	Elle, Joseph
Dickey, Mrs. James N.	Embler, Charles J.
Dickey, Julia	Emery, B. P.
Dickey, Laura S.	Emery, Rev. Rufus
Dickey, Russel C.	Emmet, N. P.
Dickey, Warren F.	Ericsen, Minna
Dickey, Wm. D.	Estabrook, Charles
Dickey, Mrs. Wm. D.	Estabrook, Lillie
Diemer, L. J.	Fancher, E. L.
Dimmick, S. G.	Farrington, Agnes E.
Dohm, John	Farnum, Miss N. S.
Dougherty, M. E.	Felter, Carrie G.
Dougherty, M. J.	Ferguson, D. A.
Dougherty, Thos.	Ferguson, Mrs. D. A.
Doughty, J. W.	Fiorini, Rudolph T.
Doughty, Lizzie	Fisher, Jas. S.
Doughty, Mary	Fitzpatrick, P. J.
Doughty, Mrs. S. C.	Fleming, Frances Larose
Doughty, Wm. B.	Fleming, Henry Stanton
Dorr, C. H.	Fleming, John C.
Dorr, Mrs. C. H.	Fleming, Minnie Stanton
Dotzert, J. H.	Flemming, Jas.
Downey, Catherine	Flemming, Lillie
Downey, Mary	Flynn, John T.
Doyle, Ethel	Flynn, Mrs. John T.
Doyle, M.	Fogarty, Cornelius
Doyle, Wm. E.	Forbes, Mrs. William H.
Doyle, Walter H.	Forbes, William H.
DuBois, Col. Lewis (In memory)	Force, Miss Ruth
DuBois, Mary E.	Forsyth, George W.

- Forsyth, Mrs. M. J.
Forsythe, Elizabeth
Forsythe, F. E.
Forsythe, Mrs. Nellie K.
Foster, Minnie S.
Foster, Wm.
Foster, Mrs. Wm.
Fowler, A. D.
Fowler, C. D.
Fowler, Eliza D.
Fowler, Mrs. E. D.
Fowler, Mrs. Henry D.
Fowler, Henry D.
Fowler, Mrs. Sebring
Fowler, Thomas Powell
Fowler, W. D.
Fowler, W. H.
Fowler, W. J.
Fuller, Charlotte Pardee
Fuller, Edward Logan
Fuller, George W.
Fullerton, Wm.
Fullerton, Mrs. Wm.
Franklin, C. F.
French, Michael
Friend, A
Fritts, Rev. C. W.
Garrison, Dr. Chas. M.
Garrison, Everett
Garrison, Mrs. Everett
Garrison, Mrs. Isaac
Garrison, John
Garrison, Mrs. John
Garrison, Mrs. John D.
Garrison, Katie
Garvey, Thomas
Gatter, Lachlan Stewart
Gatter, Robert S.
Gatter, Mary Stewart
Gay, Miss G.
Gay, Miss M.
Gay, W. A.
Gazley, G. H.
Gearn, Sarah L.
Gearn, W. W.
- Gehrig, Theodore
George, J. R. C.
Genet, Albert R.
Genet, Albert Rivers, Jr.
Genet, George C.
Genet, Gilbert R. F.
Genet, Mrs. Martha R. F.
Genet, Mrs. Sarah A.
Gillespie, Jas L.
Gilman, Emma H.
Gilmartin, Mrs. Amelia
Glackmeyer, George
Glackmeyer, Mrs. George
Gleason, Charles B.
Gleason, Grace H.
Gleason, W. S.
Glynn, P. J.
Goldberg, Alex.
Goldberg, Mrs. Alex.
Goodrich, Charles T.
Goodrich, Mrs. H. E.
Goodrich, S. Carlisle
Gorman, F. J.
Gordon, George
Gordon, Theodore
Gordon, Louise M.
Gordon, Reginald
Gordon, Mrs. Reginald
Gordon, Reginald Worth
Gordon, Walter Francis
Gouldy, Francis
Gouldy, Mrs. Francis
Gouldy, Mary E.
Gouldy, Jennie A.
Gouldy, N. E.
Graham, Mrs. J. G.
Graham, Jas. G.
Gray, John Alex Clinton
 (100 subs.)
Gray, Hon. John Clinton
Greaves, Herbert
Greaves, Mrs. Ella
Greaves, Howard
Green, Wm. S.
Grenzebach, F. A.

Green, George W.	Hayt, Walter V.
Green, Mrs. Geo. W.	Hayt, W. Dudley
Gurnee, Clinton, Jr.	Hayes, Chas. J.
Gurnee, Hazard Roe	Hayes, Thos. J.
Hait, Ella M.	Headley, Adelia J.
Hall, Anna B.	Headley, Allston
Hall, Ida G.	Headley, J. T.
Hall, John B.	Headley, J. T., Jr.
Hall, Margaret S.	Headley, Mrs. J. T.
Hall, O. D.	Headley, Lucy C.
Hall, Rachel A.	Headley, Russel
Hall, Rev. W. K.	Heard, Wm.
Hall, Walter P.	Heard, Mrs. Wm.
Halloran, James	Hockey, Lathelle
Halloran, Mrs. James	Henderson, Wm. J.
Hallock, Mamie	Herman, Fred
Halsey, David H.	Hermann, Leonhard
Halsey, Jerusha S.	Herman, Robt.
Halstead, Charles L.	Hewitt, R. W.
Halstead, Mrs. Charles L.	Higginson, H. C.
Hanford, J. C.	Hilton, Caroline Q.
Hannan, Wm. F.	Hilton, J. Ralph
Hanmer, Wm. A.	Hilton, M. A.
Hanmore, Mrs. Benj.	Hilton, R. H.
Hanmore, G. V. N.	Hilton, Wm. T.
Hanmore, Dr. L. E.	Hilton, W. H.
Harper, J. Abner	Hilton, Mrs. W. H.
Harris, Wm. H.	Hirschberg, M. H.
Harris, Grace N.	Hitch, Frederick Delano
Harris, Helen F.	Hitch, Mrs. Frederick Delano
Harris, Nancy E.	Hitch, Joseph F.
Harrison, J. J. E.	Hitch, Mrs. J. F.
Harrison, William	Hitch, Laura D.
Hart, James	Hitch, Robert D.
Hart, John A.	Hoffman, Jane
Hart, Patrick	Hoffman, Sarah
Hasbrouck, Mrs. Wm. C.	Holt, Miss M. A.
Hasbrouck, Maria H.	Horton, Wm. H.
Hasbrouck, H. C.	Horton, J. H.
Hasbrouck, Alice	Howell, J. T., M D.
Haven, F. A.	Howell, John Taylor
Hawks, W. W.	Howell, Fred B.
Hawthorne, Thos. M.	Howell, H. M.
Hayt, Edward D.	Howell, Mrs. J. T.
Hayt, Stephen K.	Howell, Mary T.

Howell, Josephine C.	Kelly, Wm. Brooks
Hudson River Lodge, No. 607, F. & A. M.	Kelly, W. H.
Hulett, Mrs. Ellen A. A.	Kelly, Mrs. W. H.
Hulse, E. G.	Kenny, Edith B. D.
Humphrey, Geo. Clinton	Kenny, Grant
Humphrey, Jackson	Kerr, Anna C.
Humphrey, Mary	Kerr, Anna W.
Hutchinson, Jas. M.	Kerr, Augusta V.
Hutchinson, Mrs. Jas. M.	Kerr, Chas. Ludlow
Hyndman, Wm. H.	Kerr, C. L. C.
Innes, Robt. S.	Kerr, Elizabeth C.
Innes, Mrs. Robt. S.	Kerr, George S.
Jack, Rev. A. B.	Kerr, Harriet
(In memoriam)	
Jackson, Andrew	Kerr, Helen Ward
Jacobs, Bessie May	Kerr, John
Jacobson, F. A.	Kerr, John B.
Jacobson, Mary M.	Kerr, Katherine
Jacobson, Mary R.	Kerr, Leila
Jansen, Frank	Kerr, Mrs. John B.
Jenkins, Chas. S.	Kerr, Marian M.
Jenkins, Mrs. Chas. S.	Kerr, Margaret
Jenkins, Miss Grace	Kerr, Margaret F.
Jenkins, Marie B. W.	Kerr, Mary E. W.
Jenkins, Ralph	Kerr, Walter
Jeffrey, Alex.	Ketcham, Frank H.
Johnes, G. D.	Keefe, Sterrit
Johnes, Mrs. G. D.	Kernochan, J. A.
Johnes, Henry P.	Kidd, Frank C.
Johnson, Enos.	Kidd, Mrs. Frank C.
Johnson, E. M.	Kiefer, Katharine E.
Johnson, Martha	Kimball, Harry H.
Johnson, Wm. Chas.	Kimball, Mary S.
Johnston, Robert	Kimball, Sarah F.
Johnston, Robert	Kimball, S. Frances
Jones, Rev. Arthur	Kimball, Samuel G.
Jones, Mrs. Arthur	Kimball, William G.
Jordan, J. V.	King Coal Co.
Joseph, Max.	King, Crat L.
Joslin, Fred	King, Robt. L.
Jova, Henry J.	Kittredge, Dr. Chas. M.
Jova, A. V.	Klemmer, John, Jr.
Kades, Louis	Koch, John
Kelly, Aline	Koch, Mrs. John A.
Kelly, Mabel	Lawson, Chas. J.
	Lawson, Mrs. A. E.

Lawson, H. B.	Mailler, E. R. J.
Lawson, Wm. H.	Mailler, Wm. O.
Lawson, Mrs. Wm. H.	Many, Mrs. S. V.
Lawton, F. B.	Mapes, A. W.
Lawton, Mrs. F. B.	Mapes, Alice Van C.
Layman, Albert E.	Mapes, Charles
Leicht, Charles E.	Mapes, Charles
Leicht, Charles K.	Mapes, Mrs. Charles
Leicht, Mrs. Charles K.	Mapes, Fred A.
Leech, Margaret K.	Mapes, Mrs. Charles
Leech, Wm. K.	Mapes, Edward F.
Leech, Mrs. Wm. K.	Mapes, Frank W.
Leon, Alice	Mapes, Fred B.
Leon, David D.	Mapes, S. Palmer, Jr.
Leon, W. Pedro	Mapes, Wm. P.
Leonard, Henry M.	Marquardt, N.
Leonard, Jas. J.	Mason, Hudson W.
Le Roy, Henry W.	Mason, John A.
Leslie, Augusta	Mason, Mrs. John A.
Leslie, S. J.	Mason, Warren T.
Levy, L. and J.	Marsh, Antoinette
Levy, Samuel B. N.	Marsh, Mrs. Mary S.
Levy, Solomon N.	Martin, John H.
Little, William H.	Martin, Mrs. John H.
Littleton, George	Martin, Cyrus B.
Low, Agnes	(25 subs.)
Low, C. H.	Martin, S. J.
Low, Carrie J.	Martin, W. F.
Low, Joseph	Martine, Henry B.
Lozier, Miss Frances	Marvel, Thomas S.
Lozier, Hiram	Marvel, Mrs. Thomas S.
Lozier, Samuel	Marvel, T. S. & Co.
Lynch, Francis	Matthews, Maud
Lynch, Mrs. Francis	Matthews, J. W.
Lyon, W. H.	Matthews, Mrs. J. W.
Mabie, J. D.	Mead, Mrs. M. W.
Mabie, Miss H. S.	(Memory of parents.)
Mabie, Mrs. J. D.	Merritt, Mary C.
Mabie, W. H.	Merritt, Daniel H.
Macdonald, Benj. J.	Merritt, Daniel Hait
Macdonald, Joseph A.	Merritt, Daniel T.
Macfarlane, Mary J.	Merritt, Eleanor Hait
Magourty, Jas. E.	Merritt, Elizabeth
Maher, James J.	Merritt, George H.
Maher, Josephine E.	Merritt, Hiram

- Merritt, Hiram, New York
Merritt, Laura S.
Merritt, Mary K.
Merritt, Ralph C.
Merritt, Theodore
Merritt, Theo., Jr.
Merritt, Theodore A.
Merritt, Theodore, 3d
Merritt, Wm. Kimball
Meyer, A.
Meyer, A.
Meyer, Eddie B.
Meyer, Elie C.
Meyer, Emma B.
Meyer, Evelyn S.
Meyer, Frank P.
Meyer, G. S.
Meyer, Ida L.
Meyer, Moe
Meyer, Nat. F.
Miller, Chas. A.
Miller, D. C.
Miller, Mrs. D. C.
Miller, Clarence
Miller, Christopher B.
Miller, George W.
Miller, J. Blackburn
Miller, Mrs. J. Blackburn
Miller, Jas W.
Miller, Johannes
 (In memoriam)
Miller, A. Lincoln J.
Miller, Violet Clarkson
Miles, Christopher
Mills, Mary Duryea
Mills, S. C.
Mills, Sarah McDonald
Mills, Stephen McDonald
Mitchell, E. O.
Mitchell, Geo. R.
Mitchell, Mrs. Geo. R.
Mitchell, J. J.
Mitchell, Marion
Mitchell, Mrs. J. J.
Mitchell, Mary Rodman
Mitchell, Warren R.
Monell, Mrs. J. J.
Monell, M. G.
Monell, G. L.
Monell, Mrs. G. L.
Montfort, R. V. K.
Morehouse, Frank
Mooney, Rev. J. F.
Moore, B. B.
Moore, Eugene
Moore, Joseph A.
Moore, Laura
Moore, Margaret T.
Moore, Mary T.
Moore, Mrs. J. P.
Moore, R. J.
Moore, Thomas, Jr.
Morris Luella E.
Morris, Mrs. Wm. J.
Morrison, Alexander
Morrison, Thos. W.
Morrison, Mrs. Thos. W.
Moshier, George
Moss, C. B.
Moss, John H.
Muir, M. G.
Muir, Mrs. M. G.
Mullenneaux, Wm.
Mulligan, Cornelius
Murphy, Thomas F.
Murtfeldt, E. M.
McBurney, Minnie
McCamly, Mary E. C.
 (In memoriam)
McCann, John E.
McCann, W. H.
McCloy, Bernard
McClung, Benj.
McClung, Marie K.
McCormick, John
McCracken, John
McCroskery, Henrietta Young
McCroskery, John N. D.
McCroskery, Mrs. Margaret R.
McCroskery, Marquis C.

McCroskery, Maud B.	Noe, Eugene
McCroskery, J. J. S.	Noe, John C.
McCroskery, L. W. Y.	Noe, Josephine E.
McCullough, Frederick R.	Norris, Charles E.
McCullough, John R.	Nott, C. H.
McCullough, Mrs. John R.	O'Connell, Rev. Daniel A.
McCullough, Susie V.	O'Neill, John F.
McDowell, Fred	Oakley, Mrs. Lucas.
McEntyre, Thomas	Oakley, Mary T.
McGibbon, Mrs. Jas.	Oakley, Christina
McGiffert, Jas. D.	Oakley, Robert D.
McGlynn, Rev. Edw.	O'Carroll, Rev. Henry
McIntire, David Carson	Odell, H. B.
McIntire, Martin V.	Odell, B. B.
McKay, W. Johnston	Odell, Mrs. B. B.
McKinstry, DeWitt E.	Odell, B. B., Jr.
McKinstry, Stephen, Jr.	Odell, Mrs. B. B., Jr.
McKissock, Hugh	Odell, Benj. Bryant
McKissock, Wm. A.	Odell, Charles L.
McLaughlin, Fred S.	Odell, Clara
McLean, Arthur A.	Odell, Estelle
McLean, Arthur A., Jr.	Odell, Geo. C. D.
McLean, Mrs. Arthur A.	Odell, Mrs. H. B.
McLean, Charles Joseph	Odell, Herbert R.
McLean, Cornelius Stafford	Odell, Mildred
McLean, Felix Rossiter	Odell, Miss
McLean, Harry Charles	Odell, Ophelia
McLernon, Hugh	Odell, Walter C.
McLernon, Mrs. Hugh	Ormsbee, Addison C.
McMeekin, Wm.	Orr, James
McNair, Robt.	Orr, Mrs. James
Nellie, Miss.	Orr, Katherine
Newburgh Lodge, No. 282, I. O. G. T.	Orr, Margaret
Newburgh Lodge, No. 309, F. & A. M.	Oulton, M. J.
Newburgh Lumber Co.	Parker, George A.
Newburgh Free Academy, Class '96.	Parker, Mrs. George A.
Newburgh Woolen Mills.	Parsons, H. C.
New York Furniture Co.	Patton, Anna F.
Nicoll, Anna C.	Patton, William M.
Nicoll, Mrs. Anna B.	Payton Corse Opera Co.
Nicoll, E. L.	Perrott, Emanuel
Nicoll, G. O. F.	Pecheux, Henry J.
Nicoll, Henry D.	Pecheux, Nicholas
Nicoll, Margaret	Pecheux, Mrs. Nicholas
Nicoll, William L.	Pecheux, Wm. L. F.

- Peck, George
 Peck, George G.
 Peck, G. W.
 Peters, George W.
 Peck, J. C.
 Peck, Mrs. J. C.
 Peck, John E.
 Peck, Percy
 Peirce, A. S.
 Peirce, Mrs. Mary E.
 Penny, Rev. Wm. L.
 Perkins, F. W.
 Perkins, W. R.
 Peters, Mrs. Geo. W.
 Peters, Maud
 Peters, Nettie
 Petty, Charles E.
 Phillips, E. J.
 Phillips, J. H.
 Phillips, Robert
 Phillips, Mrs. W. M.
 Pickens, A. H.
 Pickens, Thomas
 Pierce, Mira E.
 Pollock, Thomas
 Pope, Thos. M.
 Post, E. R.
 Post, R. J.
 Post, Frances.
 Post, Lillian
 Potter, F. W.
 Potter, Mrs. F. W.
 Potts, Arthur
 Powell, Fred T.
 Powell, Isaac S.
 (In memoriam)
 Powell, Mrs. Isaac S.
 Powers, John
 Powles, William
 Price, G. A.
 Prince, Alvin
 Prince, George W.
 Quaid, Harry V.
 Quaid, J. H.
 Quaid, Wm., Jr.
 Quaid, William
 Quassaick Chapter, Daughters Ameri-
 can Revolution (50 subs.)
 Quinlan, Florence
 Quinlan, Raymond
 Quinn, Rev. J. F.
 Rains, Mrs. George W.
 Ramsdell, Adele V.
 Ramsdell, Frances
 Ramsdell, Mrs. Fanny Van N.
 Ramsdell, Master Homer
 Ramsdell, Mrs. Homer
 Ramsdell, H. Powell
 Ramsdell, J. A. P.
 Ramsdell, Miss L. R.
 Ramsdell, Maud
 Ramsdell, Pauline
 Ramsdell, Mary Powell
 Ramsdell Transportation Co.
 Randall, Adele B.
 Randall, Arthur H.
 Rankin, C. W.
 Randall, Kate B.
 Randall, William V.
 Randall, William V., Jr.
 Reed, Frederick
 Reeve, A. S.
 Reeve, J. Henry
 Reid & Gorman
 Reid, William
 Rhyners, William
 Richards, Thomas
 Richards, William
 Richardson, Henry A.
 Ring, Thomas Ludlow
 Ritchie & Hull.
 Ritchie, Samuel
 Ritchie, Mrs. Samuel
 Robbins, Muriel Delano
 Robbins, Warren Delano
 Robinson, C. D.
 Robinson, Mrs. C. D.
 Robinson, F. B.
 Robinson, George
 Robinson, James

Robinson, Julia	Ruttenber, Edward M., 2d.
Rodman, John G.	Ruttenber, Helen G.
Roe, Emily M.	Ruttenber, J. W. F.
Roe, T. Hazard	Ruttenber Mrs. J. W. F.
Roe, Wm. J.	Ruttenber, Ralph D.
Roe, Wm. J., Jr.	Ryan, Charles H.
Rogers, Elizabeth Weed	Ryan, Daniel
Rogers, Fred, B.	Ryan, W.
Rogers, Mrs. Grace	Sadlier, C. P.
Rogers, John B.	Samuel, W.
Rogers, John B., Jr.	Samuels, Max
Rogers, Mrs. John L.	Samuels, Sigismund
Rogers, McLeod	Sanford, George A.
Rogers, Mary	Sanford, Mrs. George A.
Rogers, Mary B.	Sanxay, Edmund
Rogers, Ruleta B.	Sargent, J. H.
Roosa, E. E.	Savage, Barclay Jermain
Roosa, L.	Savage, F. B.
Roosevelt, Franklin Delano	Saxton, Louisa M.
Roosevelt, James	Sayer, Samuel
Roosevelt, Mrs. James	Sayre, Thos. G.
Rosa, Miss Laura	Sayer, W. E.
Rose, E. D. W.	Scallen, John
Rosell, C.	Schaefer, F. J. A.
Rosell, Elizabeth	Scharbauer, P.
Rosell, Miss Frances	Scharps, M. & V.
Rosell, Mrs. Frances	Scharps, Victor
Ross, George M.	Schoonmaker, Elizabeth M.
Ross, Mrs. George M.	Schoonmaker, Hiram
Ross, Rev. R. L.	Schoonmaker, John.
Round, Elizabeth	Schoonmaker, Margaret L.
Round, Mary E.	Schoonmaker, Samuel V.
Round, Seward M.	Scott, Miss Anna
Rowley, Geo. L.	Southwick, Anna C.
Roy, Kenneth W.	Scott, Anna G.
Roy, J. H.	Scott, Charlotte
Roy, Mrs. J. H.	Scott, Elsie B.
Rudd, Mrs. Erastus B.	Scott, Frank A.
Rumsey, Catharine A. Daniel	Scott, J. Bradley
Rumsey, Wm. W.	Scott, Minnie S.
Russell, Aline	Scott, W. Clement
Ruttenber, C. B.	Scott, Winfield
Ruttenber, Mrs. C. B.	Searle, Mrs. M. F.
Ruttenber, E. M.	Sears, C. Milton
Ruttenber, Mrs. E. M.	Seeger, A. H. F.

- Seeger, John A.
Seibert, John
Senff, F. W.
Senff, Mrs. F. W.
Senff, Lulu
Seymour, George T.
Shannon, Wm. H.
Shaw, E. K.
Shaw, Mrs. E. K.
Shaw, George W.
Shaw, Mrs. George W.
Shaw, Mrs. Henrietta R.
Shaw's Sons, Thomas
Sherman, Mrs. D. D.
Shields, James V. A.
Shields, Mrs. Jas. V. A.
Shipp, Maltby
Shirer, Edwin
Shirer, Gilbert
Shirer, Mrs. Gilbert
Shuart, Anna B.
Shuart, Charles H.
Skeel, Miss Adelaide
Skeel, Mary H.
Skelly, Joseph
Slee, Miss Elizabeth
Slee, J. N.
Slee, J. N. H.
Slee, Mrs. J. N. H.
Slee, Lincoln
Smith, George C.
Smith, Harry
Smith, H. C.
Smith, Jas. C.
Smith, John
Smith, John T.
Smith, Mary A.
Smith, Mrs. N. S.
Smith, N. S.
Smith, Wm. H.
Sneed, Fred M.
Sneed, Jos. A.
Snyder, Charles E.
Snyder, Frank S.
Southwick, Fanny C.
Spaight, John W.
Speir, Marie Corley
Speir, J. Henry
Spencer, Mrs. F. M.
Stafford, Mrs. Caroline M.
Stebbins, C. M.
Steele, Josephine C.
Sterrit, L. S.
Stevenson, Florence Clark
Stevenson, Sylvia
Stewart, Ida Carr
Stewart, Jessie E.
Stewart, Julia Lyon
Stewart, Lachlan
Stewart, Samuel L.
Stewart, Thomas Wesley
Stewart, William
Stoutenburgh, J. M.
Stoutenburgh, Mrs. J. M.
Straw, L. S.
Straw, Mrs. L. S.
Straw, Linda P.
Stubley, Ingham
Street, John W.
Street, Josephine W.
Swain, Mary R.
Sweet, Clayton E.
Sweet, Mrs. Clayton E.
Sweet, Clayton M.
Sweet, Lucy D.
Sweet, Mabel
Sweet, Orr & Co.
Swezey, Ada A.
Swords, Julia.
Swords, Maud
Taggart, Charles J.
Taggart, George
Taggart, Harry
Taggart, W. G.
Tappan, Miss J. A.
Taylor, Carolyn R.
Taylor, Franklin J.
Taylor, Fred M.
Taylor, Gertrude C.
Taylor, Grace A.

- Taylor, Grant B.
Taylor, Mrs. Grant B.
Taylor, James S.
Taylor, Minnie A.
Taylor, Nathan S.
Taylor, Mrs. Nathan S.
Teller, James L.
Terry, Ann G.
Terwilliger, A.
Terpenning, Willard M.
Terwilliger, W. W.
Terwilliger, Mrs. W. W.
Thacher, Mrs. Geo. W.
Thayer, Albert S.
Thayer, Mrs. Albert S.
Thornton, Mrs. Anna T.
Thompson, Charles J.
Thornton, Howard
Thompson, Rev. J. R.
Thompson, J. R., Jr.
Tierney, Dennis G.
Tierney, Mary
Tillinghast, George F.
Todd, James
Todd, William E.
Tole, Anna M.
Tompkins, Frank W.
Tompkins, Mrs. Lewis
Toohey, Wm. A. C.
Toohey, E. J.
Topping, C. H.
Topping, J. H.
Townsend, Bessie
Townsend, Dr. Chas. E.
Townsend, E. M.
Townsend, George W.
Townsend, James A.
Townsend, Mrs. James A.
Townsend, J. Augustus
Townsend, Mrs. J. Augustus
Townsend, Lina H.
Townsend, Mary A.
Townsend, Mrs. P. B.
Townsend, T. Powell
Traphagen, Helen
Traphagen, W. D.
Travis, Mrs. P. W.
Treadwell, Stephen
Treadwell, Stephen
Turl, Mrs. John
Turl, Joseph H.
Turl, Mrs. Joseph H.
Tuthill, A. P.
Tuthill, Mrs. A. P.
Underhill, J. M.
Vail, Martha B.
Vail, Walter S.
Valentine, John H.
Van Benschoten, Henry.
Van Buren, Aymar
Van Buren, John D.
Van Buren, Margaret M.
Van Cleft, Barclay
Van Cleft, Edwin L.
Van Cleft, Joseph
Van Dalsen, J. T.
Van Dalsen, Mrs. J. T.
Van Dalsen, Mae
Van Duzer, F. C.
Van Keuren, H. N.
Van Scoy, C. A.
Van Scoy, C. A.
Van Tassel, L. R.
Van Voorhis, Miss
Vermeule, Mrs. Carolyn C.
Verplanck, Mrs. Katharine W.
Wait, Emma B.
Wait, Mrs. Emily S.
Wait, Eva
Wait, Frederick S.
Wait, Isabel S.
Wait, Mrs. John.
Wait, Wesley
Waite, Arthur
Waite, L. P.
Waite, Mrs. L. P.
Walker, Wilkin
Wallace, Frederic
Walsh, Rev. G. H.
Walsh, Howard T.

Walsh, Stephenson H.	Wickes, May Forsyth
Ward, Harriet E.	Wickes, Mrs. Mary Forsyth
Ward, Julia P.	Wilkin, Lt. George } Wilkin Jason }
Ward, Rens	Wilkin, Jonas } (In memoriam)
Waring, C. L.	Williams, Bessie D.
Waring, D. S.	Williams, Blanche
Waring, George A.	Williams Charles S.
Waring, Mrs. D. S.	Williams, Mrs. Charles S.
Waring, H. M.	Williams, Ella D.
Waring, Mrs. H. M.	Williams, Eleanor
Waring, J. DeWitt	Williams, Mrs. George A.
Warren, G. T.	Williams, Hiland
Washburn, Charles	Wittmann, John
Washburn, Rev. F.	Williams, John R.
Washburn, Mrs. Francis	Williams, M. Josepha
Weed, Charles G.	Williams, Mary
Weed, J. N.	Williams, Mrs. G. Mott
Wentz, J. M.	Williams, Rt. Rev. G. Mott
Wentz, Mrs. J. M.	Williams, Mary Neosho
Weller, A. Y.	Wilson, Capt. Andrew
Weller, Constance F.	Wilson, Miss Eleanor
Weller, Evelyn Frances	Wilson, Jonathan D.
Weller, George S.	Wilson, Mrs. Jonathan D.
Weller, Miss May	Wilson, Jonathan D., Jr.
Weller, Mary A.	Wilson, Miss Louise
Weiss, Frederick.	Wilson, Miss S. E.
West, Helen Lewis	Wood, A. S.
West, Mrs. Lewis	Wood, Mrs. A. S.
Westlake, D. T.	Wood, Harriet
Westlake, J. R.	Wood, Mary Shirer
Weston, Justine	Wood, W. S.
Weston, Mary C.	Wood, Mrs. W. S.
Weston, Ralph	Woodburn, James
Weston, W. H.	Woolley, C. N.
Weygant, Bessie	Woolsey, Alzamora
Weygant, Charles H.	Woolsey, Antoinette
Weygant, Charlotte S.	Wright, E. O.
Whelan, Robert N.	Wright, George E.
Whigam, Mary E.	Wright, Juliette H.
Whitaker, Samuel J.	Wright, William
Whitehill, Robert C.	Wright, J. Victor
Whitehill, Mrs. Robert	Wygant, W. J.
Whitehill, W. H.	Yeomans, George E.
Whitney, F. E.	Youngs, Arthur
Wickes, Forsyth	

Fifth Separate Company, N. G. N. Y.

Captain, James T. Chase.	G. Hill.
First Lieutenant, James F. Sheehan.	F. E. Holly.
Second Lieutenant, Alex. G. Baxter.	M. W. Hoyt.
Surgeon, Robert J. Kingston, M. D.	J. T. Hunter.
A. P. Gardner.	A. Indzonka.
J. Wittman.	G. Johnson.
H. E. Dunn.	W. J. Johnson.
F. H. Booth.	J. M. Kadrisky.
T. J. Dinan.	C. Kellyhouse.
P. J. O'Brien.	W. King.
John Gallagher.	H. Kutcher.
Adam Faulkner.	C. Littleton.
John McDowell.	T. B. Martin.
James McDowell.	J. H. Marvel.
J. J. Robinson.	W. E. Matthews.
F. W. Smith.	C. E. McCauley.
H. Blythe.	J. G. McDowell.
S. L. Wilson.	J. McElroy.
J. M. Dillon.	J. A. Miller.
J. E. Clark.	G. N. Milliken.
J. T. Collins.	F. A. Ostrander.
E. E. Foster.	T. F. Penny.
S. E. Abrams.	W. A. Phelps.
R. Armour.	C. J. Raymond.
A. Burton.	J. Relyea.
E. A. Bush.	G. H. Seaman.
J. F. Clark.	A. A. Smith.
P. J. Clark.	F. H. Smith.
E. Collard.	C. S. Terry.
A. J. F. Colman.	T. Todd.
E. K. Colman.	W. Todd.
S. Craig.	G. S. Turner.
C. F. Crane.	T. Turner.
W. S. Crans.	J. D. Tweed.
W. P. Delaney.	W. Y. Vankeuren.
J. F. Dooley.	H. N. Vanvoorhis.
D. F. Early.	G. M. Walker.
M. Epeneter.	M. J. Welsh.
A. D. Eckert.	I. F. Weygant.
J. M. Eckert.	C. E. Wood.
G. S. Ferguson.	G. F. Wright.
P. Gallagher.	R. Youmans.
J. W. Gerald.	W. Youmans.
J. E. Grogan.	W. H. Ziegler,

Tenth Separate Company, N. G. N. Y.

William G. Hunter, Captain.	Frank W. Fullerton.
William H. Mapes, First Lieutenant.	Charles B. Gilchrist.
Stephen H. Mould, Second Lieutenant.	Harry W. Hopper.
James Wood, Asst. Surgeon.	John H. L. Janson.
William Berry, First Sergeant.	James Johnstone.
David W. Jagger, Q. M. Sergeant.	Edward L. Keller.
William N. Beggs, Sergeant.	Afred H. Kemp.
William J. Wilkes, Sergeant.	J. Hampton Kidd.
Arthur G. Ackert, Corporal.	George R. Lang.
Charles H. Moore, Corporal.	Anthony W. LaTour.
James S. Angus, Corporal.	Michael A. McCann.
D. Lincoln Orr, Corporal.	James R. Matthews.
John E. Whitehill, Corporal.	Joseph W. Monell.
Charles J. Stones, Corporal.	Hudson B. Moore.
Charles C. Jacobus, Corporal.	George Moshier, Jr.
Norman W. Conyes, Corporal.	John K. Peattie.
George E. Beggs, Musician.	Joseph M. Pine.
William E. Johnston, Musician.	P. Samuel Rigney.
Lester C. Acker.	George M. Ross, Jr.
Arthur V. Beers.	Andrew B. Ryer.
Eugene W. Bigler.	Joseph M. Sandford.
Chester H. Bond.	William K. Schuyler.
George M. Brown.	Sidney A. Scofield.
Titus A. Brown.	Frank S. Sewell.
William H. Burton, Jr.	William H. Shannon, Jr.
John Caldwell, Jr.	Adra A. Sinclair.
Francis M. Cantine.	Robert B. Sinclair.
Edson L. Clark.	William B. Theall.
Harry T. Coldwell.	Willard H. Tillman.
Arthur L. Collins.	Homer C. Waltermire.
Jacob Crevling.	Irving K. Weed.
James S. Darragh.	Frank S. Weller.
Charles F. Dixon.	A. Francis Westberg.
James E. Easman.	J. William Westervelt.
Louis D. Fletcher.	John Wise.

Financial Exhibit.

Chas. L. C. Kerr, Treasurer, in acet. with The Clinton Statue Fund.

DR.

To subscriptions received through Highland National Bank....\$	255 00
To subscriptions received through Quassaick National Bank...	325 00
To subscriptions received through Newburgh Savings Bank....	44 00
To subsciptions received through Columbus Trust Co.....	95 00
To subsciptions received through The Nat. Bank of Newburgh.	1,006 00
To subsciptions received through Free Library	9 00
To subsciptions received through Russel Headley	16 00
To additional subsciptions made to Messrs. Odell and Belknap..	1,326 00
To subsciptions made by Fifth Separate Company.....	104 00
To subsciptions made by Tenth Separate Company.....	70 00
	<hr/> <u>\$3,250 00</u>

CR.

By cash paid Henry K. Bush-Brown as per contract.....	\$3,000 00
By cash paid Smith Granite Co.....	25 00
By cash paid Thos. Shaw's Sons.....	35 00
By cash paid H. Gichel	15 00
By cash paid E. M. Murtfeldt.....	18 00
By cash paid David C. Miller.....	37 00
By cash paid Logan & Macdonald.....	1 80
By cash paid Newburgh Register	6 75
By cash paid W. C. Belknap, postage, etc.....	6 84
By Balance	104 61
	<hr/> <u>\$3,250 00</u>

Examined, CHAS. F. ALLAN,
Correct. JAS. N. DICKEY,
Feb. 9, 1897. Auditing Committee.



CELEBRITÉS CONTEMPORAINES

F R. COPPÉE

PAR

JULES CLARETIE



PARIS

A. QUANTIN, IMPRIMEUR-ÉDITEUR

7, RUE SAINT-BENOIT, 7

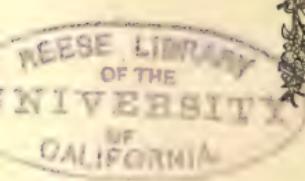
1883

CÉLÉBRITÉS CONTEMPORAINES

Fr. COPPÉE

PAR

JULES CLARETIE

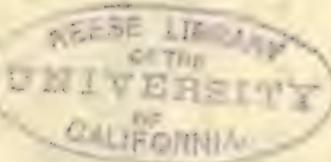


PARIS

A. QUANTIN, IMPRIMEUR-ÉDITEUR

7, RUE SAINT-BENOIT, 7

—
1883



Ornement, je lui trouvay l'air honnête et gentil,
Et ce petit Corsu, malice et simple, en combi;
Mais, bon, je ne l'ai pas vu dans la boutique.
Une enfant du Faubourg, jolie et chlorotique,
Et à sans doute lue sur les mijonnais appâts,
Et C'est attendrissant de penser, n'est-ce pas?
Qu'il continue à prétendre faire pour d'une Fierge,
Qui en jalousie fait de Concierge,
Et que, se demandant : " L'Amour ? Qui est-ce que C'est ?
Un cœur battre bientôt lors le petit Corsu.

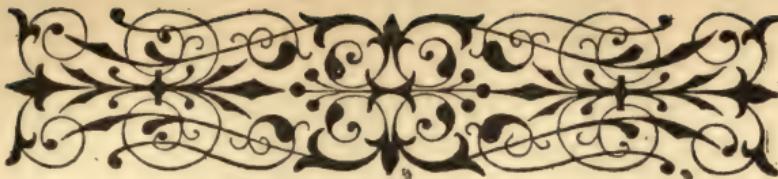
François Coppée



FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

Imp. A. Quantin





FRANÇOIS COPPÉE



NE des meilleures soirées de halte en pleine causerie amicale, libre et confiante, qu'il m'ait été donné de passer, dans cette âpre vie de Paris, c'est un soir d'avril, rue Oudinot, chez François Coppée, devant le jardin du poète où les premières fleurs printanières donnaient à ce coin parisien des perspectives d'écran japonais. Et sous la lampe, entre esprits divers et charmeurs, quels propos ironi-

quement joyeux échangés là, dans le cher laisser-aller d'une réception sans fracas, à cœur ouvert! Vrai nid de poète que cette maison de Coppée, où l'auteur des *Intimités* et du *Reliquaire* apparaît souriant, heureux, à côté de sa sœur qu'il adore, qui l'a toujours couvé d'une affection maternelle, entre ses livres, des tableaux d'amis et le jardinet fleuri où, du rez-de-chaussée, on descend par quelques marches à peine.

Logis de poète-artiste, et j'ajouteraï de poète parisien. François Coppée est, en effet, un Parisien de Paris, né en 1842, à Paris, de parents nés à Paris eux-mêmes, chose rare. Si l'on remontait pourtant au grand-père paternel, le nom *Coppée* serait belge. Il paraît qu'à Mons et aux environs tout le monde s'appelle Coppée. C'est « du vieil françois »; cela signifie « coupée : une coupée de bois. N'importe, le nom est joli, sonne bien, rime richement avec *épée*, mot sublime. Il y a un Coppée de Mons — le parent du poète peut-être? — qui est fort riche, a une écurie célèbre, fait courir. Il signe *F. Coppée*, et d'aucuns prennent l'auteur du *Passant* pour un sportman, quand il n'a dans son écurie d'autre cheval que *Pégase* (vieux style).

Revenons aux origines. Du côté paternel, il y a une grand'mère (Coppée montre chez lui un délicieux portrait d'elle, par une dame, élève de Greuze) qui a dans le sang de la vieille noblesse lorraine; de ce côté, on trouverait des gendarmes de la Maison du Roi et des chevaliers de Saint-Louis. Du côté maternel, le contraste est frappant. Le grand-père (Baudrit de son nom) est maître serrurier et, pendant la Révolution, forge des piques pour armer les sections. La maison Baudrit existe encore. Le petit-fils, Auguste Baudrit, cousin germain de Coppée, est un serrurier d'art du plus grand talent. On pourrait conclure, si l'on voulait, d'après ces sources, que l'auteur d'*Olivier* est un aristocrate qui aime le peuple.

Bref, ce fut en 1842, dans un entresol au numéro 9 de la rue des Missions (actuellement rue de l'Abbé-Grégoire, jadis rue Saint-Maur-Saint-Germain) que la mère de Coppée, selon l'expression de Chateaubriand, lui *infligea la vie*. « Il y a de bons moments, tout de même! » nous disait en riant Coppée. Le bon et grand Charlet, le peintre des soldats et des scènes populaires, demeurait sur le même palier que Coppée le père, qui fut son ami.

Famille pauvre ; le père, modeste employé aux bureaux de la guerre ; trois filles, qu'on élevait chez les dames de Saint-Maur, dans la rue, en face le logis même, et le petit garçon, chétif, débile. On déménagea, on alla loger rue Vanneau, au cinquième. Il y a, dans *Olivier*, des ressouvenirs touchants de ces temps de luttes honnêtes.

Le poète Olivier, cet être chimérique,
Qui, tout en racontant son beau rêve féerique,
A trouvé le moyen de charmer quelquefois
Ce temps d'opéra-bouffe et de drame bourgeois,

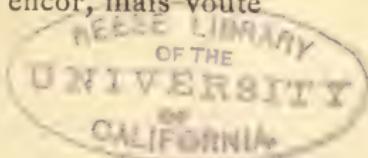
ce poète, c'est Coppée ou un peu de Coppey, et lorsque, dans son poème, l'auteur arrivant à ce vers :

Car revoir son pays, c'est revoir sa jeunesse !

s'interrompt et se reporte vers son passé, alors un flot de souvenirs lui remonte et, oubliant la jeunesse d'Olivier, il se rappelle sa jeunesse à lui, son enfance :

Tenez, lecteur. — Souvent, tout seul, je me promène
Au lieu qui fut jadis la barrière du Maine.
C'est laid, surtout depuis le siège de Paris.
On a planté d'affreux arbustes rabougris
Sur ces longs boulevards, où naguère des ormes
De deux cents ans croisaient leurs ramures énormes.

Le mur d'octroi n'est plus ; le quartier se bâtit.
Mais c'est là que jadis, quand j'étais tout petit,
Mon père me menait, enfant faible et malade,
Par les couchants d'été, faire une promenade.
C'est sur ces boulevards déserts, c'est dans ce lieu
Que cet homme de bien, pur, simple et craignant Dieu,
Qui fut bon comme un saint, naïf comme un poète,
Et qui, bien que très pauvre, eut toujours l'âme en fête.
Au fond d'un bureau sombre après avoir passé
Tout le jour, se croyait assez récompensé
Par la douce chaleur qu'au cœur nous communique
La main d'un dernier né, la main d'un fils unique.
C'est là qu'il me menait. Tous deux nous allions voir
Les longs troupeaux de bœufs marchant vers l'abattoir,
Et quand mes petits pieds étaient assez solides,
Nous poussions quelquefois jusques aux Invalides,
Où, mêlés aux badauds descendus des faubourgs,
Nous suivions la retraite et les petits tambours;
Et puis, enfin, à l'heure où la lune se lève,
Nous prenions, pour rentrer, la route la plus brève;
On montait au cinquième étage lentement,
Et j'embrassais alors mes trois sœurs et maman,
Assises et causant auprès d'une bougie.
Eh bien, quand m'abandonne un instant l'énergie,
Quand m'accable par trop le spleen décourageant,
Je retourne tout seul, à l'heure du couchant,
Dans ce quartier paisible où me menait mon père,
Et du cher souvenir toujours le charme opère.
Je songe à ce qu'il fit, cet homme de devoir,
Ce pauvre fier et pur, à ce qu'il dut avoir
De résignation patiente et chrétienne
Pour gagner notre pain, tâche quotidienne,
Et se priver de tout, sans se plaindre jamais.
Au chagrin qui me frappe alors je me soumets,
Et je sens remonter à mes lèvres surprises
Les prières qu'il m'a dans mon enfance apprises.
Je le revois, assez jeune encor, mais voûté



De mener des petits enfants à son côté,
Et de nouveau je veux aimer, espérer, croire!...
— Excusez. J'oubliais que je conte une histoire,
Mais en parlant de moi, lecteur, j'en fais l'aveu,
Je parle d'Olivier qui me ressemble un peu.

Quelles notes biographiques vaudront jamais celles que tout homme pourrait donner sur lui-même?

L'enfant qui errait, flânait ainsi avec son père, fut mis en pension chez Hortus. Il se rappelle que, à six ans, en 48, il voyait du balcon de ses parents, dans le jardin de l'hôtel Monaco, alors quartier-général de Cavaignac, bivouaquer les soldats pendant les journées de Juin.

L'enfance de François Coppée fut, encore un coup, celle des humbles. Coppée s'en fait gloire. Il a raison. Saluons ces laborieux et ces honnêtes. Le père faisait durer longtemps ses redingotes de la *Belle Jardinière*; la maman faisait des « rôles » pour des petits entrepreneurs du voisinage et savonnait le menu linge. Les deux sœurs aînées étaient peintres ou *peintresses*, et copiaient les tableaux du Louvre. Coppée fut ainsi élevé par des femmes, dans un milieu d'art, ce qui a certainement développé sa sensibilité et son goût. De M^{lle} Annette

Coppée, sa sœur, j'ai vu un portrait du poète enfant, tout à fait remarquable, très vivant et solidement peint.

Il grandit; ses parents déménagent encore pour être plus près des collèges. On demeure rue Monsieur-le-Prince, et le futur académicien fait d'exécrables études, comme externe, au lycée Saint-Louis. Il était débile encore et rêveur, flâneur, le petit Parisien qui a si bien exprimé, quelque part, la vie familière de l'adolescent à Paris. La page est embaumée de souvenirs. Coppée la lut, un jour, dans une Conférence applaudie :

« Le vrai Parisien aime Paris comme une patrie; c'est là que l'attachent les invisibles chaînes du cœur, et, s'il est forcé de s'éloigner pour un peu de temps, il éprouvera, comme M^{me} de Staël, la nostalgie de son cher ruisseau de la rue du Bac. Celui qui vous parle est un de ces Parisiens-là. Dans cette ville dont, comme s'en plaignait Alfred de Musset, il connaît tous les pavés, mille souvenirs l'attendent, dans ses promenades, au coin de tous les carrefours. Une paisible rue du faubourg Saint-Germain, dont le silence est rarement troublé par le fracas d'un landau ou d'un coupé de maître, lui rappelle toute son enfance; il ne peut passer devant une certaine maison de cette rue sans regarder là-haut ce balcon du cinquième, sans se revoir tout petit sur sa chaise haute, à cette table de famille dont les places, hélas! se sont peu à peu espacées, et où il n'y a plus aujourd'hui d'autres convives que lui et sa sœur aimée, qui l'aime pour tous les morts et

tous les absents. Il ne s'arrête jamais devant les librairies en plein vent des galeries de l'Odéon, — qui sont, entre parenthèse, une des aimables originalités de Paris, — sans se souvenir de l'époque où, ses cahiers de lycéen sous le bras, il faisait là de longues stations et lisait *gratis* les livres des poètes qu'il aimait déjà. Enfin, il y a quelque part — il ne dira pas où — une petite fenêtre qu'il aperçoit en se promenant dans un certain jardin public et qu'il ne peut regarder en automne, vers cinq heures du soir, quand le coucher du soleil y jette comme un reflet d'incendie, sans que son cœur se mette à palpiter, comme il le sentait battre, il y a longtemps, il y a bien longtemps, mais dans la même saison et à la même heure, alors qu'il accourrait vers ce logis avec l'ivresse de la vingtième année et que la petite fenêtre, alors encadrée de capucines, s'ouvrait tout à coup et laissait voir parmi la verdure et les fleurs une tête blonde qui souriait de loin.

« Heureux, ah ! heureux, bien heureux celui qui habite la campagne à ce délicieux moment de la vie ! C'est un lit de mousse sous les chênes, c'est le bord d'une petite rivière où bouillonne l'eau d'un moulin, c'est un chemin creux dans la vallée, c'est une prairie de fleurs et de papillons, ce sont de durs et doux paysages qui garderont, pour les lui rendre, les impressions de sa jeunesse, et qui lui offriront plus tard, quand aura fui le bonheur, un asile de solitude, de fraîcheur et de paix. Mais l'enfant de Paris qui, toujours privé d'air libre et d'horizon, ne voit dans son passé lointain que des rues tortueuses et les quatre murs d'un collège, il faudra bien, s'il est poète, qu'il récolte les souvenirs semés au temps de sa jeunesse sur des chemins dépavés et dans des maisons de plâtre, et qu'il sache faire tenir dans un couchant vert et rose aperçu au bout d'un faubourg, toute la morbide mélancolie de l'automne, et dans une matinée de soleil, près des lilas, au Luxembourg, toute la joie divine du printemps. »

A cette heure-là, François Coppée faisait déjà des vers; à douze ans, il traduisait ses versions en rimes. Le père était alors mis à la retraite. La vie devenait dure chez les braves gens. Trois filles sans dot! Une seule, la seconde, se mariait au peintre-verrier Lafaye; la troisième allait bientôt mourir à vingt-deux ans; l'aînée resterait fille: c'est aujourd'hui la chère Annette de Coppée, sa compagne de toujours, sa maternelle amie.

L'enfant quitta le collège après la *troisième*. François Coppée n'est pas bachelier. Ce n'est pas faute d'avoir étudié. Il compléta de son mieux son instruction par des lectures, passant toutes ses soirées sous les becs de gaz de la bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève; — il en eut même une maladie d'yeux. Cependant, le père devenant paralysé du cerveau, on alla loger en haut de Montmartre; Coppée resta pendant deux ans surnuméraire, *sans traitement*, au Ministère de la guerre. C'est un temps noir, et de souvenirs tristes qui n'ont pourtant laissé d'autre trace en cette nature d'élite, d'autre sentiment que de la pitié pour les souffrants. D'autres ont gardé d'épreuves pareilles des haines de réfractaires et une boulimie d'argent

et de revanches. Coppée n'en a pris qu'une souriante philosophie et une vraie bonté. Sa mère, d'ailleurs, sublime de courage et de dévouement, donnait l'exemple, et la sœur aînée, restée seule au logis, gagnait quelques sous à restaurer de vieilles toiles.

Le père mourut. Coppée devint un employé titulaire; il eut charge d'âmes, fut père de famille, — à vingt-un ans. Et il faisait toujours des vers; mais cette jeunesse sans joie l'attrista pour jamais. N'importe, on remplissait son devoir et la table de famille, autour de laquelle il n'y avait plus que trois personnes,—la vieille maman, Annette et lui — avait des soirées mélancoliques mais confiantes. On voyait clair dans l'avenir.

Le temps passe. Coppée a vingt-trois ans; il fait la connaissance de Mendès, des Parnassiens, il brûle 3 ou 4,000 vers de jeunesse et publie à ses frais, — le pauvre garçon! — le *Reliquaire*. Le succès fut grand; Timothée Trimm, qui était un Sainte-Beuve à un sou, fit un article dans le *Petit Journal*; il ne se vendit pourtant pas cent exemplaires du volume. Alphonse Lemerre, deux ans plus tard, imprimait, à ses frais, *les Intimités* — un chef-d'œuvre; —

on n'arrivait cette fois qu'à 70 exemplaires.

Enfin, par hasard, parce que le poète avait rencontré M^{me} Agar sur son chemin, on joue *le Passant* à l'Odéon. Ce fut un changement de décor, comme dans les féeries. Du jour au lendemain, le poète eut un peu d'argent et beaucoup de bruit.

Jadis, quand il rimait des vers sous les gouttières,
Enfant par l'idéal et le rêve maigri,

il n'avait peut-être pas espéré un tel triomphe,
— quoiqu'on espère tant de choses quand on ne connaît point la vanité de la vie !

Ah ! ce *Passant* ! quelle surprise heureuse et quel gazouillis d'oiseau ce fut, dans la salle de l'Odéon, lorsqu'on entendit Sylvia et Zanetto, ces deux exquises figurines de Donatello, récitant leurs sonnets florentins !

Nous écrivions alors — et c'est un de nos meilleurs souvenirs de jeunesse — dans notre feuilleton de théâtre de l'*Opinion nationale* :

Voilà un poète jeune, qui apporte une pièce à l'Odéon, et le petit acte fait plus d'impression sur la salle que les cinq actes d'un gros drame haut en couleur. Si l'on goûte souvent à ce vin de Chypre, on jettera le vin bleu par la fenêtre.

La courtisane Sylvia est accoudée sur la terrasse, rêveuse, attristée, regardant au loin les toits de Flo-

rence lactée par la lune et les coupoles se détachant sur le ciel bleu. Elle songe, elle s'ennuie. Le faux amour dont on l'entoure, les hommages dont on la fatigue ont enfin lassé la Sylvie, qui regrette maintenant le passé peut-être, et qui n'a même plus de larmes pour sa mélancolie, de pleurs pour sa souffrance. Il faut l'entendre interroger son cœur triste et glacé; il faut écouter cette langue ferme et sonore à laquelle le théâtre ne nous accoutume point, et qui soudain vous transporte, heureux et charmés, au pays des rêves.

Il me semblait revoir ces claires nuits florentines, ces nuits d'été bleues et parfumées, où du haut des terrasses de l'Ombrellino — la ville de Galilée — nous regardions voler, se mêler, étinceler, s'élançer les gerbes de lucioles, pareilles à des essaims d'étoiles. C'est bien là un rêve italien, ce *Passant*, le songe d'une nuit amoureuse, une vraie chanson de poète entendue au bord de l'Arno, à la saison des roses.

Sylvia rêve et le poète passe. Le poète est un enfant. Il a seize ans, il porte ce gracieux costume des fresques de Ghirlandajo et de Botticelli. Vêtu de serge, il tient à la main sa guitare, il a jeté sur son épaulé son manteau brun. Un banc! il s'arrêtera là, il y dormira au bon vent, à la belle étoile. Tout à l'heure Sylvia était demeurée attentive et troublée, entendant venir le refrain du chanteur, ce refrain fleuri comme une strophe de Remi Belleau, le gentil Belleau.

François Coppée songe, d'ailleurs, avec attendrissement à ce soir déjà lointain qui fut comme le lever de soleil de sa gloire. Le mot de Vauvenargues sur les *premiers feux du jour* aura sa poésie éternelle. « Et cependant, disait¹ un

1. Dans le journal *la Gironde scientifique et littéraire*.

excellent biographe, ami de Coppée, M. A. Chennevière, le poète lui en a voulu parfois à ce *Passant* ! Il s'irritait d'entendre cette éternelle périphrase de son nom : « l'heureux auteur du *Passant* » ; mais comme, après tout, il n'est pas ingrat, il lui demande, après bien des années, pardon de ces impatiences :

« Pauvre petit *Passant*, douce inspiration d'une heure radieuse de mes vingt-cinq ans, pardonne-moi, dit-il quelque part, les minutes d'impatience et de mauvaise humeur que m'a causées bien des fois ton nom maligusement prononcé pour déprécier mes créations nouvelles. Tu n'en es pas moins resté l'enfant bien-aimé de ma jeunesse, le rêve d'idéal et d'amour qu'on ne fait qu'une fois dans sa vie, et jamais je n'ai oublié, gentil chanteur d'une nuit de clair de lune, que je te devais cette première récompense du poète, ce premier rameau de laurier qui a fait pleurer de joie ma vieille mère et qui m'a donné pour toujours le courage et l'espérance. »

Dès lors, François Coppée, applaudi, était célèbre, recherché, choyé, et ses vers, qui ne se vendaient point la veille, furent dans toutes les mains. Il eut pour lui, comme jadis Musset, les jeunes gens et les femmes. La princesse Mathilde l'invitait, et ce fut pour aller chez elle que le poète se fit faire son premier habit noir sérieux. « C'était trop beau, nous disait-

il lui-même ; je tombe malade : une pneumonie dont j'avais souffert plusieurs années et qui a assombri ma fin de jeunesse. D'ailleurs, j'avais été trop privé d'abord : ça tue, le désir. »

Il suffirait de citer maintenant les volumes et les drames qui ont succédé au *Passant* pour rappeler aux lecteurs une séduction, un charme, un cher souvenir : *les Poèmes modernes*, *le Cahier rouge*, *Olivier*, *les Humbles*, *les Récits et les Élégies*, *Deux Douleurs*, *l'Abandonnée*, *le Rendez-vous*, *le Luthier de Crémone*, *le Trésor*, *Madame de Maintenon*, — d'abord écrite sous le titre du *Psautier*, — enfin après *Une Idylle pendant le siège*, ces *Contes* en prose qui composent déjà deux volumes et qui, unissant l'émotion profonde à une singulière netteté de style, font parfois songer à une sorte de Mérimée attendri.

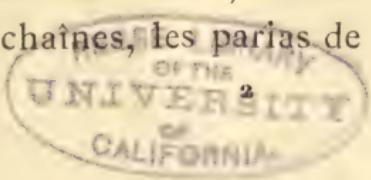
Un journaliste d'un vrai talent, critique très pénétrant et chercheur érudit, M. Ed. Drumont, caractérisait naguère le talent de Coppée et cherchait surtout la *dominante* du poète dans le recueil intitulé *les Humbles* :

« *Les Humbles*, disait-il, indiquaient un changement profond dans la manière de l'écrivain. Faut-il voir là,

comme le prétend Zola, l'introduction du naturalisme dans la poésie ? Coppée, que le maître du naturalisme a voulu ranger à toute force parmi ceux qui se rallient à son drapeau, se défend contre un tel honneur et proteste comme un beau diable. Ces tableautins, dont quelques-uns sont exposés, ne se rattachent, en réalité, à aucune école ; ils correspondent à ces scènes de la vie domestique, à ces reproductions de mœurs familières, dans lesquelles ont excellé les Hollandais ; ils ont la finesse de touche, la sincérité, la bonhomie de ces petites toiles que l'on paye à prix d'or, et nous ne découvrons pas pourquoi ce qui est permis à la peinture serait interdit à la poésie. A côté des puérilités, il y a des effets d'une exactitude inouïe, des visions de rues, des impressions de nuit tombante d'une pénétrante justesse. Cette sorte de poésie journalière à certains spectacles urbains, à un coin de boutique, à une allée de jardin public, à un faubourg regardé à une heure de l'année, est rendue avec une étonnante habileté de facture. »

En substituant le mot *parisien* au mot *hollandais* je souscris volontiers au jugement de M. Drumont, mais *les Humbles* et même *les Intimités* ne donnent qu'une face du talent de Coppée. L'auteur d'*Olivier* a des élans qui rappellent qu'il est le contemporain de l'auteur de *la Légende des siècles*, et c'est sur les œuvres complètes du poète qu'il le faut juger.

Il aime et chante les petits, les timides, les désolés, ceux qui traînent sans bruit, obscurément, les plus lourdes chaînes, les parias de



notre société heureuse et souriante, les pauvres diables dont la chair ne semble faite que pour fournir de l'humus au sol où s'épanouissent les fleurs cueillies par les autres, et que ces « humbles » soient un pauvre mobile arraché au pays natal par le grand devoir ou une enfant rachitique condamnée aux exhibitions de la scène, un déporté, un *outlaw* qui se retrouve Français lorsque le drapeau est en danger, ou une pauvre marchande de journaux, ou même un petit épicer, — l'épicier, raillé déjà et pourtant célébré par Balzac, — qui rêve en cassant son sucre, Coppée a pour chacun d'eux une pitié, un attendrissement. Il s'émeut dans la vie, et aussi dans cette vie fouettée qui est le voyage, devant tout héroïsme, tout dévouement : Walhubert à Avranches ou Cambronne à Nantes. En Bretagne, si Sainte-Anne d'Auray et Carnac sont pour lui, — comme pour nous, — deux déceptions, le pays de Brizeux lui plaît parce qu'on y rencontre des pêcheurs, « ces bonnes figures de loups de mer, vrais jambons cuits par le soleil et salés par le vent du large ». Les marins ! François Coppée les a souvent salués, en vers et en prose, non seulement pour leurs heures de sacrifices, comme

dans *l'Épave*, mais dans leurs heures de la-
beur quotidien vouées au soin du navire. « Ce-
lui qui est à son poste pour balayer, dit-il, y
sera aussi pour combattre, et quiconque n'a pas
peur d'un nuage de poussière ne reculera pas de-
vant la fumée d'un coup de canon. » En toute
chose Coppée a ainsi vu la grandeur des des-
tinées humaines dans leur humilité touchante,
et son œuvre est la glorification des obscurs et
des simples de cœur. Je ne sais pas de plus
noble emploi du talent que de laisser venir à
soi les petits pour les couronner.

Ces œuvres, le maître éditeur qui a tant fait
pour la librairie française classique et mo-
derne et qui mérite depuis longtemps une ré-
compense officielle, Alphonse Lemerre a tenu
à en faire un des plus beaux livres qu'on
puisse voir. Il a voulu, comme jadis Perrotin
pour Béranger, éllever un monument artistique
à *son* poète, François Coppée. Il publie, en
une édition in-4°, les œuvres de l'auteur du
Reliquaire et il les a fait illustrer par un
maître, l'aqua-fortiste Boilvin. C'est un chef-
d'œuvre.

Le premier volume de cette édition définitive, monumentale, contient les poésies pu-

bliées par Coppée de 1864 à 1872 : le *Reliquaire*, les *Intimités*, les *Humbles*, et ces poésies dramatiques, si rapidement devenues populaires, ces récits poignants et supérieurs, *la Bénédiction*, *la Grève des Forgerons*, la *Lettre du mobile breton* et les pièces écrites pendant le siège. Avec les pages intitulées *Promenades et Intérieurs*, d'un sentiment si profond et si juste, pénétrant, sincère,—c'est peut-être là ce que le poète du *Passant* a écrit de plus achevé, de plus personnel.

On aime à relire, en cette édition magistrale, ces vers qui chantent depuis longtemps dans les mémoires. Boilvin a signé là des eaux-fortes exquises, très variées, d'un naturalisme très simple, comme lorsqu'il illustre le *Banc ou la Nourrice*, et d'une tournure fine ou fière, comme dans ses gravures de la *Grève* et du *Fils des armures*. Coppée a été bien compris et admirablement traduit.

Sa poésie très moderne, d'une intensité de sensations tout à fait particulière, émue, repliée, parisienne par les souvenirs, les énervements, la grâce souffrante et irrésistible, était bien faite, au surplus, pour inspirer un artiste très contemporain dans sa façon de voir. Elle est cou-

sine de la muse triste de Sainte-Beuve, la muse charmante de Coppée, mais elle a, je le répète, de sa fine main de Parisienne touché à la grande épée de Hugo; elle a gardé de ce contact une vigueur rare qui ajoute du prix à sa nervosité exquise. C'est d'ailleurs une note toute spéciale que François Coppée a donnée dans ces *Intimités* où les tendresses, les frissons, les odeurs, le replié et le compliqué de la passion moderne, ou de l'*amour-goût* contemporain, sont analysés dans une langue d'une simplicité savoureuse et savante. Là est Coppée, dans ce je ne sais quoi de profondément senti, d'amoureux et de dououreux, de sincère et de vécu. Amoureux parisien et poète de Paris, avec des murailles grises pour encadrer des idylles et des jours de neige pour éveiller les névroses. Vrai poète moderne, contemporain, sensitif, exprimant avec une netteté décisive, pleine de *des-sous* émus, les réalités quotidiennes. Cette édition, ce monument que lui élève Alphonse Lemerre, c'est déjà comme une postérité qui commence pour Coppée. Il écrit à la dernière page de ce beau livre ce quatrain trop modeste.
« A mon éditeur » :

Mes humbles vers vont donc me survivre, Lemerre?

Grâce au format de luxe et grâce au beau papier,
Et ton livre sera le magnifique herbier
Qui conserve longtemps une fleur éphémère.

Mais la fleur est loin d'être fanée. Elle embaume toujours, la fleur de poésie! Elle répand toujours son parfum subtil et doux, et François Coppée, ce poète de nos vingt ans, est déjà de ceux dont on peut dire, en ces pages achevées, que les relire, c'est les revivre.

On a déjà fait ressortir le contraste qui existe entre les poètes de la génération qui précéda la nôtre et ceux qui vivent aujourd'hui. Les premiers, nés dans le fracas d'une tempête, fils de chouans ou de *bleus*, bercés au bruit du canon, tels que Hugo se le rappelle quand il raconte la jeunesse de *Marius* dans *les Misérables*, ou que Musset nous le fait voir dans l'admirable premier chapitre de la *Confession d'un Enfant du siècle*, continuèrent dans la littérature l'œuvre tourmentée de leurs pères. Ils furent militants, audacieux, exaspérés, dans une époque calme, pacifique et heureuse. Le règne doux et sans points noirs de Louis-Philippe leur permettait d'être, en art, révolutionnaires tout à leur aise. Au contraire, ceux d'aujourd'hui, nés et grandis dans des heures

calmes, ne cherchent que les séductions du coin du feu, les bonheurs intimes, les tendresses vraies — même dans *les Vaines tendresses* de ce cher et profond penseur qui est Sully-Prudhomme; — et pourtant ils ont, comme la patrie même, la menace et le glaive suspendus sur leurs fronts. « Pareils, a-t-on dit, à ces lettrés gallo-romains qui, à l'exemple de Fortunat, alignaient leurs vers charmants entre deux invasions de barbares, ils ont la tragédie sur la tête et l'idylle dans le cœur. »

Cette édition définitive est comme une carte remise par Coppée à l'Académie. Il a failli s'asseoir déjà dans un des fauteuils et lorsque la jeunesse littéraire (qui commence à avoir bien des cheveux blancs) a donné un banquet à Sully-Prudhomme, élu parmi les Quarante, c'est le poète du *Passant* qui a chaleureusement porté le premier toast au poète de *la Justice* :

« — Mon cher Sully-Prudhomme (je l'entends encore), les amis que réunit cette fête intime m'ont fait l'honneur de me choisir pour interprète de la joie profonde que leur cause la consécration publique d'un talent qui ne compte que des admirateurs. En vous nommant — et

en vous préférant — l'Académie française a voulu couronner en vous la poésie dans son expression la plus pure et la plus désintéressée; et j'invite tous ceux qui gardent fidèlement au fond de leur cœur le culte de l'art profond et exquis, à lever leur verre avec le mien. Je bois à Sully-Prudhomme, de l'Académie française! »

M. Sully-Prudhomme, très ému, répondait alors en quelques mots :

« — Nous avons à peu près débuté ensemble, mon cher Coppée, et si je rappelle ce souvenir, et si je parle de cet à-peu-près, c'est que je tiens à constater que je suis votre aîné... Et c'est parce que je suis votre aîné que j'ai été, comme vous le dites, préféré par l'Académie... Maintenant que je suis à l'Institut, mon cher ami, je vous y attends. »

François Coppée d'ailleurs n'est point pressé. Il est heureux entre ses amis et ses parents, recevant Barbey d'Aurevilly et Banville, les maîtres, Paul Bourget, le poète délicat, sensible et profond, une des individualités exquises de la génération nouvelle, et, souriant, le poète des *Intimités* dit de lui-même et de sa vie :

« J'habite dans un faubourg ; la chambre où je travaille est située au rez-de-chaussée et accède par quelques marches à un jardinet. Mais la maison est exposée au nord, en plein nord, et, même en été, même à midi, son ombre s'étend sur la moitié de ce petit carré de fleurs. Celles qui sont au fond du jardin, en plein soleil, s'épanouissent et embaument dans l'air attiédi ; mais les autres, les plus proches du mur, que jamais n'atteint un rayon, s'ouvrent à peine et ne donnent qu'un faible parfum.

« Souvent, en me promenant dans l'étroite allée circulaire de mon petit jardin, je jette un regard de compassion sur ces œillets étiolés et sur ces roses maldives — car celles-là sont mes préférées — et, au même moment, les bruits des maisons prochaines, en parvenant jusqu'à moi, me font songer, par une mystérieuse correspondance d'esprit, à certaines existences comparables à ces tristes fleurs. C'est la chanson monotone de l'ouvrière qui tire l'aiguille dans sa chambre haute ; c'est le hoquet de la machine à vapeur voisine où s'agitte, dans l'enfer d'une forge, le peuple des artisans ; c'est la cloche du couvent où des femmes innocentes offrent à Dieu leurs souffrances et leurs prières pour ceux qui, comme beaucoup d'entre nous, ne savent ni souffrir ni prier ; c'est enfin le clairon de la caserne où de pauvres paysans, exilés de leurs champs et de leurs vignes, subissent les rigueurs d'une dure discipline en attendant que la guerre éclate, qui les forcera de payer à la patrie le terrible impôt du sang. J'écoute ces bruits mélancoliques, je regarde ces roses languissantes et ma rêverie unit dans une même pitié ces âmes et ces fleurs à qui la destinée n'a pas accordé ce qu'elle semblerait devoir à tous, une place au soleil. »

J'oubliais d'ajouter que, de 1870 à 1871, Coppée fut soldat comme Sully-Prudhomme,

mais il n'oublia pas, a-t-on dit, le sac au dos, qu'il était poète. *Pendant le siège*, la *Lettre du Mobile breton*, *Plus de sang ! Une Idylle pendant le siège* datent de cette époque. En 1874 parurent les *Promenades et Intérieurs* et le *Cahier rouge*. « Le poète avait alors, tout en s'occupant d'œuvres plus importantes, l'habitude d'ouvrir à ses heures un mince cahier rouge qui traînait toujours sur sa table de travail et de se délasser en y jetant quelques poésies fugitives. Réunies et publiées sous ce titre : *le Cahier rouge*, ces poésies, empreintes de « ce spleen qui est au fond du cœur de « presque tous les poètes modernes », avaient précédé immédiatement *Olivier* ¹. »

Mais, encore une fois, ce spleen est souriant et indulgent chez Coppée. Il se trouve satisfait et bien payé de la vie, on vient de le voir par ses confidences. Il travaille beaucoup. « L'existence du poète se compose de rêve et de papiers noircis. » Il fut, aux mauvais jours, le débiteur du bon Lemerre ; maintenant il est souvent son créancier.

Nommé par l'intervention de la princesse Mathilde, en 70, avant la guerre, bibliothécaire

1. A. Chennevière.

adjoint au Sénat, — devenu ensuite simple Luxembourg, — Coppée a démissionné, deux ans après, en faveur de Leconte de Lisle, le très admirable poète. Depuis, on a donné à l'auteur d'*Olivier* la bibliothèque du Théâtre-Français, la croix, trois prix à l'Institut; mais il n'y a guère que quatre ou cinq ans qu'il est libre et vit à son gré. Encore lui a-t-il fallu, comme Théophile Gautier, accepter la corvée d'un feuilleton.

J'ai voulu lui faire raconter sa vie littéraire, mais comme tous les hommes — surtout lorsque le cap de la quarantaine est doublé — c'est surtout vers son enfance, ses débuts, les belles heures où l'on croyait à toutes les chimères, que s'est reportée sa pensée. Plus l'homme fait de pas dans l'existence, plus il regrette les premiers qu'il a faits.

Avec Coppée, les souvenirs sont tout intimes. Des impressions d'art. Rien de politique.

Il a pourtant fort bien parlé de la politique, certain jour :

« C'est une science, a-t-il dit, une science peu exacte, mais une science enfin, et pour celle-là pas plus que pour les autres, je ne me sens aucune aptitude. J'ai cette modestie, plus rare qu'on ne pense par le temps qui court, de me considérer comme tout à fait inca-

pable de légiférer et de me mêler du gouvernement; je suis poète, rien de plus; je tâche de faire des vers de mon mieux, et c'est encore, ce me semble, le meilleur moyen que j'aisse d'être un bon et utile citoyen. »

L'ami de Coppée, dont j'ai cité plus d'une page, a d'ailleurs recueilli quelques-uns des *propos* et certaines confidences du poète. C'est en causant que l'homme déshabille sa pensée et se peint tout entier :

« Coppée, écrit M. Chenevière, exprime ses sympathies littéraires avec la franchise de la conviction. En parlant de Victor Hugo, il s'écriait l'autre jour : « C'est notre grand patron à tous. Il a des vers qui durent vingt-quatre heures ! » Il disait une autre fois, dans un élan de fervente et respectueuse admiration : « C'est le plus grand génie lyrique que la France ait produit. C'est comme le soleil de notre littérature moderne, et ses rayons ont pénétré partout. Et aujourd'hui même que nous le voyons, avec une poignante mélancolie, décliner vers son couchant, il lance des lueurs si splendides qu'elles ne permettent pas de distinguer les faibles et timides étoiles qui resteront seules dans notre ciel poétique quand il aura majestueusement disparu derrière l'horizon. »

Et Chateaubriand? Gustave Flaubert, fatigué d'entendre pendant huit heures d'horloge le piano d'une voisine, disait : « Je me venge en lui hurlant par la fenêtre des pages entières des *Martyrs* ou des *Natchez*. » Coppée n'en est pas à défendre sa tranquillité par ces moyens héroïques, mais il aime autant que l'aimait son illustre ami cette prose majestueuse.

Du reste, il place très haut Flaubert lui-même : « C'est un des premiers prosateurs du siècle, disait-il ;

il sera classique un jour ; dans deux cents ans, on fera copier aux lycéens l'épisode des lions dans *Salammbô*, comme un pensum. »

Coppée, né romantique, a, comme Flaubert, ses admirations classiques. Il aime à rappeler, ainsi que le faisait l'auteur de *Madame Bovary*, — qui la récitait à pleine voix, — telle phrase de Bossuet dont la concision sublime paraissait au grand romancier un modèle inimitable. « En vérité, en vérité, je vous le dis, demain vous serez avec moi en paradis ! » C'est le Christ parlant au bon larron supplicié à son côté. Et Bossuet ajoute : « *Demain*, quelle promptitude ! *Dans le paradis*, quel séjour ! *Avec moi*, quelle compagnie ! » On retrouve, avec l'expression d'admiration qu'avait Flaubert, l'accent même du colosse rouennais dans la voix de Coppée lorsqu'il redit ces mots de Bossuet.

— J'aime à fumer et à lire ! dit encore le poète, et à passer du papier au *papelito*.

Un Andalous ne roule pas plus que lui de cigarettes dans une journée. Coppée, en va-reuse, au milieu de ses esquisses de Jules Lefebvre ou de Jules Breton, et de ses livres, resterait des journées enfermé et rêvant.

Il dira encore — et je le cite car rien ne vaut sur un homme le témoignage de l'homme même :

« Je suis un grand liseur et un grand coureur de galeries et de musées. De plus, j'aime à fixer par une lecture l'impression que m'a donnée un objet d'art ou de curiosité. C'est une façon de s'instruire en s'amusant que je recommande à tout le monde. Voir d'abord, ensuite savoir. En revenant d'une visite aux salles égyptiennes du Louvre, je relis le charmant *Roman de la Momie*, de Th. Gautier, ou les admirables paroles prononcées par Isis, dans la *Tentation de saint Antoine*, de Gustave Flaubert, et, le lendemain, pris du désir d'en savoir davantage, je vais à la Bibliothèque feuilleter le grand ouvrage de Leipsius ou parcourir les travaux de M. Mariette ou de M. Maspéro. Puis, la folle du logis se met de la partie. Pendant huit jours, je ne rêve plus que d'obélisques, d'hypogées, de sphinx et de pyramides, de dieux à tête d'épervier promenés en barque sur le Nil, de Pharaons impassibles sur leurs trônes, les mains sur les cuisses et coiffés de l'urœus sacré, et de tous les mystères de l'Égypte antique. En sortant du musée de Cluny, où ma flânerie s'est arrêtée devant une armure niellée et damasquinée d'or, j'ouvre volontiers Froissart ou Joinville, et me voilà parti pour les croisades, les nobles pas d'armes et les grandes chevauchées. La méthode est excellente, je vous assure. La vue d'un bouclier de bois doré, avec ses deux doigts levés pour bénir et ses yeux hypnotisés, fait mieux comprendre le beau livre d'Eugène Burnouf. Au souvenir d'un portrait historique s'éclaire et s'anime une page de Saint-Simon. Une statue grecque est complétée par un chant d'Homère et un primitif italien par un évangile. »

La confession est jolie et d'un tour ingé-

nieux. Ainsi, et dans tout ce qu'il confie à ses vers et à ses livres, François Coppée nous apparaît non comme un *satisfait* dans le sens égoïste du mot, mais comme un sage, un jeune sage, que les nouveaux venus vont saluer comme un maître et qu'ils aiment bientôt comme un ami. Remarquez que presque tous les volumes de vers des débutants sont dédiés à Coppée quand ils ne portent point le nom de l'auteur de la *Justice*. C'est que Coppée les aide, les encourage, écrit parfois pour eux une préface, comme pour le recueil de M. R. du Costal ou le *Reliquiae* du jeune et pauvre Read. C'est que Coppée est un maître sans morgue, un artiste sans pose, respectueux de son métier jusqu'à la religion — amoureux de l'harmonie et de la sincérité; ayant souffert et aimant la vie; connaissant les hommes et ne les détestant pas; laborieux et loyal; rêvant les bravos du théâtre et leur préférant le murmure de quelque grève bretonne; retouchant, à l'heure où j'écris, un drame italien que nous donnera l'Odéon bientôt, et tout prêt à s'échapper pour aller à Florence ou à Douarnenez chercher quelque impression d'art ou quelque bain d'oubli dans le vent de mer. Un poète, en

un mot, un vrai poète, qui a su mettre dans sa vie le charme même et la poésie de ses livres. Un des plus heureux d'entre nous, puisqu'il vit dans la réalité de son rêve : l'art, le travail, la lecture et l'affection de ses amis et de celle qui a remplacé sa mère.





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The Life and Times
of
William Harris Crawford
of Georgia



THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF
WILLIAM HARRIS CRAWFORD,
OF GEORGIA.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY CHARLES N. WEST, A. M.,

BEFORE THE

Georgia Historical Society, at Savannah, Ga., May 2, 1892.



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ADDRESS.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society :

ABOUT sixty years ago, could you have strolled into the little court-room in the village of Lexington, near our Georgian Athens, you would have seen presiding as judge a very tall and strongly built man of somewhat more than middle age, but who, upon closer scrutiny, had the appearance of one who had grown older than his actual years. Observing him only very slightly, you would have said to yourself that this judge was apparently far above his bar of lawyers and his court-room company, and, had you known nothing of his history, you would have marveled how it had happened to him in life that such a man as he was should be there upon that bench.

A large, long head, with bold brow, from beneath which a pair of shrewd, kindly gray eyes looked straight at you,—seemingly straight through you—a large nose, firm compressed lips—the firmest lips you ever saw—full round chin, and strong jaw, made up a face too strong and commanding, but for that kindly expression in those bluish gray eyes. And those eyes! What a world of experience and thought

in them and in that characteristic mark between the brows! What firmness of intent and tenacity of purpose in that mouth, and the lower part of the face.

The court over which he presided was the ordinary rural Superior Court-room, that so many of you have often seen. In front of the clerk, a small saw-dust covered space filled with tables, at which sat the little local bar, and some circuit-riding lawyers—big guns from neighboring towns; behind them a crowd of countrymen sitting on rough pine benches, and intent on the proceedings, each with a certain cowlike, cud-chewing movement of face; rustic sheriffs and rustic bailiffs walking around amid bar and juries—hats on for sign of office, and full of self-importance. From his high desk, down upon the scene of petty strife and perpetual small appeal to the weaknesses of the human heart, in jury assembled, looked this man, who would have had no fit place anywhere in that room except upon the judge's seat, and hardly seemed fitly placed there. He was not sixty years of age at the time of which I am speaking, but his life was already lived, and had for him nothing but memories. I think that often as he turned his head from the wearisome crowd, and gazed absently through the dingy little windows, his thoughts must have escaped from that dull environment, and carried him far away into strange scenes, in which he had played no small part with people whose names you may yet find in history.

About 1811, if vagrant curiosity had carried you into the Senate of the United States, or if you had gone there with a mind to hear Mr. James A. Bayard, of Delaware, or old John Gaillard, of South Carolina, you would have seen the same man whom I have described controlling the deliberations of the Senate as its president. There were no marks of age upon his countenance then ; but youth—determination—power.

While Bonaparte, with burning heart, was restlessly pacing the terraces of Elba, if you had been in France and were sufficiently conspicuous to ask presentation to Louis XVIII., our friend of the court-room would have been the proper person there to do this service for you as the American Minister to the Tuilleries ; and no one in Paris could half so well commend you—only a semi-barbarian—to Mme. de Staél as her friend, that man, one of the gayest of diplomats there.

If in 1820 you had been allowed to see the Cabinet of President Monroe in council met, you would perhaps have thought it very stupid. Mr. Monroe was not inspiring ; John C. Calhoun was very stately ; and the satisfying goodness of John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, was always chilling. But a strong, quick step might be heard, and the man of the court would stride in, breezy—alert—towering six feet three ; and forthwith the Cabinet would brighten, and look as if something quite pleasant had befallen each of them, except John Quincy, who would afterwards go home

with black rage and despair tugging at his heart because all men so loved the Secretary of the Treasury, even to the intolerable point of wishing to make him President.

Such were some of the scenes through which the absent thought of the Superior Court judge must have wandered at times. His name was William Harris Crawford, of Georgia. He achieved no great feat in statesmanship. He wrote no page of original thought that is now read, or which in any likelihood has ever been seen by anyone in this room. He lived an active, busy, bustling life, and died, leaving little else than personal memories behind him--memories which have so far passed away that his name now evokes nothing more than a vague recollection that some such man once lived. Yet he was the ablest, greatest man ever in this State; and it will be my task to-night to bring him back to us for a short half hour; to clothe his name with circumstances of fact; and to call back from tradition and the criticisms of friends and foes a trace--only a trace, perhaps--of the powerful personality which once was his, and now is dead almost beyond recall.

Georgia claims Mr. Crawford as her son, and his affection for her affords certainly some color for her claim. She cannot say that she gave him the honors that he received. She cannot even urge in his case the most dubious of all preferences shown by a distinguished child--that of birth upon her soil--a mark of

approval which the person most concerned cannot very well either prevent or confer, but which nevertheless seems to be as highly esteemed by most nationalities as if the wise infant had so decided. But to such honor as may be derived from Crawford's birth Virginia is really entitled; and such is the curious strength of the particular national vanity to which I have just adverted, that this circumstance of his advent in the State of the "Mother of Presidents" had afterwards far more to do with his favor in the eyes of a Congressional caucus than any assistance received from his adopted State.

Mr. Crawford having been born in Amherst County, Virginia, in 1771, in 1779 his family removed to Edgefield County, South Carolina, and in 1783 to Columbia County, Georgia. History records the name of neither his father nor mother, while assuredly the industrious genealogist inquiring of the many reputable people of this State connected by blood or marriage with the Crawford family, would find no mystery in his search for either. They were certainly Scotch people of excellent origin and character. Georgia became their final home, and there, near the banks of what was then the crystal Savannah, they passed the remainder of their toilsome days, and reared a family of six lusty sons of great size, one of them only of great mental stature, and with him solely we have to do.

You can easily fancy the scenes of young Crawford's early life. The Revolutionary War was hardly over

when the family settled in Georgia, and a tide of immigration was pouring south into the lovely country north of Augusta. We may suppose without danger of mistake that the Crawfords were almost pioneers in Columbia County, so far as permanent settlement is concerned; and it is certain that the future statesman's youthful days were passed in the midst of those scenes of rudeness and hardship which are inseparable from the opening of a country by the advance guard. As a lad he followed the plow with his stalwart brothers, but, fortunately for his education, his county was favored by the residence there of an excellent teacher in the person of Dr. Moses Waddel, to whom Crawford first became pupil, and, afterwards, assistant. Subsequently he taught school in Augusta, at the famous old Richmond Academy, until 1799, when, having in the meantime studied law, he was admitted to the bar, and removed to Lexington, in Oglethorpe County, not many miles away from his old home, or from the principal town of that portion of the State. Augusta itself was then scarcely more than a large village—a small straggling town along the river bank—to which the interior farmers, not then very many or very prosperous, but plain, hardworking country folk, laboriously carried their produce in carts, to bring back with them their economical purchases; and the adjoining counties and villages, while rapidly opening up and developing under the tide of life pouring over the Savannah river, resembled in none of the circumstances

of living that cotton belt of Georgia which we have known. Masses of forest stretched westward from the river, broken only by an occasional clearing made by such people as Crawford's family, and crossed by very few and rough roads; until, not far north of the small hamlet to which Crawford had removed, was reached the wild domain still possessed by the Creeks and Cherokees.

An infant before the Revolutionary war—a lad in its hard times—and a young man in the rough settling day of the eastern counties, we cannot suppose that Crawford commenced his career with much of what we now consider personal cultivation. Indeed, uncontradicted tradition attributes to him, during the course of his whole life, a want of refinement,—a disqualification which brings his natural abilities into only sharper outline, when we realize, that, so born and bred, he afterwards became rather a favorite in that foreign capital which esteemed refinement and elegance of manner the highest of virtues, and in which a *faux pas* in etiquette was worse than a crime.

He was not altogether unknown to the people of the State when he commenced to practice law. Not only had he, as a teacher in a very popular school, before the days of moral suasion, established close relations with many of its young men, but he had come before the people in one political matter of the greatest gravity. There was great excitement in Georgia in those days, concerning what is known as the Yazoo

fraud. Georgia had a splendid empire of land westward, even to the Mississippi, upon which greedy eyes had fastened. Eyes from Virginia—eyes from South Carolina—no lack of similar eyes from Georgia herself—all covetous, hungry, wolf-like. Very pliable legislatures to be found, and a Governor Matthews, with honest intentions, perhaps, and undoubted personal bravery, but without sufficient capacity to withstand subtle assaults upon his mind. Now here were admirable opportunities for personal work and artful influences—not unlike development days again in Georgia after 1866. Personal work and influences—no doubt termed energy and enterprise by the owners of the multitudinous greedy eyes—had due effect upon persuadable legislatures and befogged Governor, and the State's empire was shared out liberally, to the great disgust of most Georgians, some of whom—many of whom—we may hope were honest, and many we may be sure were mournful, chiefly because no slice of the loaf had come to them. But honest or covetous, patriotic or revengeful, a fine ferment arose—Georgia in a turmoil. One Senator, James Gunn, backing the owners of the greedy eyes; the other, James Jackson, resigning his seat to hurry home and fight the industrious developers. I think that in these days Jackson would have staid in Washington, and let the other men do the fighting. But home he came, and wrote and talked, and then and thus came on hotter wrath and a new legislature, who undid—as far as new

steps could undo the old—the canny work of the last; and then with solemn procession and formal proclamation consigned to fire—some say to fire drawn from Heaven—the bill and act, which had been the State's visible outcome of the Yazoo fraud. What delight must young Crawford have found in all this fury and ferment over patent bribery and corruptible legislatures. Being young, of course he was on the patriotic side; and while still a school teacher, in the winter of 1795 addressed a petition to the Governor, intended to stiffen up that weak gubernatorial spine and to enlighten that pondering brain against fatal compliance with the wishes of the covetous. But while the petition was fruitless, its writer was not forgotten; for as soon as he came to the bar, and yet unknown as a lawyer, he and Marbury were appointed to digest the laws of this State—a distinction clearly attributable to conspicuousness not derived from his own profession.

A classical scholar, a lawyer, and not disinclined to take a hand in matters political, we need not be surprised to find Crawford in 1802 in the legislature, where he sat until 1806, when, upon the death of Senator George Jones, he was elected Senator of the United States in his place.

In this election Mr. Crawford may be said to have literally fought his way. Duels were of course a common mode of settlement of disputes, and he had the bad fortune to kill one bully by the name of Van Allen, a first cousin of Martin Van Buren; and to be

wounded by another, afterwards governor of this State. To Governor Clark he was subsequently indebted for much distress, for he always remained Crawford's bitter enemy, and the fountain of all sorts of calumnies and murderous assaults on his character. In Crawford's worse contest, while the presidency was trembling in the balance, there came from Georgia a poisonous arrow shot by Clark with intent to kill. There is some satisfaction in recording that although the presidency was not for Crawford, it was not Clark's shaft that brought down the mighty game.

Through easy ways, or rough ways, to the Senate Crawford went. Now here was a real man, given by Georgia to the country—the best man that Georgia ever had—with full complement of qualities for greatness in him, but with little more when the gift was made. Just thirty-four years old—not seven years from his teacher's desk, what political views did he have to commend him in the highest council. Fancy how far off the Capital really was. By land the journey there from Georgia required more time than now to go around the world. No daily paper in the up-country recording the views of political parties: political thinkers not in touch with each other, either to agree or to expose: no crystallization of men or thought, in Georgia, in matters national. Nothing but the obsolete remains of former contests over federalism, become now in most men's minds a mere tradition since the adoption of a Federal Constitution,

however immortal and imperishably true many of the rejected contentions may have been and may yet show themselves to be.

The stock of political views held by Crawford when he went to the Senate, upon such matters as finance, political economy, foreign relations, and naval and war administration, would not to-day suffice for the editorial management of a country weekly. But the big brain was there, and his career shows that he took in and assimilated political knowledge with the rapidity of a perfect mental digestion. Only notice his strides as he walks in ways political, towering among his brother Senators. A tyro in politics—in five years President of the Senate. An infant in foreign affairs—in seven years an excellent Minister to France. A novice in matters of war—in nine years an acceptable Secretary of War. Certainly ignorant of all finance—in ten years a most successful administrator of the Treasury. That present, the rough diamond so given by Georgia to the country was never returned to the keeping of the State until worn out, its brilliancy gone, and nearly useless. Five years only the representative of the State—always after that the nation's man, until he was able to serve the nation no longer. The country saw that it had in him a man beyond most men—of such mind, and nerve, and heart, that he could remain no State's man, but belonged to the largest sphere of work for which men were born; and the nation took him from

the State, and kept him in her service, in this or that high office, and would have made him its chief; and never did he cease to rise, and never did he go back one step in his wonderful career, until his splendid frame gave way.

Doubtless, deep and laborious digging into the records of the Senate in those seven years of his life there will show what Crawford learned to think about many matters. Labor useless enough to us for the purposes of this search for the man; revealing, if we could follow and sum up his utterances, some glimpses perhaps of the great capacity which made him soon acknowledged to be the first among men of his sort: but needless digging in the presence of the great fact of a luminous intelligence always equal to the step before him. In 1812 he was elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate upon the sickness of Vice-President Clinton. English aggression was at that time rampant, as it had been for years; and during those years war was always impending. Between Bonaparte absorbent of the earth, and England combining, cajoling, bribing, persuading, compelling the earth against Bonaparte, what escape was there for the poor little much despised republic? First Citizen Genest almost forced her into arms against France; and afterwards she could not decently evade the issue with France's foe, for which in truth that foe was little to blame. For that war Crawford was not at first in-

clined, but he finally believed it to be an inevitable necessity, and the sooner over the better.

If the traditions handed down in writing by men who knew him and his times well are to be believed, President Madison quickly recognized in him the breadth of mind which rapidly changed Crawford—an uninformed countryman from Georgia—into a statesman, able to understand and deal with the greatest international affairs: and frequently sought, obtained, and relied upon his advice. The probability of the truth of this tradition is enhanced by the fact that in 1813 Madison offered Mr. Crawford the portfolio of War, which for some reason not known to me was declined. Little glory had come to the army out of that war, and little was yet to come until Jackson's victory at New Orleans after the peace was signed; and it may be that Crawford saw in the peculiar features of the army of this country an undertaking against which any man's genius would be feeble and incompetent until the people would be more persuaded to resign individual rights for the public safety. At any rate, he declined and was not responsible for the absurd military failures of the war: but, instead of the office so refused, accepted, in April, 1813, the appointment of Minister to France.

Mr. Crawford arrived at Lorient, France, on July 11, 1813, having crossed the ocean on board the United States brig *Argus*. What were his adventures in eluding British cruisers history does not re-

cord, but to France he got safely, and found it in a momentous year. Napoleon's mistakes, of the sort that caused his ruin, had all been made, and future mistakes scarcely could count against him.

Spain, with its record of failures, blunders, savage coercion, and desperate Saragossa, lay behind him. Burning Moscow, and a forlorn escape of gaunt and starving remnants of a grand army over snowy wastes were of the last year's wretched work. All Europe, except Austria and Saxony, had joined hands against him; and Austria and Saxony counted the days until they could safely turn their coats. Lutzen and Bautzen had been hardly fought, in vain; and the tiger at bay was facing his enemies in armistice before closing in final grapple.

When Crawford arrived in Paris, Austria had not turned against her Corsican son-in-law, and Dresden had not been fought. All France was a great military camp. The conscripts, down to the boys of sixteen years, had gone to lay their bones in German fields. The *Moniteur* was daily resounding the proclamations, appeals and lying bulletins of the great gladiator. France, ever self-deceived, was hopeful still of her emperor's success; proud of his glory, and agonized over her bankruptcy in money and men. Her women were mourning their lost children, and, with hearts almost stilled from fear, awaited the next day's news. They said, "So the cold came and our army perished. And now those who are leaving us are the same as already dead."

Says a charming writer :

" On the 8th of January a large placard was posted on the town hall stating that the emperor would levy, after a *Senatus Consultus*, as they said in those days, in the first place, 150,000 conscripts of 1813; then 100 cohorts of the first call of 1812, who thought they had already escaped; then 100,000 conscripts of from 1809 to 1812, and so on to the end. So that every loophole was closed, and we would have a larger army than before the Russian expedition."

Such was the condition of France, and its desperate mind outside of Paris, while Crawford was journeying from Lorient to Paris, where he arrived on July 15th. But Paris was gay, as Paris has always been gay, except in memorable days not so long ago ; and Crawford, though not for some time officially received by the emperor, and having done those things that American ministers should do, made the most of Paris. Only the records of state departments will show why he was not received at once ; and it affords a curious instance of the absolutely personal government of Bonaparte.

There was practically no ministry of foreign affairs in Paris, the Duke de Bassano, who was permitted to masquerade as foreign minister, being kept by Napoleon at his hand, so that he could know and control every word to foreign powers. He himself had things upon his mind at Dresden and Leipsic of a kind that gave him no time to think of a modest American

minister, and it was November before he hastily got back to Paris and civil affairs, when at last Crawford was pleasantly received.

The records of our own state department show of this reception that, as he had expected, his first interview with the duke took place on the 13th of November, and was followed on the next day by his official reception, which, as he wrote on the 19th, "was intended to be as acceptable to me as it could be made."

Not only did the emperor acquit himself of the common official amenities, but took pains, "after mass," says Crawford, "to be particularly pleasant with the minister plenipotentiary, asking him a number of questions, and praising the manner in which our contention with Great Britain had been conducted, and making flattering mention of the many great men of the United States." And thus the new minister was received into the good graces of the moribund empire, the emperor complimenting the Americans present upon the grand air of their representative.*

Tradition hands down to us for Crawford a great social success in Paris, and books have recorded the fact without circumstances. One patriotic admirer has written that he gained the favor of Parisian society by his open manners and instructive conversation.

Crawford was so apt, and fell in so easily with things around him that we find no difficulty about the open manners; and if we had any reason to think that he

* Parton's Life of Andrew Jackson, p. 345.

spoke French, we might easily credit the instructive conversation. Perhaps he acquired it while he was awaiting the return of the peripatetic ministry of foreign affairs; but I fear that we must suspect that his conquests and friendships, like those of most American ministers, were confined to those persons who spoke his own language. Still they were many in Paris; enough to create a sufficiently large society for the truth, in our eyes, of the statement that he was much liked, even though of "limited learning and unpolished manners," as another quite partial writer* puts it. The fact must be that his gaiety of heart and bonhomie served him in place of that refinement so dearly loved by Frenchmen.

The manners of the better class of Americans never did,—even to later times than those of Crawford,—commend themselves to the thorough Parisian. How that poor Frenchman, the Chevalier de Bacourt, must have suffered in that horrid American contact when he was minister at Washington as late as 1842. He writhes in his agony of spirit, and caps the climax of his miseries by an account of a state dinner of President Tyler, speaking thus of Mr. Webster, the secretary of state :

"The Madeira wine, of which he drank entirely too much, made him, not only amiable in the American sense, but most tenderly affectionate. He took my arms with both hands and said, 'My dear Bacourt,

* Ex-Gov. George R. Gilmer's "Georgians."

I am so glad to see you to-night. More so than I ever felt at any other time. I do not know why. Perhaps I have not been so friendly with you as I ought to have been ; but if you are willing, we will become bosom friends. You will find me a good comrade. Come and see me every day without ceremony. It will give me great pleasure, my dear Bacourt, for really I think you are charming.’’

“ This flattering declaration was made with a drunken stammer, and—shall I dare to say it?—with hiccoughs, which made it very disagreeable to be near this minister of foreign affairs.”

Bacourt was finical and critical, but the fact remains that, while America could justly be proud of its youthful vigor and vitality ; of its growth and pluck ; of its brains and energy, the manners of its politicians were not those in which Parisian society rejoiced. Even Thackeray—who was himself of rough ways, though of gentle heart—even Thackeray, in no wise averse to, or critical of, the American gentleman, cannot forbear a caricature of an American minister to France :

“ So he, the doctor, nodded to the queen of France, but kept his hat on as he faced the French monarch, and did not cease whittling the cane he carried in his hand. ‘ I was waiting for you, sir,’ the king said peevishly, in spite of the alarmed pressure that the queen gave his royal arm. ‘ The business of the republic, sire, must take precedence even of your majesty’s wishes,’ replied Dr. Franklin. ‘ When I was a poor printer’s boy, and ran errands, no lad could be more punct-

ual than poor Ben Franklin; but all other things must yield to the service of the United States of North America. I have done. What would you, sire?' And the intrepid republican eyed the monarch with a serene and easy dignity which made the descendant of St. Louis feel ill at ease."

Satire aside, we have sufficient accounts of American statesmen abroad to let us realize the grain of truth in the picture of American stalwartness.

But it behooves a speaker to this society to be a little tender in his remarks concerning the personal carriage and behavior of American ministers, remembering that we have rejoiced in the possession of four such gentlemen.

As to them we have no authentic accounts, and must have recourse to charitable surmises.

In Crawford's case we know not only what he was, and what he would be likely to have done, but, if time permitted, more than one vivid picture of him in that rôle could be given, betraying the free and easy feeling which always characterized him wherever he was.

To my mind, the period of Crawford's stay in Paris presents itself as the most stirring and interesting time of recent centuries. In the scant two years of his residence there, he saw France driven back across the Rhine, desperately battling with combined and advancing Europe; Napoleon at bay, and no one so wise as even then to say whether he would be finally crushed, or would, by some wonderful stroke of his

immense genius free himself, and defeat combined Europe. He saw sad Fontainbleau ; Napoleon ruined ; abdicating ; made emperor of a little island ; Marie Louise gone, never to see her throne again. He saw Alexander I., Francis of Austria, Frederick William of Prussia, Talleyrand, and all the great powers in congress assembled, deciding the future of Europe. He was there when the creole empress, the type and embodiment of American creole grace and beauty, was dying, sustained, enwrapt and transfigured to the last breath by her love for the merciless man who loved yet deserted her, her fading accents caught by Napoleon's Russian foe, weeping by her bedside. He saw Louis XVIII. restored, with his horde of bankrupt emigrants ; the new reign with its processions and pious expiations. He saw Napoleon's militaires, with their war-worn faces and drooping moustachios wandering through France, homeless, despised and starving. He saw Lafayette and Madam De Stael, and became their intimate friend. He saw all Paris shouting "*Vive le roi*," and the next day crying just as lustily, "*Vive l'empereur.*"

He saw Ney sent out to oppose the invader, and witnessed his return by the emperor's side. He saw the Bourbons again fugitives from the kingdom, and the beginning of the famous Hundred Days ; and these things seen, that foreign life ended for him.

During the Hundred Days he returned to his own country and never went abroad again.

Were not those scenes notable things for the superior court Judge to recall in that little court-room when he would sit, weary of petty business, upon his small judicial throne?

When Crawford came back to the United States Mr. Madison was still the president, and he hastened to offer to the returning minister the same portfolio of war which he had declined in 1816, and which he now accepted. But his tenure of this office was very short; for, by the election of 1816, Mr. Monroe, becoming president, selected Mr. Crawford for his secretary of the treasury, with John Quincy Adams, secretary of state, and John C. Calhoun, secretary of war. Thus in the president's cabinet were three men, each of whom hoped to succeed his chief.

It is difficult to fancy men of more opposite characteristics than the secretary of state and the secretary of the treasury. Adams,—cold, severe, unapproachable, with burning ambition, and fear that his disposition was such as would certainly exclude him.

Crawford,—open, gay: already so much the favorite that he had been a caucus candidate before Monroe's nomination, and was deemed the latter's sure successor.

The Puritan could never understand Crawford's command of men and his hold upon their hearts. To him it seemed mere jugglery, and, as he would gloomily

stand upon the Capitol steps, wrapped in his own morbid fancies, and see Crawford march gaily off with some brother statesman, arm-in-arm, and roaring with laughter over some good story or ridiculous joke, in the blackness of his despair he would murmur to himself that it was "intrigue, all intrigue," and would go home to his closet and record his venom, enforced by pious observations, and religious verses.

They sat together in the same cabinet for eight years, in every hour of which Adams hated Crawford with a measureless hatred,—of which we will see something again.

Residence abroad must have been of great service to Crawford. The change was noticed by his friends at home, one of whom writes that when he returned home his appearance and manners made him the most imposing gentleman ever seen in Georgia. Fancy the appearance of the young country lawyer from upper Georgia when he went to Washington, in 1807; and then picture to yourself the same adaptive man after seven years in the Senate, and two such years as I have mentioned in France, and it may not be difficult to believe in the friend's impression.

A little circumstance shows how completely Crawford suited himself to his environment. During his life in Washington as secretary of the treasury he used a service of silver so handsome that when he went back finally to Georgia it was bought by the government for the White House. His needs may

have required the sale, but that service would, in no event, have gone with him to Georgia. Oglethorpe County was no place for silver services, and Crawford knew too well that amongst those people there was no room for that sort of style, if he had any political hopes, and those hopes he still must have had.

I suppose that when he returned from Paris he was in the best of his life and powers. Only forty-three years of age, with wide experience, his abilities enlarged by varied use, he was fit for the best and hardest work that an American statesman can be called to do; and this was shown by his discharge of the duties of the treasury for eight years. Parton says of him at that time: "His position, in fact, was then so commanding and advantageous that his not reaching the presidency prior was either that he disdained intrigue or was an unskillful politician."*

In the beginning Adams chuckled over the outlook for the secretary of the treasury and even hoped that he would not rise to the difficulties.

"The banks are breaking all over the country," says he, "some in a sneaking and some in an impudent manner. Some with sophisticating evasions, and others with the front of highwaymen. Our greatest evil is the question between debtor and creditor, into which the banks have plunged us deeper than would have been possible without them. The bank debtors are everywhere so numerous and powerful that they

* Parton's Life of Andrew Jackson, p. 345.

control the newspapers throughout the Union, and give the discussion a turn extremely erroneous and prostrate every principle of political economy. Crawford has labors and perils enough before him in the management of the finances for the next three years."

But he did manage those finances with consummate skill and perfect success and surmounted every peril; and his administration of the treasury, commencing in clouds and storms, ended in clear skies and brilliant sunshine.

Seen at this distance the figures that surrounded him in those eight years loom up like far away shores in peaceful profile, and not until you come to read contemporaneous history can you fancy the agitations and intrigues that kept them in restless movement. Parties then had not crystallized around great principles, but personal qualities, personal ambitions, personal ~~followings~~ and personal attacks were the characteristics of the contests for the greatest prize far more than now. Even now, when party is everything, and men are least considered, the eye of the country is constantly attracted by and turned upon the personal behavior of prominent men; sometimes in the political family of the man they seek to supplant. But in 1820 and 1824 party differences were almost dead, and the struggle was between the friends of Clay, Calhoun, Jackson, Adams and Crawford. The friends of each reviled, intrigued against and freely lied about

the others; and it may be said with regret that the principals were not free from taint.

In all this ignoble contention it is with pleasure that we can feel that the Georgian bore himself like a man, and though ever attacked by the small pack who attended the heels of their particular hero, came out with untarnished reputation. Such assaults were usually made in private, from mouth to mouth; seldom through the public prints. But Crawford was so conspicuous and dangerous an enemy that he became an exception.

A man by the name of Ninian Edwards, an Illinois politician of note, an ex-senator, and partisan of Adams, preferred charges against him to the senate, characterizing his administration of the treasury as corrupt.

A special committee was appointed, upon which were Webster, and John Randolph, of Roanoke; and after a thorough examination Crawford was completely exonerated. This incident is labelled in history as the "A. B. plot," and it may give some satisfaction to know that after the verdict was rendered the author of the plot, who had just been appointed governor of a territory, was forced to resign, and disappeared from national public and political life forever.

It has been generally supposed that Mr. Crawford's chief opportunity for the presidency arose in the contest of 1824. But such was not the case. When he returned from France, in 1815, and became secretary

of war in Mr. Madison's cabinet, it lay with him entirely whether he should be president or not.

In 1815 he and Mr. Monroe were rivals for the nomination of the congressional caucus of what was known as the Republican party.

Dr. Jabez Hammond, referring to this contest in his "Political History of New York," and comparing the aspirants, says :

" William H. Crawford was a self-made man. He was possessed of a vigorous intellect, strictly honest and honorable in his political conduct, sternly independent, and of great decision of character. On the other hand, Mr. Monroe, although he had been long in public life, a considerable part of which consisted in the execution of diplomatic agencies, was, speaking of him as a candidate for the presidency, not distinguished for vigor of intellect, or for decision of character, independence of action, or indeed for any extraordinary public services. He made no pretensions to distinction as a writer, or eloquence as a public speaker. He seems to have owed his success in life to great caution, prudence, and deliberation in everything he said or did."

Dr. Hammond was a member of that caucus, and remarks that " When Congress first assembled, as between Crawford and Monroe, I have not a particle of doubt that a majority of the Republican members were for the former. But the caucus was put off from time to time, until the session was considerably advanced, and such was the influence of the administra-

tion on its own friends, or from other causes unknown to me, when the grand caucus was held Mr. Crawford received fifty-four votes and Mr. Monroe sixty-five, who was therefore nominated for president.

"Governor Tompkins was nominated for vice-president. Of the members from New York, I believe that Messrs. Irving, Throop and Birdseye were the only ones who voted for Monroe."

There seems no room to doubt that the election of Mr. Monroe was chiefly due to Mr. Crawford's voluntary postponement of his claims. In effect he declined the nomination in favor of Mr. Monroe, and this procedure, together with the show of strength made by his adherents in the caucus, was supposed to place him before all others in the line of succession.*

I have already alluded to Crawford's bitterest enemy. It is curious to see how hatred for the brilliant statesman had possessed the Puritan's heart. If it had died its natural death—if Mr. Adams had simply disliked the other man as one man may detest another, and then,—successful or failing in ambition,—passed on his way, leaving the bitterness of feeling to fade away from memory as do all emotions of any one man, I would not now speak of this matter. But it was his habit, for good or bad, to keep a diary of his life, in which he freely noted his opinions of his fellow men, with self-gratulation upon his own performances and successes. In those pages his feelings toward Craw-

* Parton's Life of Andrew Jackson.

ford occupy a prominent place, and his son* has seen fit to publish them. You will find them in any large library. They are upon our own shelves, and ten thousand readers know Mr. Crawford by its pages to one in any other way.

Having thus freely given them to the world, I am at liberty to speak of the feeling so freely displayed and published.

Nothing could exceed its intensity. It was the fruit of political jealousy heightened by the constant sight of an attractive rival and morbid introspection.

Says he at one time in his diary, "Crawford was made a candidate against Monroe, and in the legislative caucus nearly outvoted him. He therefore considers himself as the natural successor, and has made all his arrangements accordingly."

And, at another, turning his melancholy thoughts in upon himself, he felt, and said as the opinion of the world, "The result is, that I am a man of reserved, cold, austere and forbidding manners. My political adversaries say a gloomy misanthrope; and my personal enemies an unsocial savage. With a knowledge of the actual defect in my character, I have not the pliability to reform it."

Here was cause enough for hate—which requires neither logic nor reason.

The picture is so forbidding that I would not trouble you with its recorded and published expression but

* Hon. Charles Francis Adams.

for a curious conclusion which the merest justice requires me to notice. The years from 1816 to 1824 were spent in leaving to posterity—intentionally and avowedly to posterity—his dislike of and opinions concerning his great rival. You will find them liberally besprinkling the pages which he bequeathed to his children, and I quote incidentally a few of the extracts here and there found, in which this statesman—afterward president of the United States—made known his opinions in this solemn way to those of his own blood.

I quote his exact language. Says he :

"The important and critical interests of the country are those, the management of which belongs to the department of state. Those incidental to the treasury are in a state which would give an able financier an opportunity to display his talents ; but Crawford has no talents as a financier. He is just and barely equal to the current routine of the business of his office. His talent is intrigue."

And at another time :

"Crawford is not unwilling to see this disagreement between the president and congress fester and inflame. It will all turn to his account."

"Aug. 19, 1820. The delays and hesitation of the president and the connivance of Crawford in regard to these most infamous transactions have forced me to push the subject again and again."

"Crawford's intense passion is unbridled ambition, and he has great address in his conduct, though he has exposed to so many the nakedness of his heart that he cannot be called very profound. His ambition has been inflamed by success far beyond either his services or talents; the former of which are very slight, and the latter much over-rated."

And again:

"Crawford's efforts to screen Mitchell from punishment are marked with desperation. It is impossible he should believe him innocent, but at heart he thinks slave smuggling no crime, and supposes his own political fortune depends upon Mitchell being cleared. The whole transaction is a succession of malpractices to screen Mitchell from punishment."

And again:

"They have been the uniform supporters and champions of the president and his administration against that disguised and insidious but most venomous opposition which Crawford has pursued against it."

And mark you, this remark is made as to the conduct of the secretary of the treasury concerning his own chief's administration.

And again:

"Crawford has been a worm preying upon the vitals of the administration within its own body."

And again :

"The pamphlet has produced an effect unfavorable to Crawford's reputation as a man, and the present state of the treasury does him no credit as a financier."

And again :

"A worthless and desperate man against whom I have been compelled to testify in a court of justice, attempts in the face of his own conscience to save himself from infamy by discrediting my testimony, and finds in Mr. Crawford a ready and willing auxiliary, to support him in this scandalous purpose. Crawford solemnly deposes in a court of justice that which is not true."

He adds a grudging concession to conscience :

"I cannot yet bring myself to believe that it has been by wilful falsehood. . . . Crawford's deposition throughout is marked by a prevaricating spirit of embarrassment."

But enough of such quotations, selected almost at random from many similar. They show with precision what Mr. Adams wished his posterity to believe was—really and truly, and in the privacy of communion with his own heart, and, it may be said from the presence of numerous calls upon his Maker, in communion with his God,—his faith. He wrote it, kept it, and handed it down to posterity without a single word to show that at any time afterwards he had changed

his mind or saw his errors of fact. Summed up briefly, they mean that he said and believed, or tried to believe, that Mr. Crawford was a man of small capacity, without financial ability; in fact, a mere intriguer. That he was treacherous, unfaithful to his chief, and an enemy of the cabinet of which he was a member. That he was false to the government; false to his associates; and false in the mere bearing of testimony. Incapable, a desperate intriguer, treacherous, deceitful and lying. That is what he wished posterity to believe of the man who was his rival. You will find no change in those sentiments down to the 9th day of February, 1825, when this recording angel was elected President of the United States. So far from any change of mind you will find the same venomous pen on the 28th day of December, 1827, while Crawford was presiding over his little court in Georgia, transmitting the same opinion in these words:

"Treachery of the deepest dye is at the bottom of Crawford's character. It was before his palsy, combined with strong mental powers little cultivated and a desperate energy of soul. The whole composition was more like Milton's fallen angels than any man I ever knew, except that Milton made his devils true to each other."

And now what is to be thought of this man, who, while so feeling and so writing, on the 10th day of February, 1825, offered the place of secretary of the treasury, a seat in his own cabinet, and the manage-

ment of the nation's finances to the man whom he has thus recorded in vitriolic phrases as guilty of incapacity, unscrupulousness, base treachery and perjury.

If the rest of the world had thought as Mr. Adams said he did; if Mr. Crawford had been esteemed in the same way by his chief—Mr. Monroe—and by the other public men with whom he was in daily contact, there might be some ground for the theory that in making this offer Mr. Adams yielded to political necessity and was merely weak. But such is not the case. He stands alone among his contemporaries in his views of Mr. Crawford. In his rage and jealousy he wrote feelings and thoughts untrue and unworthy of him. He did himself the injustice to hand down those expressions to his posterity, unchanged by subsequent reflection and a returning sense of justice; and so he has gone forth in print to the world the author of groundless, unqualified, and unretracted libels against an eminent man, whose chief fault was his prospect of success in the great race in which they were entered. But the truth and our opinions of the persons will not change the verdict of future readers of American biography upon the character of the great Georgian.

A man seldom appears to his own generation as he genuinely is. Some know one phase of his character, some another; few the same. As to living men you will hear unlimited differences of opinion from those

who know them best; and only shadowy, distorted reflections of the fact—the real fact of the veritable man—exist in the minds of those who know him only by repute. At hand and all around us are false views, mistaken opinions, narrow prejudices, foolish admirations, and unmerited approvals as to the living men we see, of sufficient mark or vigor to call for a personal judgment upon them. And then when generations have passed, and the acute lines of personality have become dim in the distance, nothing is left except the large acts which make up the figure seen, unless the sketch is filled out and perfected by contemporaneous minute evidence, to which the genuine man falls a helpless victim, or which surrounds him with a nimbus of perfection, as the witness may be an enemy or partisan friend—an Adams or a Boswell.

That minute evidence has been furnished concerning Crawford by Adams. Vouched for by the hand of a pious president of the United States, the offspring of jealous hate will be read and naturally accepted by the American student when the present earnest protest to this little Society will have died away forever, even should that protest by any chance have the good fortune of a single day's recollection. And we may rest assured that, notwithstanding that we are now able to see through those thousands of pages of bitter feeling to the genuine man there pilloried, that man will go down to history not our Crawford—the gay, brilliant, open and wise—but Adams's Crawford; the low, base, incapable, lying intriguer.

Do what we may we can never help it. The enemy has defaced one of God's noblest works for all human time.

Fortunately for Mr. Crawford's vindication at this late day before us—even this small part of a world, too easily fatigued by defensive exposures—he was not the solitary animosity nourished by John Quincy Adams's heart; and the whole of this painful subject and exhibition of the morose infirmity coloring the feeling of this president of the United States may be well summed up by one sentence which he himself has written, and which must always stand out as his unconscious and unreversed verdict upon himself. After Crawford was sleeping the sleep that knows no strife, nor jealousy, no success and no failures, and could trouble him no more, Adams wrote:

"But from the day that I quitted the walls of Harvard, H. G. Otis, Theophilus Parsons, Timothy Pickering, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell, William H. Crawford, John C. Calhoun, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, John Davis, W. B. Giles, and John Randolph, have used up their faculties in base and dirty tricks to thwart my progress in life and destroy my character."

In this conviction we may well leave him and his commentaries upon the great of his day. Some of these men were fairly decent and "indifferent honest." It is most unlikely that they were all his enemies; but if, in fact, they were, I suspect that the world

could not fail to think that they had indeed just cause for their dislike.

In most respects, however, Mr. Crawford's life in Washington was not only successful but exceedingly happy until he was stricken with paralysis, in the early part of 1824. Up to that moment there seems to have been no doubt in the minds of his contemporaries that he would be the next president. He was the favorite of the Republican party, so-called, in Congress, and was the nominee of the congressional caucus. He was opposed by Mr. Clay, General Jackson, Mr. Adams and Mr. Calhoun. It is wonderful to read the intriguing of that day—how they mined and counter-mined; bargained and out-bargained; bought and sold. It is certain that Mr. Crawford would have been elected but for a bargain consummated between the friends of Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, by which Mr. Clay's friends voted for Mr. Adams, who was to make, and did actually make Mr. Clay his secretary of state—a bargain afterwards alluded to by John Randolph, on the floor of the House, as a combination between the “blackleg and the Puritan,” which delicate expression found its event in a ball subsequently shot by Clay through Randolph's coat. While the combination was sufficient to have produced Mr. Crawford's defeat, many people have contended to this day that but for his ill health he would have been

elected. This I have not been able to verify, while it still remains certain that his health was also a sufficient consideration to have excluded him from the race. A very short time afterwards he resigned himself to the inevitable; and from that atmosphere of fierce contention and pestilential intrigue; of busy industry and national thought; of the hopes of friends and the fears of foes, he came back to the quiet and stillness of Georgia rural life, where, in 1827, he was appointed judge of the superior court of the circuit in which his home was situated.

Such a return must have been to him equal to death itself. He was in his prime when stricken; only fifty-two years; the most conspicuous figure of the administration, and full of buoyant life and sanguine and well founded hope. The future had in it for him the highest possibilities attainable in this country. To feel himself stricken down while yet his arm should be strong; to be bound hand and foot; to understand and know that while he was yet alive and might live for many years, the doors to the American political paradise, that for which he would cheerfully have given many years of his life, were closed. That the great future for him was gone must have been agony beyond expression—a veritable sentence of death, worse than death. It would be strange indeed if Crawford realized at once the length and breadth of this decree of living death, and the indications are too clear that realize it he did not. His struggle with

hopeless fate was desperate. While friends watched with anxious eye and daily less of hope, he battled on. He could not bring his mind, or rather his heart, to believe that his vigor had fled forever. He would not retire from the contest; and the love and admiration and devotion of his friends clung to him and abided by him, and exhibited themselves at last in splendid fidelity, by forty-one congressional votes for the poor paralyzed statesman, in the final count for the presidency.

A pathetic account is given by a member of the caucus of the manner in which Mr. Crawford received the news of the action of Congress:

"Three of the warmest of the partisans of Crawford repaired to his residence to announce to him the sudden failure of all his hopes. Mr. Cobb was one of the three, but he dared not witness the shock of his chief's disappointment. The other two, Messrs. Macon and Lowery, went into the room of the ambitious invalid.

"Crawford was calmly reclining in his easy chair, while one of his family read to him from a newspaper. Macon saluted him, and made known the result with delicacy, though with ill-concealed feeling. The invalid statesman gave a look of profound surprise, and remained silent and pensive for many minutes, evidently schooling his mind to a becoming tolerance of the event which had forever thwarted his political elevation.

"He then entered freely into conversation, and commented freely on the circumstances of the election as

though he had never been known as a candidate. He even jested and rallied his friend Cobb, whose excess of feeling had forbidden him to see Crawford until the shock had passed, for he knew that the enfeebled veteran would be shocked.

"The conversation on the part of these friends was not untinged with bitterness and spite, vented against the prominent actors in both the adverse political factions, but more especially against those of the successful party, as being more immediately responsible for the crushing overthrow of their own beloved candidate. Crawford himself refrained from giving utterance to the least exceptional sentiment, and behaved during the remainder of his stay in Washington with a mildness and urbanity befitting one of his exalted station, who had just staked and lost his political fortune."*

But even when the contest was over and he had retired to his plain Georgia home, there is reason to believe that he did not resign himself to the prospect of a terminated career.

Ever and anon the eyes of the great men of the nation were turned towards that modest house in Oglethorpe County, where the judge was living, and people were sent to see him personally, and to report whether he would ever be his old self again; and I do suppose that at times it must have been so that as news would come to him of political changes, and of the varied fortunes in life of his old comrades, the old

* Cobb's Leisure Labors.

statesman's eye would flash, and he would gather himself together as though to rise and go forth again into the fury and fierce turmoil of the personal politics of that day. No doubt his soul yearned for the din and tumult; the attack and defense; the sweet incense of flattery, and even the delights of repellable slander; for the "foul fat furrows of the circus" that

"Splashed and seethed and shrieked."

But that was not to be his good or bad fortune. From 1827 to 1834 he discharged the duties of judge of a circuit with great diligence and fidelity. I doubt if he were a good lawyer, and I strongly suspect that he was a poor judge so far as decisions by the books—in many cases the printed record of former judicial narrowness—are concerned; but with his great mind he made himself the law of his court, and we may not doubt that justice was executed in that circuit as fully, impartially, and intelligently as it would have been by the best book lawyer on the bench. His decisions were most likely not based on precedents, but they made most excellent laws for the people of Oglethorpe County and of his circuit. And then, after ruling his little domain with a firm hand and broad mind for seven years, saying many a wise thing and cracking many a mellow joke, he died, and was buried amongst his own people.

In this hasty narration of Crawford's life I wish that I were able to point to you some great work that he achieved; some lasting memorial that he either made or wrote. But such was not the career or character of the man, nor was it of the men of his times. He and they—and he probably the greatest mind of them all—were not men of that sort of aim or life. Monroe was president, and is now chiefly known by a dogma of American exclusive sovereignty. Clay, Calhoun, Randolph, Webster, and the other great names of that era come down to us immortal by their speeches, and too often by their mistakes. But they accomplished little notable, of good, that remains. They wrote nothing except speeches that transmits them to us in sentence now worth reading. I suppose that had occasion offered—if any great question had been evoked or forced itself upon the country, the master mind that so easily overcame antecedents, and made himself whatever was demanded by the hour, would have conquered the opportunity, and thus have handed himself down to generations of readers of American history. But such were not his times. His was the life of a man of affairs; the doing every day of those things that were to be successfully done in that department of the government to which he was called. There was no creative opportunity; no abiding mark to be made on the tablet of the country's life; and neither time nor inclination served him for thought and study and productiveness in fields out-

side of that which each year absorbed his energies. And thus it was that he died and left no mark behind him; no great work done; no fruits of his splendid mind bequeathed to the world; no wisdom to be accepted; no novel views to be disputed. And that is the pity of it, and would seem to be the pitiful epitaph that should be inscribed upon the memorial tablets of nearly all the statesmen of his day. Jefferson, Madison, and Hamilton stand forth with all their virtues and all their errors, yet constructive, creative, productive; while the rest are dead; useless and unprofitable to this generation, except in the fruition of the official work of their day, and in the constitutional development of the nation evoked from congressional argument and struggle.

Is it not a woeful misfortune to mankind that such should be the outcome and ascertainable result of the life of a creature so splendidly gifted as must have been this man Crawford; so far above, not only his environment, but the mass of all living people; so liberally endowed with all good things that nature could bestow, and yet to go hence leaving no more behind him than a name scarcely rememberable for an even score of years; known only as the possessor of wonderful talents that enabled him to go without falter or stop from the legislature of his rustic State to the highest national honors.

But I turn always from these painful reflections to the picture of Crawford as he must have been, and,

indeed, certainly was, before stricken with paralysis. I see the giant so clearly in the cabinet of Mr. Monroe, the keen bright eyes ever changing from the light aroused by earnest debate on questions of state, to the sparkle of merriment over some ludicrous side. I like best to think of him as he would speak with broadest view of Forsyth's troubles with Spain, or Andrew Jackson ruling with high hand in Florida, or the financial interests of the country. I see him at his best, and I give myself some comfort in so seeing him, when he would infuse his own light heart into the cabinet itself in suggesting to the President, with a sly twinkle of those kindly eyes, about the wording of a public document, which he said should be made, as Governor Telfair instructed his secretary, "a little more mysterious"; or when an appointment to office of an impartial person was under consideration, jesting about a man in Georgia who had two sons with whom he was dissatisfied, and being told that a certain cause in court was to be referred to two indifferent men, said it ought then to be referred to his two sons, for they were "two of the damnedest indifferent men in the State."

To me, this picture of the gay, wise and brilliant statesman is the pleasantest part of the life of Crawford; and thus remembering him we may leave him to his successes and his calamity; to the hopes of his friends and the fears of his enemies, and, I trust that you feel with me, to our love, and sympathy, and admiration.

In Memoriam

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS



PAPERS READ BEFORE

Starr King Fraternity

OAKLAND

September 16, 1892

Annual Meeting of Unitarian Club

SAN FRANCISCO

September 26, 1892



George William Curtis.

Death holds our Curtis now;—no more that pen
From which fell amber drops of honey dew,
No more that spoken word so strong and true,
For sweet refreshment of the sons of men;
Nor tongue, nor pen, shall ever speak again
This side of Heaven; but Fame shall fondly strew
His grave with amaranth, and Love renew
Her passion there to utmost of her ken;
For he was more than Letters' honored child,
And more than lover of the artist race;
His country held him as her noble son,
Who strove to make her parties undefiled,
To lift their feet from out the filth of place,
And set them where real victories might be won.

EDWARD R. TAYLOR.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, CITIZEN.

In the first two years of this last decade of the century we have suffered the loss of the two most eminent Americans of the time.

I use the term most eminent Americans advisedly, as applied to two men, who combined in their own persons the broadest culture, literary genius, oratorical powers, distinguished personal presence, and, above all, a love of humanity as universal and pervading as the race. They possessed all these attributes of a noble manhood.

Their accomplishments made them most welcome to the cultivated people of older lands, and the highest possible recommendation of our Western civilization. Their love of humanity was such that it embraced all men, and placed them in sympathetic touch with mankind everywhere. Yet they were above all else true Americans, proud of their people and its institutions, and willing to give up everything for the common good.

James Russell Lowell and George William Curtis stood for many years as a type of the best American manhood. To think of them makes us proud of our country and its capabilities.

If the highest honor of a country is to produce noble men and women, surely Americans have no reason to be ashamed of the showing made by preceding generations, before the struggle to get money became the all-pervading desire of our people. I sometimes doubt whether our present ideals will produce the men needed to give high character to a nation.

You will hear from others to-night of George William Curtis as a writer, a scholar, a genial critic of manners, but I shall attempt to point a moral by calling attention to his example as a citizen, an American; trusting that our faith and our courage may be increased, as we contemplate a man of great abilities and attainments, who made his duty as a citizen paramount to all considerations of self. It is not probable that he was so different from other men that he did not have faults of character, but the generous mind does not seek for blemishes.

Instinctively we clothe the noble exemplars of what we admire with ideal qualities pertaining to their known characteristics; and the teaching force of these ideals is incalculable. It is a credit to human nature, that it will persistently ignore the faults of good men and make their virtues the salient features of their characters. It is on account of this that the lives of the great and good have such an educating effect upon the young.

When a man so richly endowed as Curtis lives up to the ideals of good citizenship, his life and character

should be held up before our children as an inspiration to the performance of public duty. He did not possess the rugged strength nor the great talents of some of our grandest men, but to those who knew him his character seems almost faultless. I do not refer to his political views as faultless, but to his character as a citizen. It is not necessary that we should agree with his political views. We may be convinced of their unsoundness, but of such men as Lowell and Curtis we ought, as Americans, to be proud, whether we agree with them or not. When we consider their lofty patriotism, their great attainments, we should receive their rebukes and instructions, their words of encouragement and cheer with the modest deference due to their great knowledge and love combined.

The characteristic of Mr. Curtis that has made the most impression on my mind, as showing his good citizenship, was his honesty. I do not now refer to honesty in business, to his giving all his property and then devoting many long years of toil to earn money sufficient to pay off debts which he was under no legal obligation to pay, but to his honesty of conduct in following what he deemed the right in political matters. I repeat, that I do not ask you to agree with Mr. Curtis' political views. Whether he was right or wrong is not now the question for discussion.

The most of you no doubt are Republicans in politics, and look upon Blaine as a second Henry Clay. You also believe that a high protective tariff is the

best possible panacea for a country's ills. But notwithstanding your views, I do ask you to admire the man, who thinking just the opposite, deliberately gave up power, influence, friends, all hope of political preferment and endured a storm of abuse unparalleled in bitterness, because he could not conscientiously support the party candidate, or the party platform. Who of us would have done as much? Do you wonder now that he had the moral strength to surrender his patrimony and give so many years of labor to pay debts not binding on him in law, but which his conscience told him he ought to pay? How many of us would have done as much? Is not such an example of adherence to conviction of right worthy to be held up as a model?

Perhaps it is an indication that I have reached at least the point of middle life, that I look back with so much enthusiasm to the fight against slavery in the midst of which my youth was spent, and to the glorious political party of Lincoln and Seward and Chase and Sumner and Greeley, and a thousand lesser lights. There *were* giants in those days: men of great moral force as well as intellectual power.

The question of slavery was a moral question, and around it centered the political and social forces of the times. Congress, and especially the Senate, was an arena in which was fought the most stirring intellectual battles of our history. Men were sent to the Senate because they were the leaders in thought and

public opinion in their respective States. The speeches of Douglas, Davis, Toombs, Seward, Sumner, Trumbull, Doolittle, were published in the daily newspapers and eagerly read, even by school boys.

Perhaps the Senate of the present time is a worthy successor of what we old and middle-aged people look back to with so much pride, but somehow the Senate of millionaires and corporation attorneys do not interest us much.

Now it was among such men as led the nation in 1860, that Curtis took his place. He had youth, magnificent physique, the highest cultivation that training and foreign travel could bring, moral force, fine manners, true eloquence.

At the great Republican Convention of 1860, where Seward, Chase and Lincoln were the most prominent candidates for nomination, Mr. Curtis was a conspicuous figure, carrying the Convention with him in, probably, the greatest speech of that great occasion.

From that time on he was a power in the land, but always for justice and right, for civil service reform, and, until slavery and the rebellion were put down, for human freedom and the integrity of the Nation.

With manners, the most genial and kindly, there was yet within him the propelling force of an iron will, which once having seen its duty, carried him forward through all obstacles towards the desired end. And this end was always the advancement of the general good.

It is hard to imagine one of his polished manners, and education taking part in ward politics. Yet for many years he was the chairman of the Republican County Committee of his county, and gave to local politics much time and attention. For such a man as he, there was no hope of fame or reward in filling such a position. He wanted no office, but he wanted to do his duty as a citizen. He declined the appointment of Minister to England and to Germany, but because he thought it his duty, labored for years for clean politics in the county of his home.

Oh, that we had a few such men in San Francisco and Oakland! But could they deliver us from the hand of the saloon-keeper and the political boss? Or are we so accustomed to our slavery that we had rather endure the lash applied to our backs by our municipal rulers than give such attention to local matters as would place our city affairs in the hands of honest and efficient men?

Not the least beneficial work for the public performed by Mr. Curtis was the constant urging, in season and out of season, of the creation of an international reservation at Niagara, until success finally crowned the efforts of himself and his coadjutors. Every one visiting that wonderful work of nature now, who knew the place twenty years ago, must bless the memory of a man who never tired in a work he conceived to be for the public good.

But the work to which he devoted most time, zeal and intelligent effort was the work of reforming the civil service. He saw clearly that our present methods placed it in the power of unscrupulous men to control elections and fatten off the tax-payers and the industrious workers.

Given the proposition, that in political matters, to the victors belong the spoils, and what is the inevitable result? At every election there are a large number of offices to be filled, with the accompanying deputyships and clerical force. In addition, and what is still more tempting to the unscrupulous, the public moneys are controlled by the victors at the polls. Now here is inducement to men to make combinations, to give their entire time and attention to such manipulations as will enable them to control the expenditure of the public money and the distribution of the public patronage. But such men would be shorn of their power of combination if they had not the means to reward those who stand in with them by giving them clerkships or other employment at public expense. There is where the blow must be struck. We must take away the power to reward the workers at the polls and the primaries. As it is now, a large body of men in every municipality follow no calling save that of politics. Of course the busy citizens, engrossed with their own affairs, have no time to make combinations to beat these fellows; and if they had the time, they would quickly find that training tells here, as in every other

contest in life, and that these men who make a business of politics and have the assistance of the saloon and its patrons, can get away with the good citizens at the polls.

Here is where the work of Mr. Curtis is destined to be of incalculable benefit to his countrymen. He addressed himself like a knight of old to crushing this monster of political patronage that is sucking the blood from out the body politic.

By voice, by pen, by sarcasm, by genial wit and eloquent denunciation, by appeals to men's reason, judgment and observation, by organizing his followers, by giving them courage and supplying them with arguments, he carried forward a work from which great results were obtained in his lifetime, and which must go on to complete fruition, if a government by the people and for the people is to be maintained in the land. He was the head and front of the movement for reform in the Civil Service, and to him more than to any other dozen men, we are indebted for the system that has come to stay, and which already in the National service lessens the power of the political boss. President Hayes offered him any foreign mission that he would select, but he felt that his work was at home, fighting for pure politics.

Defeat in his cherished schemes for the public came to him often. Vituperation and abuse were poured out on him without stint; friends deserted him in crowds, yet he kept on in the even tenor of his way.

knowing that only by strenuous effort and through many defeats the truth is finally brought home to men's minds and consciences.

The noble and oft quoted lines of Lowell apply peculiarly to Curtis and his defeats :

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the Great Unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

Let us take courage as we contemplate the character of this man of many labors, who never became disengaged by defeat or abuse, or want of appreciation, but who, having decided that the line of his duty called him to work for the public good, steadfastly pursued his course to the end.

Let us hold him up as an example of true American manhood, as an instance of what a man may do whose objects in life are unselfish, and whose zeal as a citizen never abated.

Let us honor ourselves by honoring the memory of him who has left us and passed into the unknown, trusting that we, too, each in his own sphere, may when the great summons comes, have added something to the improvement and to the happiness of mankind.

WARREN OLNEY.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, EDITOR.

It is difficult to make a separate estimate of this eminent citizen as an Editor, because he was an all-round man. His several offices blended with a fine harmony. We think of him as an author of some of the most charming books of his day. We remember him as one of the best platform orators of his time. Only three others were his equals. These were Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips and Thomas Starr King. In the grace of culture, the art of statement, he had no superior among all the men who addressed popular audiences on literary occasions.

We think of him, too, as the reformer whose invective was all the more effective because his weapons were so polished that the head seemed to fall before one could see what hand had dealt the master stroke.

Then, lastly, we think of him as the scholar in politics. It was in that character that he was before the public for a third of a century or more. In that relation he did vastly more to influence public opinion than in any other. In short, he brought literature, scholarship, the grace of all his culture, finally to the one office of addressing the public through the Press. It is impossible to measure the influence of the man in this relation.

His weekly readers must have ranged from a quarter of a million to half a million. And there was such an investment of grace, such force, such a fine temper, and such incisiveness that all the pages his hand had traced seemed to have a special illumination. He had uttered the best things for the time. He knew the height and depth, the length and the breadth of all the questions he touched. He was for some years the only scholar in politics who had greatly influenced public opinion in his editorial position.

Going now, the last of his class has disappeared. Bryant went years before him. Longfellow, Emerson, Dana, Hawthorne, and Whittier had in some good degree wrought as reformers. They had touched the great questions of the day at many points, but never at so many angles nor so effectively as did this man.

When Lowell departed, Curtis stood alone. There was not another man who did, in any large sense, represent the scholar in politics. And the very fact that he stood alone, increases our sense of the loss. He was the solitary man at the opposite pole from all the vulgar mob, the cowardly, gross, and bullying men who have crowded into the ranks of political editors. He was not of them, and that very fact made him a target for their butts and sneers. He was hated as a reformer, as all men have been who have sought to lead humanity up to a higher plane of life. We still stone the prophets, and afterwards garnish their tombs.

Not only was the scholar in politics, but all the while he kept untarnished a pure and knightly soul. This very elevation of character was a cause of offense with many who were conscious that there was a gulf between him and them.

The Athenians who bought and sold political favors, were tired of hearing about Aristides the Just. The corrupt politicians of our day did not like to be reminded that this man was just, that he was so loyal to principle, that he was ready to give up fame, fortune, party and friends for it.

How finely has Lowell put the case for his friend:

Had letters kept you, every wreath were yours;
Had the world tempted, all its chariot doors
Had swung on flattened hinges to admit
Such high-bred manners, such good-natured wit;
At Courts, in Senates, who so fit to serve?
And both invited, but you would not swerve,
All meaner prizes waiving, that you might
In civic duty spend your heat and light,
Unpaid, untrammelled, with a sweet disdain,
Refusing posts men grovel to attain.

• • •
The clear sweet singer, with the crown of snow,
Not whiter than the thoughts that housed below !

And so amid all the turmoil, the coarse revilings, the mean questioning of motives, this man was walking with garments unspotted, a clean white soul, uttering his message and waiting for the harvest.

There was also the noble quality of self-abnegation. Like Edward Everett Hale, a kindred spirit, he chose to render the public a multifarious service, rather than to win fame by some single monumental work. For

those who serve humanity by touching it at all the points of sorest need, there is ever a providence that takes care of human fame. It takes on an imperishable quality.

Oh, for more of this scholarship in our day, with the nerve and the brawn to face the jibing majority! For men of letters not given to soft ways, having the serene courage to look out on the angry mob, shaming it to better ways by noble example and the voice of an inspired leadership!

“They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.”

In the beautiful Unitarian church in Oakland, they have set up the emblem of the Sower. But has any other man in this country, connected with the press, in the last half century, gone forth to sow with such high endeavor, such lofty aims, or with nobler results? It is only the man of courage, touched with a great inspiration, who can turn his back on party and friends in support of a great principle. For such a man God is always a majority.

This ideal editor needed no machinery. He was greater than party. If one did not represent him, he went to another. If that failed, he stood alone, greater in this seeming isolation than if all the popular currents had been turned in his favor.

It is given at long intervals to here and there one to formulate a principle that slowly works out a great revolution. Mr. Curtis, in his capacity as editor,

as much as in any official capacity, formulated the principle of civil service. It was an old principle set in a new light. It incited the hate of every corrupt politician, and of all the brutal and half educated men, who as partisan editors, were fattening on party spoils.

The principles he enunciated ran counter to party and all those personal ambitions for which a mere politician lives. Standing the foremost citizen as a leader in civil service reform, he was also the foremost citizen for all the shafts of detraction. Nothing better can be said than Lowell uttered on that point:

Knowing what all experience serves to show,
No mud can soil us but the mud we throw.
You have heard harsher voices and more loud,
As all must, not sworn liegemen of the crowd,
And far aloof your silent mind could keep,
As when in heavens with winter-midnight deep,
The perfect moon hangs thoughtful, nor can know
What hounds her lucent calm drives mad below.

The poise of his own character was fitly expressed in words which Curtis uttered of Lowell only a few months ago: "The price of liberty is not eternal cringing to party, but eternal fidelity to our own minds and consciences. . . . The hope of free institutions lies in character, in educated intelligence, in self-reliance, in quality, not in quantity."

Much of his editorial service took the form of the essay, especially in his work for Harper's Magazine, which was continued through a period of nearly forty years. Whatever was best in the style of Steele, and

Addison and Thackeray, he not only illustrated in these brief essays, but he added a richness and power of language which made him in this sense the superior of them all.

It was in the weekly paper that his supreme work was accomplished. He summoned all his intellectual force to lift the great questions of the day above partisan heats. He broadened the horizon and enlarged the value of American citizenship. The scholar, the gentleman, the knightly Christian, the reformer, the writer of the purest English, magnified and exalted the editorial office beyond that of any of his countrymen, living or dead.

One sentence in the tribute which Curtis rendered to Lowell, now is applicable with equal force to this dead editor:

“ Intellectual excellence, noble character, public probity, lofty ideals of art, literature, honest politics, righteous laws, conscientious public spirit, social justice, the stern, self-criticising patriotism which fosters only what is worthy of an enlightened people, not what is unworthy,—such qualities and achievements, and such alone, measure the greatness of a State; and those who illustrate them are great citizens. They are the men whose lives are a glorious service and whose memories are a benediction.”

The man who illustrated this high citizenship in his editorial office was royally enthroned. The more so that, in the same spirit, he sometimes entered the pulpit to speak of things seen, unseen and eternal.

From such heights were not the mountains for him at his going tipped with gold; and the Eternal Gates ajar for his fellowship with immortals?

WM. C. BARTLETT.

Ernst Curtius

Gedächtnisrede

gehalten bei der von der Berliner Studentenschaft am
26. Juli 1896 veranstalteten Trauerfeier

von

Reinhard Kekule von Stradonitz



BERLIN
W. SPEMANN

1896



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Commilitonen! Hochansehnliche Versammlung!

Vor wenigen Wochen haben Sie eine Gedächtnisfeier für Heinrich von Treitschke veranstaltet. Heute sind wir versammelt, um das Andenken von Ernst Curtius zu ehren. So bald ist dem Geschichtsschreiber des deutschen Volks der Geschichtsschreiber der Hellenen im Tode nachgefolgt, der milde abgeklärte Greis, der nach keinem neuen Kranze mehr rang, dem kampfesmutigen jüngeren Freunde und Genossen. Heinrich von Treitschke wollte nicht glauben, dass Gott ihn abberufen könne, ehe er seine deutsche Geschichte zu Ende geführt habe. Ernst Curtius hat wenige Tage vor seinem Tode die letzten Sätze seiner Geschichte von Olympia geschrieben, die er als den Abschluss seines Lebenswerkes betrachtete. Wir klagen in wehmütiger Trauer, dass diese vornehme, edle und grosse Persönlichkeit uns genommen ist. Aber wir dürfen sein Leben glücklich preisen, wie er es selbst glücklich gepriesen hat. Die Erfahrung des Schmerzes, ohne die sich kein menschliches Leben vollendet, ist auch Curtius nicht erspart geblieben. Aber seine irdische Laufbahn war eine ununterbrochene Kette von beglückenden inneren und äusseren Erfolgen, die er, fromm und bescheiden, voll freudigen Dankes, als eine göttliche Fürsorge und Führung an sich erlebt und empfunden hat.

In der alten Hansastadt Lübeck, deren abgeschlossene Stille durch den Glanz einer grossen geschichtlichen Vergangenheit Bedeutung erhielt, unter dem Schatten der ehrwürdigen und schönen Marienkirche ist er aufgewachsen, als Kind einer Familie, in der einfache Frömmigkeit, vaterländische Gesinnung, geistige Regsamkeit und Arbeit selbstverständlich waren.

Wie sein um fünf Jahre jüngerer Bruder Georg, von dem Vater und von trefflichen Lehrern in der Neigung zu den classischen Studien früh bestärkt und gefördert, ist er schon als Schüler durch Johannes Classen mit Niebuhrs Leben und Ansichten bekannt geworden. Die Studienjahre führten ihn zuerst nach Bonn, dann nach Göttingen und Berlin. Aber noch ehe er diese Studien äusserlich abgeschlossen hatte, vollzog sich die Wendung, die für sein ganzes Leben entscheidend war.

Sein Bonner Lehrer, Professor Brandis, hatte sich dazu bestimmen lassen, nach Athen überzusiedeln, um dem jungen König Otto wissenschaftliche Vorträge zu halten. Er forderte seinerseits Curtius auf, ihn nach Athen zu begleiten und den Unterricht seiner Söhne zu übernehmen.

So ist Curtius im Frühjahr 1837, 22jährig, nach Athen gewandert und hat mehr als vier Jahre der empfänglichsten Jugendzeit in Griechenland verbracht. Diese Jahre waren um so reicher und glücklicher, seit er im Mai 1838 seinen beliebtesten Jugendfreund Emanuel Geibel im Piräus abholen und zu dauerndem Aufenthalt in Athen einführen konnte. Auch Geibel hatte eine Hauslehrerstelle in Athen angenommen. Jeden freien Abend und jeden freien Tag verbrachten die beiden Freunde gemeinsam, und so gefesselt fühlten sie sich beide von der Zauberkraft des griechischen Bodens, dass sie ihn noch nicht verliessen, auch nachdem die Verhältnisse sich lösten, die sie zunächst nach Athen geführt hatten.

Beide, Geibel wie Curtius, waren zugleich Dichter und Philologen. Bei dem einen hat die Dichtkunst, bei dem andern die Philologie den Sieg davongetragen. Von der damaligen Gemeinsamkeit des Lebens, der Wanderungen, der Studien hat Curtius ein lebhaftes Bild gegeben in den von warmer Liebe getragenen Erinnerungen an Emanuel Geibel. «Geibels Natur — so erzählt er — war nicht darauf angelegt, dass er die Altertümer des Landes zum Gegenstande eines eingehenden Studiums machte. Es war der Gesamteindruck des südlichen Landes, der auf sein Gemüt wirkte, die Freude an ihrer keinem Banne des Winters erliegenden Naturkraft, das Interesse für das rege Leben eines geistig hochbegabten Volks und seine Sagen; vor allem aber wichtig war es ihm, dass das klassische Altertum ihm hier lebendiger als je vor die Seele trat, und dass er unter dem Himmel von Athen einen neuen Antrieb fühlte, sich in die attischen Dichter ganz hineinzuleben. In diesem Bestreben fanden wir uns durchaus, und was wir als Gymnasiasten auf den Wällen der Vaterstadt begonnen, erneuteten wir jetzt auf gemeinsamen Spaziergängen, sei es an den stillen Abhängen des Ilissus, wo Sokrates die Einsamkeit suchte, sei es im Oelwald und am Rand des Kolonos oder auf den abgelegenen Höhen der alten Felsenstadt, welche den Ausblick auf Aigina gewähren. Wir beschäftigten uns mit den Worten der Dichter, gemeinsam bestrebt, ihnen ihr Innerstes abzulauschen und dafür den deutschen Ausdruck zu finden. Abends schrieben wir die Zeilen nieder und fanden in dieser Arbeit liebevoller Nachdichtung einen unerschöpflichen Reiz.»

Die Krone der gemeinsamen Wanderungen war die sommerliche Fahrt nach Paros und Naxos, für Curtius zugleich eine plötzliche Offenbarung der Bedeutung des Insel-besäten griechischen Meeres, das die kleinasiatische Küste mit dem griechischen

Festland verbindet, — eine Offenbarung, die künftig den festen Grund für seine Auffassung der griechischen Geschichte darbieten sollte. Wie stark der Eindruck dieser Inselfahrt war, lehren noch die Jahrzehnte später niedergeschriebenen Blätter über Geibel. Mächtiger klingt er wieder in dem aus naher Erinnerung gehaltenen Vortrag über Naxos, der die Zuhörer durch seine glühende Begeisterung mit sich reissen musste. Man höre nur die prachtvolle Schilderung:

Die priesterlichen Sagen des ägäischen Meeres meldeten von jener langen Regennacht, die einst alles Inselland im Wasser begraben habe, wie vom östlichen bis zum westlichen Strand einst ein breites, wüstes, hafenloses Meer geflutet habe. «Aber die Fluten sanken; empor stiegen die Töchter des Meers, Delos als die erstgeborene, die nach altem Dichterworte zitternd vor Bangigkeit unter den Wellen verborgen lag; dann hoben die andern Schwestern nach einander die Häupter empor; da wurde auch die schönste Gruppe frei, das Inselpaar Naxos und Paros, beide so eng unter sich verbunden, dass man sie mit dem einen Namen Paronaxia umfasst. Paros' edle schlanke Formen scheinen schon aus der Ferne den köstlichen Inhalt seiner Berge zu bezeugen. Welch eine Welt von Tempeln und Bildwerken ist aus ihrem Schoosse hervorgegangen, und heute noch glänzen ihre unterirdischen Höhlengänge bei Fackellicht wie die Festsäle eines weit verzweigten Feenpalastes; Paros ist reich an Quellen und geräumigen Häfen. Naxos ist die grösitere und mächtigere Nachbarin; nach allen Seiten abgerundet, ohne tiefere Einschnitte, steigt sie in massenhafter Erhebung aus dem Meere und hebt ihren breiten Gipfelberg stolz über alle Cykladen. Durch Umfang und Festigkeit zum Haupte der Schwesterninseln bestimmt, ist sie durch mannigfaltigen Segen der Natur nicht minder ausgezeichnet. Klein-

Sicilien hiess sie bei den Alten wegen der Fülle an Korn, Wein und Oel; auch heute noch ist Naxos ein Paradies im Vergleiche mit den umliegenden Inseln. Seine Gärten blühen in morgenländischer Pracht, voll von Cedern, Granatbäumen, Mandeln, Orangen und allen edlen Früchten, welche die Naxioten bei Südwind brechen, in ihre Schiffe laden und in rascher Fahrt nach Constantinopel bringen, um der Reichen Tische damit zu schmücken. Immergrün sind die edlen Waldungen, die der Herbst mit mildem Regen anfrischt, und ehe man des Winters gewahr wird, verkünden die Orangendüfte, welche die Luft erfüllen, und die bunten Anemonen, die den Boden färben, dass der Frühling wieder da sei, und die Bienen schwärmen wieder um die mit duftigen Kräutern dicht bewachsenen Höhen.» Und triumphirend schliesst diese entzückte Beschreibung: «Auf dem über 3000 Fuss hohen Berge Zia in der Mitte von Naxos sieht man zweiundzwanzig Inseln zu Füssen liegen und in der östlichen Ferne die Bergmassen Asiens in blassen Linien aufsteigen.»

Aus den Erzählungen der fränkischen Familien auf Naxos entnahm Geibel die Anregung zu seinem Gedicht «Die Blutrache», und auch Curtius brachte, wie stets, zwischen seiner Suche nach Inschriften der Muse sein Opfer dar. Das Geschick eines Abkömmlings der alten italienischen Familie Coronello, die einst das Herzogtum Naxos beherrschend nun bettelnd darbte, gab ihm den Stoff zu einem empfindungsvollen Klagelied, und den Abschied von dem geliebten Naxos besang er in einem Sonett, das er noch im Alter vor vertrauten Freunden nicht ungern anführte:

Leb' wohl mein Naxos! Sieh, es schwelt gelinde
Das Segel sich und führet mich von hinten;
Noch seh' ich drüben deine weissen Zinnen
Und gebe diesen letzten Gruss dem Winde:

Hab' Dank für jede Lust! Gleich einem Kinde,
Dem leicht und ohne Harm die Stunden rinnen,
Hab' ich bei dir gelebt, und dies gewinnen —
Es ist des Glückes schönstes Angebinde.

Wann werden wieder zu so holdem Frieden
Zu Lust und Lied mich duft'ge Gärten laden,
In welchen glüht die Frucht der Hesperiden?

O, blühe stille Wohnung der Najaden
Und bleibe gern vom lauten Markt geschieden,
Dir selbst genug, die schönste der Cykladen!

Im Sommer 1840 erfüllte sich für Curtius eine schöne Hoffnung, die sich bald in bitteres Leid verwandeln sollte. Sein geliebter und bewunderter Lehrer Otfried Müller kam nach Athen. Sie wollten das Land gemeinsam durchwandern. Die Reise im Peloponnes gelang überaus glücklich. In Delphi, unter den heissen Strahlen der Julisonne erkrankte der rastlose Forscher; am 1. August standen Curtius und Schöll an seinem Todtentbette. Und wenn irgend etwas den unverteilbaren Eindruck, den Otfried Müllers Persönlichkeit und dessen wissenschaftliche Ideale in Curtius' Seele einprägten, noch verstärken konnte, so war es dieses Erlebnis eines grausamen vorzeitigen Todes. Es war der tragische Abschluss des langen Aufenthaltes in Griechenland.

Im December 1841 erwarb sich Curtius den Doctorhut in Halle — es versteht sich fast von selbst, dass er dies that auf Grund einer Abhandlung über eine Frage der attischen Topographie; er dachte sich in Halle zu habilitieren, aber Meineke zog ihn an das Joachimsthal'sche Gymnasium. Noch als Lehrer dieses Gymnasiums hielt er am 10. Februar 1844 im wissenschaftlichen Verein einen Vortrag, der die zweite entscheidende Wendung in Curtius' Leben bezeichnet — wie noch einmal,

8 Jahre später, ein solcher Vortrag, der über Olympia, für Curtius selbst und für die Geschichte der Wissenschaft bedeutsam wurde.

Der Vortrag am 10. Februar 1844 hatte die Akropolis von Athen zum Gegenstand. Aus frischer eigener Anschauung, mit plastischer Kraft, mit feurigem Schwung schilderte der jugendliche Redner die Lage Athens und seiner Burg, ihre Bauten und Statuen, ihre Schicksale, ihre Zerstörung in alter und neuer Zeit. Unter den Zuhörern befand sich die Enkelin Karl Augusts von Weimar, die Gemahlin des grossen Kaisers Wilhelm, damals Prinzessin von Preussen. An diesem Abend hatte sie den Erzieher gefunden, den sie für ihren Sohn, den damals 12 jährigen Kaiser Friedrich suchte, dessen Andenken in unser aller Herzen unauslöschlich eingegraben ist.

Curtius' Vaterstadt Lübeck hatte unter der Fremdherrschaft der Franzosen schwer gelitten; sein Vater war von dem corsischen Imperator geächtet worden. Curtius selbst war 1814 geboren; in seine Kindheit und Jugend verwoben sich die frischen Erinnerungen der Befreiungskämpfe. Eigener politischer Thätigkeit wie jeder Missachtung fremder Völker abgeneigt, war er ein feuriger Patriot, unerschüttert im Glauben an Deutschlands grosse Zukunft und Preussens deutschen Beruf. Wir können uns denken, mit welch flammender Begeisterung er sich der Aufgabe hingab, dem Erben des preussischen Thrones alle Elemente der edelsten Geistesbildung zuzuführen — in heiligem Ernste, aber ohne jede Pedanterei. Diese Hingebung brachte reichen Segen. Der Erfolg des Unterrichts war der glücklichste, der so hoch geborene Schüler, wie seine Schwester, die jetzige Frau Grossherzogin von Baden, dem treuen Lehrer besonders herzlich zugethan, die erlauchten Eltern voll Dank und Vertrauen. Sie waren und blieben unerschöpflich in der Erfindung immer neuer Formen, um ihre Zuneigung zartsinnig und freundlich auszusprechen.

Als der Prinz von Preussen, der unter dem was er 1848 erleben musste schwer litt, das Weihnachtsfest im friedlichen Kreise der Seinen feierte, begrüsste ihn sein künftiger Erbe, der 17jährige Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm mit einem ernsten Gedicht, das Curtius für diesen Zweck verfasst hatte. Es ermahnte, nicht der erfahrenen Treulosigkeit zu gedenken, sondern der Treue, des alten Ruhmes, der hohen Zukunft. Die Schlussstrophen lauteten:

Zur Ernte reif sind der Geschichte Saaten,
Die Eure Ahnen in dies Land gesenkt,
Und neue Bahnen winken Euren Thaten;
So habt nicht Ihr — so hat es Gott gelenkt.

Wir seh'n auf Euch mit frohem Angesichte,
Verbannet sei, was Angst und Zweifel schuf.
O, horchet auf! Es ruft die Weltgeschichte,
Und Hohenzollern höret ihren Ruf.

Es bedarf nichts anderes, um zu zeigen, wie nahe Curtius seinen kaiserlichen Herren stand.

Eine so enge Gemeinschaft konnte sich nicht lösen, auch nachdem die zunächst gestellte Aufgabe erfüllt war. Curtius führte den Prinzen Friedrich Wilhelm noch in die rheinische Universität ein. Dann widmete er sich wieder ausschliesslich seiner Lehrthätigkeit an der Universität Berlin und seinen Forschungen. 1856 wurde er nach Göttingen auf den Lehrstuhl seines Lehrers Otfried Müller berufen. 1868 kehrte er nach Berlin zurück als Professor an der Universität und zugleich Director an den Königlichen Museen. Von nun an blieb Berlin die Heimat, in der und von der aus er seine umfassende und grosse Wirksamkeit ausübte, in seinen Vorlesungen als begeisterter unermüdlicher Lehrer, aber auch in jedem anderen Zweige seiner

Thätigkeit, als Beamter am Museum, als Forscher in jeder wissenschaftlichen Untersuchung die er vornahm, stets und überall mit seinem ganzen vollen Herzen beteiligt.

Die Früchte der in Griechenland begonnenen Studien waren rasch gereift. Schon 1851 erschien der erste Band seines Werkes über den Peloponnes, das ihm mit einem Schlage die bewundernde Anerkennung aller Fachgenossen sicherte, 1857 zum ersten male der erste Band der griechischen Geschichte, die seinen Namen weit über die gelehrten Kreise hinaus bei allen Gebildeten bekannt machte.

Aber Curtius konnte bei der Arbeit am Schreibtisch, in den Bibliotheken, in den Museen allein sein Genügen nicht finden. Er wusste, welche Schätze classischer Kunst, welche Denkmale alter Geschichte unter dem Boden Griechenlands ruhend ihrer Auferstehung harrten!

Den berühmten Vortrag über Olympia, dem eine grosse und auserlesene Zuhörerschaft aus allen Kreisen lauschte, hielt Curtius am 10. Januar 1852.

Er sprach von den athletischen Wettkämpfen als Teilen der griechischen Götterfeste; er erzählte von der Geschichte Olympias und seiner Bedeutung für die Gesammtheit des weit zerstreuten Griechenvolkes; er schilderte die Bauten und Heiligtümer, den Zeustempel mit seinem reichen statuarischen Schmuck, die glänzenden Siegesdenkmäler und Weihgeschenke, die Zerstörung und Verschüttung, und er fuhr fort:

»Der Verfall des Heiligtums ist durch den Alpheios beschleunigt worden. Denn seit er nicht mehr durch Dämme gebändigt wird, hat er bei jedem Hochwasser seine Flut über den Boden der Altis gewälzt und die wankenden Säulen umgerissen. Aber er hat nicht nur zerstört, er ist auch im Mittelalter ein treuer Altishüter geblieben, er hat die niedergeworfenen

Schätze der alten Kunst unter seiner Schlammdecke versteckt und an alter Stelle aufbewahrt. Darum hat der erwachte Sinn für griechische Kunst, darum hat Winckelmann vor Allen sich mit Recht gesehnt, diese Decke zu lüften. Sechzig Jahre nach seinem Tode war es die wissenschaftliche Commission des französischen Befreiungsheeres, welche seinen Gedanken ausführte. Zwei Gräben wurden an den schmalen Seiten des Zeustempels gezogen und in kürzester Zeit grub man aus der Tiefe eine Reihe von Bildwerken; es waren die Zwölfkämpfe des Herakles, wie sie Pausanias beschrieben hat. Ehe man noch den ganzen Tempel vom Schutt gesäubert hatte, wurden plötzlich alle Grabungen eingestellt; man hörte auf zu suchen, ehe man zu finden aufgehört hatte. Von neuem wälzt der Alpheios Kies und Schlamm über den heiligen Boden der Kunst und wir fragen mit gesteigertem Verlangen: wann wird sein Schooss wieder geöffnet werden, um die Werke der Alten an das Licht des Tags zu fördern? Was dort in der dunkeln Tiefe liegt, ist Leben von unserm Leben. Wenn auch andere Gottesboten in die Welt ausgezogen sind und einen höheren Frieden verkündet haben, als die olympische Waffenruhe, so bleibt doch auch für uns Olympia ein heiliger Boden und wir sollen in unsere, von reinerem Lichte erleuchtete Welt herübernehmen den Schwung der Begeisterung, die aufopfernde Vaterlandsliebe, die Weihe der Kunst und die Kraft der alle Mühsale des Lebens überdauernden Freude.«

Diese Mahnung machte den tiefsten Eindruck auf alle Zuhörer, auch auf König Friedrich Wilhelm IV. Aber noch war die Zeit nicht gekommen, dass sich Preussen und Deutschland an dem Wettkampf der Nationen um die Wiederaufdeckung des griechischen Altertums beteiligen konnten.

Curtius ist nicht müde geworden, seine Mahnung zu

wiederholen. Immer wieder wies er darauf hin, dass die Fortschritte der Altertumswissenschaft abhängig sind von den Forschungen und Entdeckungen an den Stätten der alten Cultur selbst. Von den wichtigsten Plätzen alter Geschichte seien nur wenige genau bekannt, geschweige denn ausgebeutet; selbst für die Umgebung Athens entbehrten wir noch einer genügenden Aufnahme.

«Die Zeit ist kostbar — so rief er aus —, denn die Zerstörung der edelsten Ueberreste schreitet unaufhaltsam fort, und die in immer grösserer Fülle zu Tage kommenden Altertümer werden in Folge der Gesetze des griechischen Königreichs, die jede Ausfuhr verpönen, versteckt gehalten, unter der Hand verhandelt und heimlich in alle Welt zerstreut. Da kann nicht durch einzelne Reisen, sondern nur durch eine ununterbrochene Thätigkeit geholfen werden, welche nach einem festen Plane die Aufnahme aller für die Geschichte und Kunst wichtigeren Plätze des classischen Bodens, die noch mangelhaft bekannt sind, allmählich fortschreitend ins Werk setzt und dabei an den bedeutendsten Stellen durch Nachgrabungen unterstützt wird; ferner durch die Errichtung einer wissenschaftlichen Station, welche, wie in Rom, so auch in dem für Kunstforschung jetzt so unendlich wichtigeren Athen den ganzen Kunsthandel überwacht, alle Entdeckungen genau registriert und so allmählich das Material sammelt, welches zu einer umfassenden Kenntnis der attischen Kunst unentbehrlich ist. Athen ist zugleich die richtige Warte für den Orient, so weit derselbe ein Schauplatz hellenischer Cultur gewesen ist.»

Jeder Fortschritt in der Festigung Preussens und Deutschlands war zugleich ein Schritt vorwärts zur Erreichung der von Curtius ausgesprochenen idealen Forderungen der Wissenschaft.

Nachdem der Prinz von Preussen die Regentschaft über-

nommen, erfolgte die Entsendung von Curtius, Strack und Bötticher nach Athen, zu Studien über die Topographie und die Denkmäler. Am 2. März 1871, am Tage nach dem Abschluss des grossen Kriegs, hat Kaiser Wilhelm I. die Anerkennung des archäologischen Instituts in Rom als preussische Staatsanstalt vollzogen. Im Herbste desselben Jahres machte Curtius gemeinsam mit einigen wissenschaftlichen Freunden eine Recognoscirungsreise in Kleinasien, welcher Kaiser Wilhelm einen Generalstabs-Offizier zur Anfertigung genauer Terrainaufnahmen beigegeben hatte. Am 16. Mai 1874 wurde das archäologische Institut in eine Reichsanstalt verwandelt und gleichzeitig die Zweiganstalt in Athen gegründet, die schon im Herbst desselben Jahres eröffnet werden konnte. Zu gleicher Zeit wurde die grosse Unternehmung der Ausgrabung von Olympia ins Werk gesetzt. Wie dies geschah, das hat Curtius selbst bei der Feier seines achtzigsten Geburtstages in kurzen, schwerwiegenden Sätzen zusammengefasst: «Als nach dem blutigen Völkerkampfe der edle Wunsch sich regte, nun auch ein echtes Friedenswerk in Angriff zu nehmen, da erwachte in dem Kronprinzen der Eindruck eines Vortrages über Olympia. Der Träger der Kaiserkrone ergriff den Gedanken mit ruhmwürdiger Energie; der allen hellenischen Sympathien fernstehende Kanzler beauftragte den Professor mit Abschluss eines Vertrags mit der Krone Griechenland, und der junge Reichstag bewilligte, ohne dass eine Stimme des Widerspruchs laut wurde, hunderttausende von Thalern für eine nationale Unternehmung, bei welcher nach den Staatsgesetzen von Hellas nichts zu erwerben war, als der Ruhm, zum ersten male einen der an Denkmälern reichsten Plätze von Altgriechenland mit seinen Tempeln, Bildwerken und Inschriften vollständig frei zu legen.»

Im April 1874 schloss Curtius den Vertrag mit der griechi-

schen Regierung in Athen ab. Am 4. Oktober 1875 geschah der erste Spatenstich auf dem Boden der Altis.

Vier Jahre darauf, als die Arbeiten in Olympia noch in vollem Gange waren, schloss sich an diese Unternehmung des deutschen Reiches die preussische der glänzenden Ausgrabungen in Pergamon, mit denen der Name Carl Humanns unvergänglich verbunden ist wie der von Curtius mit Olympia, auch diese Unternehmung ermöglicht und getragen durch den mächtigen Schutz und die persönlichste Förderung, die ihr der grosse Kaiser und sein hochgesinnter Sohn zuwendeten.

Schon seit 1862 hatte Graf Moltke als Chef des grossen Generalstabs topographische Aufnahmen auf dem classischen Boden Griechenlands durch seine Offiziere und Beamten vornehmen lassen. Mit der Stiftung der athenischen Zweiganstalt des deutschen archäologischen Instituts wurde gleichzeitig die grosse Aufgabe einer planvoll fortschreitenden genauen topographischen Aufnahme der Stadt Athen, ihrer Umgebung und der ganzen attischen Landschaft ins Werk gesetzt, — eine langwierige mühselige Arbeit, die dank der aufopfernden Thätigkeit der beteiligten Offiziere und Beamten des Generalstabs jetzt vollendet vorliegt.

Mit welchem Hochgefühl des Glückes begrüsste Curtius alle diese Erfüllungen seiner sehnsgütigen Träume! wir empfinden es nach, auch mit wie tiefem Dank gegen das Kaiserhaus der Hohenzollern. Durch seine amtliche Stellung bot sich Curtius oft der Anlass als öffentlicher Redner aufzutreten und diesem Gefühl des Dankes Worte zu leihen. — Einer Sammlung solcher Reden hat er den Titel gegeben: «Unter drei Kaisern». Wie gerne und wie oft hat er die friedlichen Thaten Kaiser Wilhelms I. gepriesen! es fiel ihm auch die Aufgabe zu, die Gedächtnisrede für den grossen Todten zu halten, und wenige

Monate darauf die noch schmerzlichere Pflicht, des Todes Kaiser Friedrichs in öffentlicher Versammlung zu gedenken. Schwerlich jemals hat er, der berühmte Meister formvollendet Rede, die Herzen seiner Zuhörer tiefer getroffen als bei dieser Trauerfeier, da er mit der Klage des persönlichsten Leides erklärte, nichts kunstvoll Ausgearbeitetes bieten zu können, sondern nur Blätter der Erinnerung, die er zu den vielen anderen Kränzen auf seines Kaisers Grab lege. Aber er richtete sich empor aus seinem bittern Schmerz und er hat den jugendstarken dritten Kaiser des neuen Deutschland in hoffnungsreicher Zuversicht und frohen Mutes in einer Rede begrüßt, der er die stolze Ueberschrift gab: Die Bürgschaften der Zukunft.

Nach sechs Arbeitsjahren waren die Ausgrabungen in Olympia 1881 zum Abschluss gelangt — an Ergebnissen so reich, dass sie alles Hoffen überstiegen. Drei Jahre darauf feierte Curtius seinen 70. Geburtstag. Seine Schüler und Verehrer überreichten ihm, um ihre Liebe und Dankbarkeit zu beweisen, zugleich mit einer Festschrift seine von Künstlerhand geschaffene Porträtbüste. Wiederum drängten sich um ihn die Scharen der Freunde am 22. December 1891. Es war der Tag, an dem er vor 50 Jahren den Doctortitel erworben. Um seinen 80. Geburtstag würdig zu begehen, wurde sein marmornes Bildnis an der Stätte seines Ruhmes, in Olympia, aufgestellt. Bei der Enthüllung wetteiferten die griechischen und die in Griechenland weilenden deutschen, französischen, englischen und amerikanischen Gelehrten in Lobpreisungen und Huldigungen. Aber alle Festfeiern und alle Liebe und Treue konnten das Alter und die Gebrechen, die es mit sich führt, nicht verscheuchen. Mit der bewundernswürdigen zähen, geistigen und körperlichen Energie, die diesem Greise mit dem jugendfrischen Herzen eigen war, hat er immer wieder jede

äussere Störung der Gesundheit überwunden, und er blieb wissenschaftlich thätig, so lange er athmete. Nach wenigen Wochen einer schmerzhaften inneren Krankheit ist er, im zweiundachtzigsten Lebensjahre, sanft und rasch verschieden.

In dem langen und reichen Leben, das Curtius beschieden war, hat er eine überaus grosse Zahl von Schriften veröffentlicht, die nach allen Seiten der Altertumsforschung weit ausgreifen. Sie erwarten nicht, dass ich sie im einzelnen aufzähle. Aber ich darf nicht unterlassen, auf ein Thema hinzuweisen, das ihn durch das ganze Leben begleitet hat — die Topographie von Athen. Seit seinen Jünglingsjahren hat er nicht aufgehört, die Probleme der athenischen Stadtgeschichte immer wieder zu durchdenken, um sie im Geiste wieder aufzubauen und ihr Bild durch jede neue Entdeckung, durch jeden neuen Fund reicher und lebensvoller auszugestalten.

Die Stelle, die Curtius in der Reihe der grossen Entdecker und Forscher einnimmt, ist schon für uns, die wir noch mit ihm lebten, unverkennbar klar bezeichnet.

Stets, in der Jugend wie im Alter, hat Curtius als die Lehrer, von denen er die wissenschaftliche Richtung seines Lebens erhalten, August Boeckh, Friedrich Gottlieb Welcker und Otfried Müller bezeichnet und neben ihnen den grossen Begründer einer neuen geographischen Betrachtungsweise Carl Ritter genannt. Ihnen allen war er auch persönlich nahe getreten, mit Ritter und Otfried Müller in Griechenland gemeinsam gewandert. Die drei Heroen der Altertumswissenschaft hatten ausgebaut, was F. A. Wolf als Ziel der Philologie hingestellt hat, die einheitliche wissenschaftliche Ergründung und Darstellung des griechischen Lebens, das ihnen der wichtigste Inhalt der alten Welt war, in seiner Gesamtheit und in allen seinen Erscheinungsformen. Jeder von ihnen war auf die Er-

fassung dieser Gesammtheit gerichtet und keiner ist einer Seite ausgewichen, die ihm in seinen Forschungen entgegengratet. Aber gemäss ihrer Eigenart suchte sich jeder seinen eigenen Weg in der Fülle der Erscheinungsformen, jeder ging von einem anderen gesicherten Herrschaftsgebiet des Könnens und Wissens aus und strebte nach anderen Zielen, die nur in weiter Ferne zu einer Einheit zusammenwuchsen. Boeckh hat in seinem classischen Werk den Staat und die Finanzwirtschaft Athens zur Grundlage genommen. Welcker wollte griechische Götterlehre, griechische Poesie und griechische Kunst in drei selbständigen Werken schildern, die sich so gesondert zu einer Einheit zusammenfügen sollten. Seine eigenste Heimat war die griechische Poesie. O. Müller ist durch frühen Tod verhindert worden, zu vollenden, was er hätte geben können — sein Herz hing an der Geschichte der griechischen Stämme und Städte. Wenn es Boeckh vergönnt gewesen wäre, Griechenland aufzusuchen, — er würde schwerlich in der Art seiner Forschung irgend etwas geändert haben. Welcker betrachtete die lange Reise, die ihn, gereift und schon alternd, nach Griechenland und Kleinasien führte, als die Vollendung seines Verständnisses der griechischen Mythologie, Poesie und Kunst. O. Müller war durch das Bedürfnis deutlicher und fester Vorstellung aller historischen Vorgänge früh zu dem Studium ihrer geographischen und topographischen Bedingungen hingedrängt worden. Durch die griechische Reise, auf der er starb, hatte er die selbständige und lebendige Anschauung dieser Bedingungen erringen wollen.

Curtius stand wie im Lebensalter so persönlich O. Müller näher, als seinen beiden andern Lehrern. Er setzte da ein, wo O. Müller aufgehört. Durch Ritters tiefere Auffassung angeregt und befestigt, steckte er sich höhere Ziele. Er suchte die Scene

zu begreifen, auf der sich die Geschichte des hellenischen Altertums abgespielt, den schicksalvollen Zwang, den die Gestaltung des heimatlichen Bodens auf die Menschen ausübt, und die Veränderungen, die die Menschenhand diesem Boden aufprägt. Er durchdringt diese natürlich gegebenen Bedingungen der geographischen Lage und der topographischen Gliederung mit der schärfsten Beobachtung und phantasievoll nachempfindender Anschauung und schildert die in der Structur der Erdrinde gegebenen Formen, ihre Gebirge, Meere, Flüsse und Ebenen mit einer plastischen Kraft, mit einer hellen Klarheit, die ihres Gleichen nicht gefunden hat. Wer je auch nur die ersten Blätter des Werkes über den Peloponnes gelesen, wo er die in das Mittelmeer hineinragenden Halbinseln Spanien, Italien und Griechenland in ihrer Gleichartigkeit und in ihren Unterschieden der Gestaltung vorführt, kann sich über die ganz persönliche Eigenart und über den gewaltigen Fortschritt, den sie gegen alles frühere bezeichnet, nicht täuschen. Aus diesen natürlichen Bedingungen pflegt er die Folgen für das Menschenschicksal herauszulesen, am liebsten bei den grossen Verhältnissen des Weltverkehrs mit den hin und her flutenden Völkerwanderungen und bei ihrem Gegenbild, dem reichen Sonderleben einzelner Städte und Landschaften verweilend. Auf einem fest gegebenen Boden, vor einem landschaftlichen Hintergrunde vollziehen sich ihm alle religiösen Wandelungen, alle literarischen und künstlerischen Leistungen. Als Zeugen der Totalität des griechischen Lebens gelten ihm Literatur und Kunst, nicht als Einzelerscheinungen und er ist niemals darauf ausgegangen, die griechische Kunst in eine andere Totalität, die der allgemein menschlichen Kunstgeschichte, einzuordnen. Eben so wenig hat er die griechische Kunst nur als einen Gegenstand ästhetischen Genusses angesehen. Er jubelte auf bei den herrlichen Funden der Nike

des Päonios und des praxitelischen Hermes. Aber er erklärte: wir haben den Boden der Altis nicht in der Absicht geöffnet, um lauter mustergültige Kunstwerke zu heben, sondern um ein Archiv der Geschichte aufzuschliessen. Ueberall suchte Curtius den griechischen Sinn auf in jeder geschichtlich erreichbaren Erscheinungsform und er fand diesen selben Sinn wieder in jeder Art politischer, kriegerischer, religiöser, literarischer oder künstlerischer Thätigkeit, in dem Wegebau der Griechen so gut wie in den Münzen, in der Anlage der Städte und ihrer Märkte, in den gewaltigen Tempeln und ihren Bildwerken wie in jedem Dreifuss, in jeder Inschrift, in jedem Grabstein. Er suchte nach den Äusserungen jenes Geistes am Beginn wie am Ende der Entwicklung, in den rohen kunstlosen Idolen, wie in dem letzten Aufflackern der entarteten indo-griechischen Kunst. Er schrieb seine griechische Geschichte nicht zu politischer Belehrung, sondern um die Schicksale und die unvergleichlichen Leistungen dieses Volksstammes vor unsren bewundernden Augen vorüberziehen zu lassen. Alle politischen, literarischen, künstlerischen Gegensätze innerhalb des Griechentums schienen ihm unwichtig gegenüber dem lichtumflossenen Gesammtbild der griechischen Cultur. Denn er lebte des festen Glaubens, dass das von den edelsten Geistern Griechenlands Errungene ein für alle Zukunft unverlierbarer Besitz menschlicher Gesittung sei. Leben von unserem Leben nannte er die noch unter der Erde ruhenden Kunstwerke Olympias. »Die fortschreitende Wiederentdeckung der alten Welt ist kein Sonderinteresse der Philologen und Archäologen, sondern eine wissenschaftliche Aufgabe von allgemeinster Bedeutung.« »Der Geist des Altertums ist eine Macht der Gegenwart, eine überall nahe und einflussreiche. Wir ahnen es selbst kaum, wie die Perioden, in denen wir denken und schreiben, die Bilder der Sprache, die wir anwenden, wie der

Massstab unserer Beurteilung geistiger Erzeugnisse, wie die Formen der Gebäude und Gefässe, wie Kunst und Handwerk unter dem Einflusse jenes Geistes stehen. So ist es allmählich dahin gekommen, dass kein Teil der Menschengeschichte uns näher und innerlicher verwandt ist, als das klassische Altertum.«

Diese Ueberzeugungen sind dieselben, welche die Heroen unserer classischen Literatur, Goethe, Schiller, W. von Humboldt hegten. Sie stehen heute nicht mehr wie früher über allem Streit der Parteien, sondern sie sind in den leidenschaftlichen und gehässigen Kampf herabgezogen über das, was die wahrste und echteste menschliche und nationale Bildung sei.

Curtius war durch seine in sich vollendete vornehme Persönlichkeit der lebendige Beweis für den Wert der am griechischen Altertum genährten Bildung.

Täuschen wir uns nicht! Ohne diese ihnen so wohl vertraut vor Augen stehende Verkörperung des edelsten classischen Geistes würden Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse und Kaiser Friedrich weder für Olympia noch für Pergamon die Hand gerührt haben.

Der Name von Ernst Curtius wird in der allgemeinen Geschichte der Wissenschaft aufbewahrt bleiben, so lange noch an irgend einer Stelle der Erde das griechische Altertum und die griechische Kunst als ein würdiger Gegenstand des Studiums gelten wird. So lange noch Deutsche der hohen Heldengestalt Kaiser Friedrichs, des unvergesslichen, gedenken und seinem jugendlichen Wachstum liebevoll nachspüren werden, wird mit dem geweihten Namen Kaiser Friedrichs auch der Name Ernst Curtius genannt werden.

Berlin, Druck von Albert Damcke.

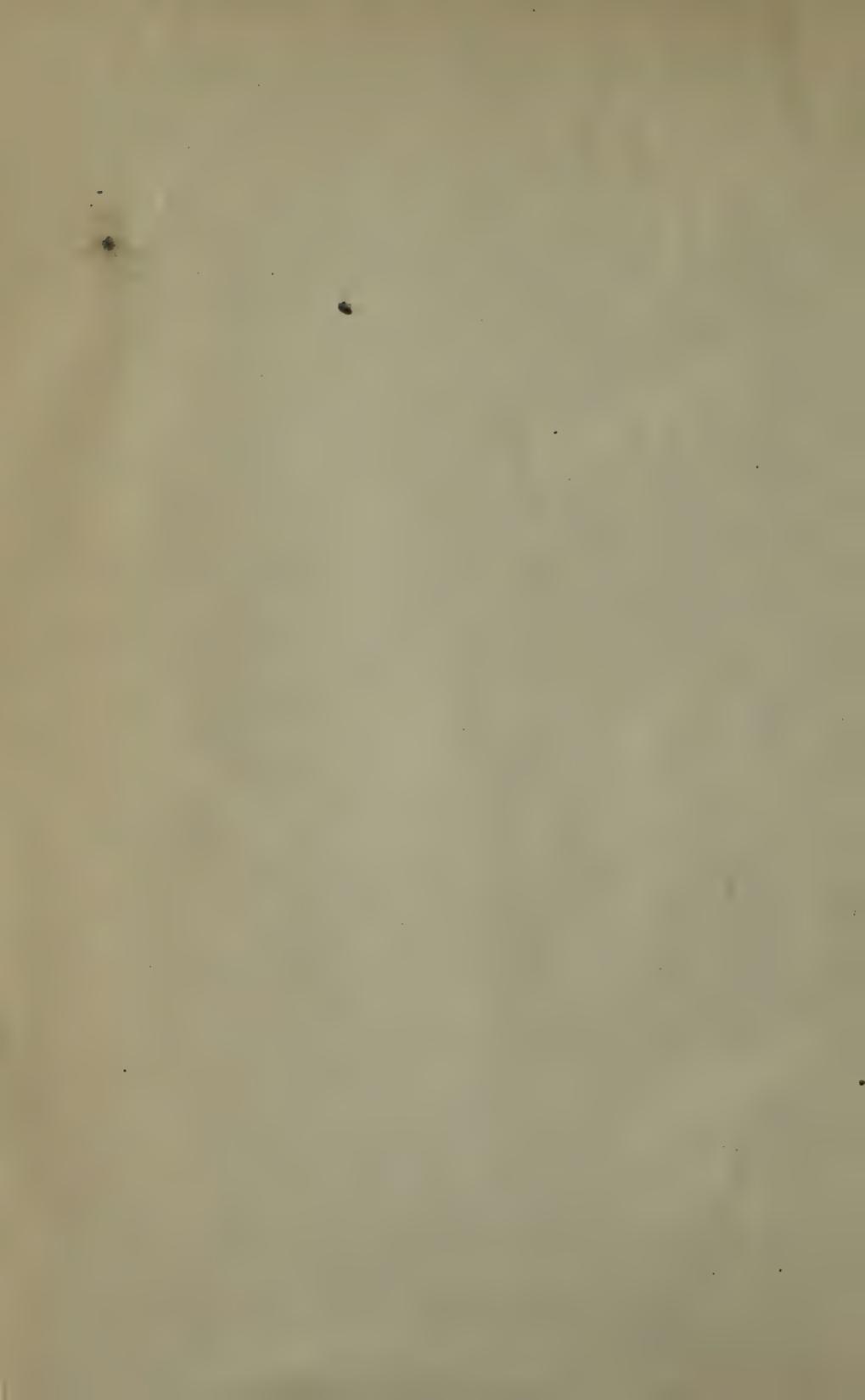


James Dwight Dana, LL.D.

William Dwight Whitney, LL.D.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

By PRESIDENT DWIGHT



Professors W. D. Whitney and J. D. Dana

COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

GRADUATES OF YALE UNIVERSITY

JUNE 23, 1895

By PRESIDENT DWIGHT



NEW HAVEN:

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1895

PROFESSORS DANA AND WHITNEY.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED IN BATTELL CHAPEL,
JUNE 23D, 1895, BY PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

A regretful, and yet a pleasant thought will arise in the mind of every graduate and friend of our University who returns to New Haven for this Commencement season, as he recalls the name and personality of each of two honored men whose long-continued service here has recently been terminated by death. William Dwight Whitney and James Dwight Dana were known for forty years or more by all who knew anything of the institution, as having their life within the sphere of its life, and as giving forth for its life, from the central forces of their own, rich and abundant influences for good. They entered upon their work for its well-being, and the well-being of its students, almost at the same time. They devoted themselves to the duties pertaining to their different departments of instruction and learning with a similar spirit of faithfulness and with similar enthusiasm. They impressed themselves in like measure on the academic community so soon as they became recognized members of it, and the impression was deepened as the community more fully recognized their presence and power. The years moved forward, and the results of them were discovered to be more and more affected by what they were doing, or had done. Their fame, which came to be wide-extended, not only in our own country but in other lands as well, united itself with the fame of the institution. What they were was felt by every one of its sons to be

a part of what it was for himself in the honor of his relationship to it or the scholarly inheritance which it secured for him. They finished their work and passed away to other scenes and larger life beyond the limits of our earthly vision at so brief a remove of time from one another, that they must be remembered in the future with a common remembrance—the loss of the University in their removal from it being appreciated as, after a peculiar manner, one great, though two-fold, loss.

It would seem to be especially fitting, in view of this common sentiment and feeling, that we should open our Commencement season with some commemorative words which may bear in themselves our regretful, yet pleasant thought connected with their life-work and its end. Such commemorative words, spoken of the two together, may fitly also, as it would seem, have reference to what they accomplished in and for the University, the love of which brings us to this place as the season returns to us once more. We may leave the biographical record, and the complete history of the entire life of each of the two men, for others to tell the story at another time. The record for us, at this hour, is the record of the life in which we participated with them, and upon which our thoughts now rest with peculiar and absorbing interest. What were the two men in and for this life?

Professor Whitney was elected to fill the chair which he held in the University on the 10th of May, 1854. His term of service, accordingly, may be regarded as having begun with the opening of the academic year 1854-55. The election of Professor Dana had taken place already four years earlier, in August, 1850, but for special reasons he did not enter upon the duties of instruction connected with his office until 1855. The two men thus came into the sphere of the University life, as active workers in it, as if at one and the same moment. It is interesting to think of them as they were at this time, and

also to recall to mind, in some measure, what was the condition of the institution.

Of the two men, Professor Dana was the elder by fourteen years. He had already reached middle life, and had attained a reputation which is rarely secured in early manhood. He had had unusual opportunities, for that period, of cultivating himself in the studies in which he was most deeply interested. In his college days, and after his graduation, he had enjoyed the privilege of association with the elder Professor Silliman, whose inspiring influence as a teacher of Natural Science was then more marked, perhaps, than at any other time during his long and honorable career. In 1838, he had been called to act as Geologist and Mineralogist in connection with the United States Exploring Expedition which was sent by the government to the Pacific and Southern oceans. For four years he was engaged in this service. With open mind and untiring energy, he availed himself of all the remarkable advantages afforded him in his visits to remote and interesting parts of the world. He gained new knowledge at every stage of his progress, as well as new stimulus for further effort and advancement. On his return, in the latter part of the year 1842, he had already gathered abundant results of his investigations and observations, and had accomplished much in the way of fitting himself for the larger work of his future life. In the years which immediately followed, he gave himself mainly, in connection with his duties to the government, to the preparation of reports of what had been effected and realized in the interests of science. These reports which he published, and which were founded upon the most careful researches made by him while engaged on the expedition, and upon the thorough study of the material collected by him and brought home, attracted attention at once. It was recognized by scientific men, and by others, that a man of very uncommon powers and attainments had appeared upon the stage—one

from whom much might be hoped in the coming time, and one who would, as there was every reason to believe, render yet greater service in the cause of science in our country. In these years also, he carried forward other work with much earnestness, and with rich results. His published volumes on Mineralogy were received with great favor, and new editions were called for. His minor writings and essays were highly appreciated by all who were familiar with the branches of learning which they discussed. In every way open to him he was an unwearied worker—his studies and his labors continually bearing fruit. Thus at the age of thirty-seven, when he received from our Corporation the appointment as Professor of Natural History, he had done a large work and had earned for himself a well-established reputation. Few men, who have ever been connected with our institution, have realized as great results or secured as gratifying recognition so early in life. There could have been no doubt or questioning on the part of the authorities of the institution when they called him to engage in its service. They must have had full assurance of what he would be, by reason of their knowledge of what he was.

Professor Whitney at the time of his appointment to his office, on the other hand, was only twenty-seven years old. He was thus in the promise of youth, rather than in the realization of middle life. The ten years which separated him from the age of Professor Dana at the date of the election of the latter to his Professorship, or the fourteen years which divided their ages when they entered upon the duties of their official life in the University, are years in which promise turns into reality, in a special degree and measure, in the case of such men as they were,—that is, men of gifted minds, ardent intellectual enthusiasm, large powers of acquisition and accomplishment, and abundant energy. Professor Whitney was in the sphere and era of promise at that time. But

the promise was full of hope and brightness. Those who saw him and studied with him, when he first came to New Haven as a young graduate of only four years' standing, perceived at once that he had within him the scholarly faculty and power which needed only time for the effecting of great results. My own thought goes back oftentimes, as I think of him, to the days soon after my graduation, when he first came into a little class who were reading Greek authors with President Woolsey, and I remember how we recognized his ability, his thoroughness, his facility and skill, his clear-sighted apprehension, his attainments already made, his spirit becoming the honest student and characteristic of the true scholar. We felt that he was no ordinary man, and that he would have in the coming years an honorable and successful career. The thought which we, who were his fellow-students for a few brief months, had of him by reason of what we saw from day to day, was confirmed for us, and for all in the higher circle of the academic life, by the reports which were heard concerning him after he left us to continue his studies abroad. He used the far greater advantages which Germany then afforded, as compared with anything that could be offered in our own country, with the same faithfulness, intelligence and ardor which had marked his course at home. The scholars there recognized in him a scholar of kindred aim and purpose with themselves. They perceived that he had remarkable gifts, and they willingly bore witness to their high estimate of his powers and their confident hopes respecting his future. It was not strange that those within the company of teachers who were most interested in the progress of scholarship in our institution, and most far-seeing in their plans for it, should have kept their thoughts upon him during the three years of his absence in Europe. The presence of such a man, with the promise of youth, in the growing University would be a power which must be continually felt, a stimulus for every one who should

be susceptible to his influence. If the way could be opened for securing for him a permanent position here, a service would be rendered the beneficial effect of which would, no doubt, become more and more manifest as time passed on. Young men are the hope of an institution of learning, and such a young man, it might well be felt, must not be forgotten or by any means be lost. It was not strange also, that the thought which had been turned thus towards him even from the beginning of his residence abroad, should have turned into action before his return home. The call to our institution might well precede the call to another. The certainty of the result might be secured by the timeliness of the movement towards it.

It was with thoughts like these, no doubt—thoughts which involved outlook upon the future, and were inspired by generous interest in the advancement of learning here—that the question of his becoming more permanently connected with the college was presented to him as early as 1853. It was presented by a friend, who was ready to make an affirmative answer possible by the generous offering of a gift for the foundation of a chair of instruction. When it was thus answered, the way was opened for the subsequent action of the authorities, which was taken with a unanimity most gratifying to our whole community of scholars. Mr. Whitney came to New Haven to enter upon his professorship in 1854, full of hope for himself, and awakening earnest hopes in others on his behalf.

Such—in some brief suggestions respecting them—were the two men at the beginning of their work here. Let us look for a few moments at the institution to which they came, as it then was. The administration of President Woolsey was in the ninth year of its progress. The influences and movements which had been originated by him, especially in the development of scholarship and the scholarly spirit, had thus had time, at least

in considerable measure, to make manifest their results. A quickened life, befitting the age and growth of the college, revealed itself to every observer. In this life there was inspiration for all the membership of the community, and particularly for those whose minds were already stirred by enthusiasm for learning. The outlook for the future, in this regard, was most promising, because of the realization of the present. The past years had borne fruit, and the future years must bear more and richer fruit. It was an auspicious time. We may easily picture to ourselves how auspicious it must have been to the thought of these two teachers, who were just ready to bring their own enthusiasm and scholarship into the new sphere of their activity. The scholar is largely dependent on his surroundings; the teacher is even more so. When the atmosphere is healthful; when the stirrings of new life are manifest on every side; when the learner is responsive to the thought and effort put forth in his behalf, by reason of the influences which come upon him from the place in which he lives; when all things around him are living and moving and reaching forward, and all men are full of aspiration, his own personal impulse and enthusiasm are made vital with a vitality which in other circumstances must be unknown.

At the beginning of Dr. Woolsey's official term a most important step, indicating the advance of learning, had been taken, which was of moment both to the inward and outward life of the institution. The Department of Philosophy and the Arts had been established by the Corporation. The design of this department, as stated at the time, was to furnish resident graduates and others with the opportunity of devoting themselves to special branches of study, either not otherwise provided for, or not pursued as far as individual students might desire. Provision was thus made for two classes of persons for whom little or nothing had been done before. The first of these two classes was the class of resident graduates—that is, young men

who, having had their minds awakened during the college course to special interest in particular lines of study, had a natural and strong desire to follow out those lines still further and with larger opportunities. A few such young graduates had, in earlier days, remained for a year or more at the college. But they had had little encouragement to do so, and they were compelled, if they remained, to depend mainly on themselves so far as their studies were concerned. They were scarcely counted as at all within the citizenship of the institution. It was felt by Dr. Woolsey and his most thoughtful associates, that the time had arrived when the growing University should grow in this direction, and when graduates, equally with undergraduates, should find opportunities as great as possible awaiting their presence here. The other class consisted of those who, with or without the ordinary classical education of the undergraduate courses of the time, might desire to pursue Physical Science and its application to the Arts. Physical Science was beginning not only to draw to itself much greater attention than had been the case in earlier times, but also to demand for itself special facilities and provisions in the higher educational institutions of the country. The fact that this demand received such prompt and willing consideration from the authorities of our college was most creditable to them. It was due, no doubt, in no inconsiderable measure to the influence, both direct and indirect, of the work which the elder Professor Silliman had done in the field of science.

It may seem strange to the careless observer of the past who looks from the standpoint of to-day, that the two classes were included in one Department. But the men of half a century ago had not the light of the present; and if there be anything to surprise us as connected with their action, it is to be found in what they did, rather than in what they failed to do. They created a Department of the institution for the classes referred to. This is what they did—and it involved a foresight and

wisdom and large-mindedness which may call forth our admiration. They did more than this. They made the Department so comprehensive, and yet so simple, in its plan, that it proved able, as time advanced, to develop and adjust itself according to all the possibilities which have since arisen. Our School of Science, which is as large in its number of students as the entire University was at that time, and our Graduate School, which has a hundred and forty in its membership, are the results of what they included in their planning; and we see the University of to-day finding much of its success and honor in these two schools. There is no event in the history of the administration of that eminent scholar and President, Dr. Woolsey, which will be more conspicuous in the remembrance of it than this one which marked its very first days.

In view of these two facts which have thus been briefly mentioned, the institution, as we may say, had opened upon a new era when the professors whom we commemorate began their work. In many aspects of it, the former age was still continuing in its characteristics and in its dominating spirit. As compared with what we observe about us at the present day—when the methods of instruction have been improved, and the facilities for study have been increased, and the elective system has so greatly widened the field of vision and of opportunity, and independent research and investigation are so much more encouraged—it may sometimes seem as if there were but little difference between the conditions of forty years ago and those of a hundred years ago. But here—manifest in all its reality and in all its possible consequences—is a great change, an epoch-making change, which divided the second half of the century from the first. The modern time, as we may say, was introduced by this change. These men came here as the modern time was opening—in its earliest years—and as it was opening for themselves in all hopefulness and

promise. It was the formative period for the new era, and as such it must have furnished its own peculiar sources of satisfaction and of confidence for the future.

It is interesting to notice, as we think of the two men thus undertaking the new work under the conditions of the new time, that, while both alike were filled with the scholarly inspiration which was moving the community, they had turned in their studies into the two different lines for the better following out of which provision had just been made in the recently-established Department—the one of them having given himself to science, and the other to the study of language. It may seem to us, in this view of the matter, almost as if the men were providentially fitted and sent hither for the peculiar work of the era. Certainly no happier fortune could have befallen the college, at this particular crisis in its history, than that which was realized in the appearance within the circle of its life of two such scholars, thoroughly prepared for the two sections of the work which was to be done. Of the two, Professor Whitney alone was assigned his office in the new Department. In the more strict sense of the words, he was made a University Professor, as Professor Salisbury, his predecessor and colleague, had already been for some years. But the new Department may be said to have carried the idea of the University, as contrasted with the college, distinctly in itself. In the subsequent history, certainly, the development of the University has connected itself in no inconsiderable measure with the existence and growth of this Department. Professor Whitney's work, which was intended to be mainly carried forward within the Department, was to be University work. According to the arrangements of the plan, however, and by reason of the necessities and limitations of the time, instructors in other branches of the institution were brought into close relation to this section also, and were included within the membership of its Faculty. This was the case with ref-

erence to Professor Dana, whose chair belonged to the college by the provisions of its endowment; and in the very first year of Professor Whitney's service the two names appear together in the list of the officers of the Department of Philosophy and the Arts. If we look forward from that earlier time to the years that followed, and get a vision of the growth afterwards from the point of view of the beginning, we may see how fitly they were thus put together at the first. When the Department, under influences which those who organized it could not foresee, divided itself, and in connection with the division developed, as we may say, into two schools, these men, like the associates who were joined with them, were ready in their thoughts and sympathies, as well as with their efforts and encouragement, to help forward in every way the greater work which opened for the whole institution. They had seen the beginnings in the days of small things. They were prepared intelligently and with a common sentiment to plan for, and lay hold upon, the greater things and the new things.

When the Scientific School was more fully developed in the form which it has now had for a long period, with its special undergraduate course, it passed into a condition of parallelism, on one side of its life, with the undergraduate Academical Department, while it still retained on another side its full share in the Graduate section of the whole institution. To all who were familiar with the progress of events at the time, and indeed to all who carefully study the history of our University, it cannot but be a matter awakening attention, and suggestive of interesting thought, that the one of the two scholars who was especially devoted to linguistic and philological studies should have become closely connected with the Scientific undergraduate department, while the one most distinguished in science remained in the Academic college. Professor Whitney, as an instructor in Modern Languages,—though still retaining his prominent position as a teacher of graduate students in Sanskrit

and the higher sphere of linguistic studies,—became, from the very beginning of the new movement, an efficient and most valuable, as well as most earnest, member of the Scientific Faculty. Professor Dana, on the other hand, continued always, as he was at first, an Academical Professor. They were both, however, large-minded scholars, and I cannot but think that it was a happy thing for the entire institution that their activities were turned just as they were. The presence of the linguistic scholar in the Faculty of Science, and that of the scientific scholar in the Faculty of Letters—both of them being men of such large powers and attainments—tended to broaden the life of the whole company of teachers who were assembled in the University. Their union in the sphere of the school of graduate instruction may naturally have tended also to widen and enlarge their own sympathies, and to make them more ready to give forth the best influences in the two undergraduate schools.

The testimony of those who have been most intimately concerned with the interests and growth of the Sheffield Scientific School, certainly is—and it is an emphatic and grateful testimony—that the sympathy and helpfulness and wisdom and encouragement manifested by these two scholars, one working within it and the other watchful near it, were for long years a gift and blessing of greatest significance. A similar testimony may well be borne by all who have been deeply interested in the change and transformation of Yale College into Yale University. This transformation was gradual and the result of years. It had its causes both in the sphere of the life of the institution itself, and in the sphere outside of that life. The influences which co-operated in bringing it to its realization were, many of them, peculiar to our own history. But among the influences and causes may fitly be counted the coming of two such scholars to the institution soon after the establishment of the Department of Philosophy and the Arts. And

among the influences, to speak yet more definitely, we may also reckon the fact that the life and work of these two scholars—moving as they did in the different lines of scholarship—brought the two branches of thought and knowledge into sympathy. The harmony of scholars, each respecting the others and each broad-minded enough to value and believe in what is beyond his own sphere of working, is in itself suggestive of the University idea. When realized and manifested in the presence of all beholders, it is in itself no small part of the realization of the idea.

We may well find much that is suggestive of thought and much to encourage our hope and confidence when we observe, as we look back over our past history here, the way in which different orders of men have worked together towards the one great end. These two men, and those who were like them, were pre-eminently scholars; others who shared in the duties connected with the carrying forward and upbuilding of the institution were in a marked degree men of practical energy and executive force. Both classes alike were essential, in view of the work that was to be done. The two could not be independent of each other. Their co-operation was as necessary as was their presence in the institution. Such co-operation has most happily been realized in our academic community at all times. The names of the late Professors Thacher and Hadley, which are held in such affectionate remembrance by all who knew them, will recall, whenever they are thought of, the happy realization. They were scholars both of them, but scholars who, by the impulse of nature, moved in the two lines. They wrought in harmony, and in a way leading to rich results for the common well-being. So was it with Professors Dana and Whitney, and the associates who worked with them in the earlier years and the later years. They and the men of kindred gifts were pre-eminently scholars. Associates who were with them, though scholarly men, had also another out-

look and turned largely to another effort. But they contributed their share with heartiest sympathy, even as their associates contributed theirs—and as the result of all we have the privilege of seeing, in these passing years, the change of the College into the University accomplished, and the University entering upon a career which we may believe will continue always. The recalling of the influence which went forth after this manner, during their life-time, from these two honored men—sympathizing as they did with every forward movement—may well be, in our minds, an element of our pleasant thought concerning them to-day.

As for the two men in their individual work, they were so well known that it may seem scarcely needful to speak of them to friends who were closely related to the University life. Their work as teachers was marked by distinctive peculiarities. Professor Whitney, if I may bear witness from my own limited experience with him as a student, was gifted in the highest degree as a teacher of language and philology. He was thorough, accurate in the extreme, clear in his insight, skillful in detecting what his pupils needed and in communicating to them what they desired to know. He was patient, while he was exacting in his demands. He was earnestly desirous to realize the largest results, and was ready for all efforts on the student's behalf. He had an uncommon power of making the student lay firm hold of what he wished him to understand, and he had the gift of making the pathway for the learner plain behind him and before him—so plain behind him, that he could use all his energies for the moving on towards that which was beyond. His powers as an instructor were tested with classes in the Scientific School who were near the beginnings in the study of modern languages, and who were young in years and had had only the education of the preparatory schools. They were tested also, and equally, with students who had graduated from the best colleges and

were ready to enter enthusiastically on a higher order of studies. But in both cases alike, he proved to be eminently qualified and largely successful. All his pupils valued and respected him. Those of them who penetrated farthest into his scholarly attainments, and drew most fully upon his resources, found in him what became an impulse for all their subsequent learning, as well as a rich gift of knowledge which they could never forget. He was an inspiration to his graduate classes by reason of his own scholarly life.

Professor Dana, as a teacher, was in some respects different from Professor Whitney. If we consider the latter in his connection with the department of Modern Languages in the Scientific School, the opportunities afforded him in meeting a very considerable body of students, and in meeting them frequently, were larger than those which Professor Dana enjoyed. The arrangement of the college curriculum in the Academical Department allowed but a limited time for the subjects of Mineralogy and Geology, during the main part of the period of his active work as an instructor in those branches of study. In the later years he gave instruction only in Geology. The students were, however, glad to meet him when the privilege was given them, and no man in the company of teachers stood higher in their esteem both for character and attainments. They felt, as they saw him, that they were in the presence of a master in science, and of one who honored the institution and themselves as he lived in the academic community. He had the ardor of youth in his studies and in his instructions, even to the latest period of his active service. Notwithstanding the long-continued interruptions which he experienced by reason of ill-health, he always returned to his work, even on partial recovery, with full enthusiasm. His walks with selected students in the country region about New Haven, and the teaching which he gave as he moved from point to point, will ever be remembered by those who shared in the

pleasant excursions. As a lecturer he was attractive. His style was clear and impressive; his language admirably chosen; his manner adapted to his subject and material; his whole presentation of his thoughts and views thoroughly characteristic of a truly scientific man. He had a mingling of the poetic element in his writing which gave an interest to what he said, and at times he rose into eloquence. His lecture on Corals and Coral Islands, which he often repeated at the earnest desire of successive classes of students, will be long remembered with peculiar pleasure by all who listened to it.

But the influence of the two men, in the academic community, was, by no means, limited to that which was exercised by them in the recitation or lecture-room. The man who spends his life in a college—as, indeed, he who spends his life anywhere else—sends forth the power that is within himself upon others, not merely by his speech, or his positive efforts as he meets those about him, but by the manifestation of what he is in his own personal living. A scholar is known and recognized in a company of learners for what he is. A man of pure and admirable character bears witness of himself by his very presence, and without the utterance of a word. A powerful influence goes out from the reality of the inner life. It was so with these two scholarly men. No man came into our community and lived here under the higher inspirations of the place without being conscious that in these men was the veritable life of learning. All felt that they carried within them much of the spirit of the University—the spirit of learning and science. The place was felt to be more truly a home of learning because of their citizenship here. In this fact was realized one of the greatest results of their long life at Yale.

I cannot but think that, in this regard also, it was a happy thing for our community that their studies moved along the two different lines. When men saw such scholars—one in

science and one in language—they could not deprecate either kind of knowledge. They could not place the one lower than the other, or exclude either from the sphere of higher education. If we have had liberal views here of what education is, and ought to be; if we have grown to a deeper appreciation of the large possibilities of education for ourselves or within the University, it is in part because we have had manifested before our thoughtful and serious minds the reality of educated life as growing in different lines and from different beginnings. The influence of the two men, and of the two in equal measure, has been also conspicuous as connected with the sincerity and honesty of their scholarship. They were genuine seekers after the truth—each in his own pathway of study and investigation. The fact that they were so was understood and appreciated by all. Such a fact, in the case of men as prominent as they were, could not have been recognized for a period of forty years without impressing itself upon the best thought and purpose of the community. Say what we will about human weakness, the nobler class of men, young or old, are affected in their living by good examples—and there is an imitation, conscious or unconscious, of the examples. We who are here—the best among us; may we not say, all of us—are going to be more honest and sincere in our thinking and study in the future years, because of what the best men whom we have seen here, or who have gone before us, have been in their life. The life of the place is better for the inspirations that are in it. The inspirations come, how many of them, from the lives which have been lived on these grounds.

Of the details of their personal work in the departments of learning to which they gave themselves, others within the circle of our community have already written or spoken with fitness and full appreciation. It might well be regarded as unsuitable for one whose studies and duties have been so far, as my own have been, outside of the two spheres in which

their scholarly efforts were put forth to attempt to add anything to what has been already so well said by men who are themselves proficient within those spheres. But as one who has been for a long time a worker in the University, and has stood for years near the center of it, I may call attention for a moment to what the University gained from the fruits of their scholarship. Their published writings commanded the widest and most respectful attention from the highest order of men. From the beginning to the end of their career, what they wrote was read, and was always felt to carry in itself an addition to thought and knowledge connected with the subject which was treated. Whether essays or text-books—discussions of scientific principles or records of what had been seen and learned—great life-works, like that of the publication of the Atharva-Veda, or the Manual of Geology in its successive editions, or writings of smaller moment and intended to meet some call or need of the passing time—their books and pamphlets were demanded for the libraries of scholars and were esteemed as the productions of the best order of scholarship. During the latest years of his career, and even after his working-force had been greatly limited by reason of ill-health, Professor Whitney rendered a service to learning, which is full of good for multitudes, in his office of Chief-Editor of the Century Dictionary. Professor Dana, on the other hand, was for half a century an editor of the American Journal of Science. The long series of volumes of this periodical has been fitly said to be a noble monument of the extent and thoroughness of his labors as a naturalist. It may with equal fitness be said to be a noble monument of his long-continued and useful service to the country in the sphere of science. The effect of the fame which these two men secured for themselves by such service and such books became manifest in the University life as the years moved on, and in different ways. The fact that men of their attainments and learning,

as evidenced by what they published, were in the University was in itself an influence to draw students from all parts of the country to its halls, and to lead them to prize the advantages offered by it. The honor which their names added to it gave it power and dignity everywhere. The learning which they possessed made a part of its learning, as recognized and appreciated by all those who turned their thoughts towards its life. The evidence of what its company of scholars could do, and were doing—of what they could impart, and were imparting, to those who sought their instructions—was conspicuously displayed in these books and writings published for all who would read them. If we should remove from the record and history of our institution the men who have written books here in the past years and generations, and the books of which they were the authors, that record and history would be far different from what we now know. The glory of the University, in which we ever and always rejoice, would be far less in its brightness than it is to-day. Among those who have made the glory what it is by their writings, as well as their learning, the two of whom we are speaking at this hour have certainly a most prominent place.

One of the greatest blessings and privileges of a life spent in a University is connected with the record and history to which allusion has been made. The individual scholar and teacher in this home of learning is not alone by himself—moving forward under the power of his own personal inspirations, and dependent wholly upon the force within. He is one of a community. This community reaches back in its membership even to the earliest days. It has a living power coming continuously into itself from the life and work of every noble and true man who has ever been within it. Its inheritances are vital forces. The dead past is alive for its life. Its present associations are quickening influences for the good of every individual who shares in its daily experi-

'ence. The one man is multiplied in the best part of his scholarly nature by the many men whom he knows, and by the many of whom he has heard. There is no absolute passing away of personal life as the generations move on, for we are, to-day, in no small measure, what the fathers of the old time have made us in our life and thought, and we know it well. There is no absolute singleness and solitude for any one of us, for the men around us are working into our minds and souls through the outgoing forces of their own personality and the ever-abiding sympathies of common work or duty.

As we arrest our thought to-day, and recall the long-time service here of these two scholars—honored members of our community, and full of our University spirit—we may fitly think of them in the light of their relationship to ourselves. The privilege of the scholarly life which we have enjoyed here on these grounds and within these walls—some of us for forty years, some of us for twenty years, some of us for ten or five—how real a part of it has come to ourselves from their presence with us and among us. We do not study the influences of life, any of us, as we might. We are not more than half-conscious—perchance not even conscious at all—of what some or many of them are. But, when we think of the matter, and of ourselves, we may know that we have not been living near the thorough and profound and honest and truthful scholarship in science and language of these friends who have now left us, without gaining much from the lesson of their lives. We may rejoice in the consciousness that we have learned from their truthfulness and honesty and enthusiasm, and that the scholarly life is more and richer within us because of what we saw so often and so long in them. The memory which we who knew them best carry with us in our own minds for the coming years—the revelation to our thought of what their living here as scholars did for ourselves and for our whole community in its scholarly living—in this memory and reve-

lation may we find the most impressive testimony as to their influence for the University and their life as men. They have now passed on to another sphere of living, and to the company of those who had, in earlier years, carried forward their earthly work and finished it in this place which we love so well. The inheritance of the future generations here is, a part of it, centered in what they were. The men of other days —far beyond our present vision, and when all that is here shall be far greater than it now is—will know in their experience the blessings of the inheritance, though they may not know the sources from which it came.

The closing years and days of the lives of these two scholars and the manner of the ending were impressive in their lessons for manhood, and full of suggestion for the thoughtful mind. The two men were alike in the heroism of their struggle with ill-health, though one of them was called to the struggle again and again along the course of the years, while for the other it was continuous during the last eight years of his life-time, and attended by an ever recognized possibility of a sudden and fatal ending. They were alike also in the peacefulness of the final moments, though for the one the end came in the hour of sleep after a fortnight's illness, and for the other it was a falling asleep, almost without forewarning, and seemed more like a change by translation than by death. The passing away of the one was at the dawn of summer, twelve months ago. The call came to the other and he followed it in the spring-time of the present year, in the late evening of Easter Sunday. The spring-time and the summer are suggestive of many thoughts, as we look to the opening future for minds like theirs. The evening hour of Easter Sunday was the hour, as we may well remember, when the Lord Jesus spoke the wonderful words of peace to His disciples.

And so I bring my brief commemorative words to an end. They are spoken only that I may give utterance to our common regretful, yet pleasant thought of the two friends who have left us, in their relation to the academic community in which we and they were part of the happy membership. It is a thought which may interest us all, and a fact which may well be called to mind, as we close the hour of our speaking together, that the two men were alike secured for our University—each of them at a time when, by reason of an emphatic call elsewhere, he might almost as by a necessity have been lost to its life—by the generous interposition of a friend of the institution, one and the same friend, whose liberal gifts made the remaining here possible for them, and caused their future years to be happier and more useful than they could otherwise have been. This friend, now in his serene old age, survives them both, having witnessed, with deepest satisfaction, the rich fruits of their work. His scholarly life within the University for many years, and his benefactions bestowed during the long course of half a century, have accomplished much for its well-being in many ways. But the student of our history will ever recognize with a peculiarly grateful feeling, as he traces the progress of the institution for the last forty years, the service which was rendered by this benefactor when he gave these two generous gifts, and the names of Professors Dana and Whitney will be closely associated in his mind and memory with the name of Professor Salisbury, their honored friend and ours.

In the ever-enduring life of the University, the men of one generation enter into the inheritance of the generation that went before. We who are here to-day know the good that has come from the past gifts and the past lives. May it be ours to give to the future the inheritance unimpaired in its fullness, and even enlarged in its blessing.

from Edwards, Hold
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DANIEL CADY EATON

A Sketch



Delivered before the Society of
Colonial Wars in the State of
Connecticut, June 4, 1896, by
Professor Theodore Salisbury
Woolsey, New Haven, Conn.



DANIEL CADY EATON

A Sketch

N A SECLUDED valley among the Californian hills there stood ten years ago the newly built cottage of a friend. It was bare and rough, and scanty in its furnishing, not much more than a wooden tent. A few years passed; the angel of death twice stopped at its door; a wife entered it; children were born in it; and how differently one looks upon the cottage now. Already it has a past; it speaks of the living and the dead. Associations, subtly blended, have covered its walls, like the network which the passion vine and the ivy have thrown over them; it is no longer a mere house, it is a family home.

So is it with the fair structure of this society of ours. Raw and untried and characterless at first, the lives and labors and the death of its

its first and best are fast weaving about it a web of memories, of sacrifices, of good works patiently wrought, which shall endure. To learn to appreciate these labors, to follow these ideals, to make out of our organization something which shall not merely minister to pride of ancestry or set up a trivial distinction between men, but which shall emphasize the qualities of courage and honor, of patriotism and high breeding, as we see them in our fathers and as we need them in our civic and social life,—such is the lesson we would gladly learn from him whose memory and services we recall to-day.

One of my earliest associations with Professor Eaton was in the sport of archery. He grew skillful at this and won the prizes of the club and was its captain. And as I used to watch him notch and draw and loose, to notice his vigorous frame, his kindling eye, his striking profile, to me he seemed the very type of an old Saxon bowman. Is it too fanciful to imagine that the traits of some far away ancestor were really shadowed forth in him ever so faintly; that he was of the warrior type by heredity as well as by enlisting under our banner; that the fathers of the seventeenth and eighteenth

eighteenth centuries who fought for faith and fireside and life itself in the bloody Indian Wars, and whose exploits are written on our records, were but a connecting link between this dim Saxon Bowman of our fancy and his descendant, who also knew how to strike for righteousness, who could shoot and speak the truth?

We are all pedigree hunters in this society of necessity, but for years, from love of the pursuit, our late Governor had studied the history of his race.

To this day the South of England has remained conservatively true to the traditions of the past. Almost within sound of London bells you may find quaint villages and old manor houses where a hundred years seem but as yesterday, while the bustling North country has grown apace. That the Eatons should have come from the South of England helps out my fancy of the sturdy, conservative character of the stock. The definite thread of connection in England, however, was never found. How elusive such searches are, we know too well. But this much was proven, that the emigrant ancestor of the Eatons had lived and married in Dover, County Kent, and probability

bility points to a certain John Eaton of Dover who was christened in 1611, received a small bequest by his step-mother's will dated 1635, and then disappeared, leaving no trace of his death upon records otherwise complete. This, or some other, John Eaton established himself at Watertown and then in Dedham in the Massachusetts Bay, and plays that important rôle in every American family, of emigrant ancestor. He appears first with certainty in 1636, and died in 1658. In the seventh generation in descent from this John Eaton was born Daniel Cady Eaton, on the 12th of September, 1834, at Fort Gratiôt, in Michigan. From Massachuaetts Bay to Michigan ; this is one little rill in the torrent of that migration which has conquered this continent, the westward march of our race, irresistible and yearly gathering strength until now it is culminating. The grandson of the settler removed to Woodstock, Ct. ; *his* grandson to Columbia County, New York, and *his* grandson in turn—our Governor's father—in the service of his country pitched his tent in what was then the distant West. Through these seven generations run apparently the same characteristics of sturdy common sense, of truthfulness, of patriotic

otic devotion to the State. One ancestor was a Captain in the Revolutionary War, and in after life a Deacon, a combination quite Puritan and entirely admirable. But, in the later generations of the family, to these qualities have been added another—the very marked taste for scientific research. The grandfather of Professor Eaton, Amos Eaton, a graduate of Williams College in 1799, was a man of genius and an early explorer in the field of natural science. As early as 1810 he had published an elementary treatise upon Botany. Perfecting himself in his chosen pursuits by study at New Haven under Professor Silliman and others, in 1817 he issued a Manual of Botany which did very much to popularize and make available knowledge in this science. Eight editions and twenty-three years' labor expanded this work into an important volume of "North American Botany," containing descriptions of over 5000 species of plants. His lectures at Williamstown, Northampton, Albany and many other places, mark an epoch in the scientific development of this country, popularizing such knowledge and stimulating the general interest in it. His range of study and teaching included Chemistry, Geology, Zoology

Zoology and Engineering. He was the first to organize popular scientific excursions to study phenonema upon the spot. Serving as Professor of Natural History in the Medical College at Castleton, Vt., in 1820, he also engaged in several geological surveys in New York State which involved the description and determination of strata hitherto unclassified. From 1824 until the close of his life in 1842, he was Senior Professor in the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute at Troy. He is described as having a "large frame, somewhat portly and dignified," with a striking person and intellectual face. His portrait indicated, in addition, a lofty brow, picturesquely curling hair and features of strength and character. His scientific tastes were shared in remarkable degree by his children. One son, an Assistant Professor of Chemistry in Transylvania University, was a scholar of promise, but died at twenty-three. A daughter was a teacher of the natural sciences in a Female Seminary in Illinois. Another son, entering the service of the United States, was a man of decided scientific attainment, and particularly versed in Botany. He was the father of our Governor. To his career I ask your attention for a few moments,
for

for in him I seem to find accentuated the family type. Born in 1806, he graduated at West Point with credit in 1826, and served in Florida, Maine and Louisiana and the unsurveyed region of the upper Mississippi as Second Lieutenant in the 2d Infantry. He was preeminently a Christian soldier. With a sensitive conscience and keeping aloof from the dissipations of army life "he was yet no milk-sop, but a robust man, full of all natural forces and with the courage to do anything except what was wrong." I quote from an obituary notice written by Samuel Wilkeson. In 1831, while stationed at Fort Niagara, Lieut. Eaton married a sister of the two Judge Seldens of Rochester, a leading family in central New York. Then for thirty years, until the Civil War, he served in every portion of this country. In the Seminole War, in Florida, where, according to his biographer, "we catch a glimpse of this soldier's passion for natural history, see him busy and happy with the flora of the region, and making a collection of sea shells. * * * In the Everglades he began praying and talking against human bondage in America." He served in the Mexican War, being Commissary of Subsistence on General Taylor's staff,

staff, and was brevetted Major for gallantry in action in the battle of Buena Vista.

He served in California, as Chief of the Commissariat of the Department of the Pacific, for three years soon after the gold excitement began, and was a power for order, for morality and for religion in San Francisco. Then for five years, with light duty in New York, he lived in New Haven, intimate with the best minds in the college, and indulging his passion for Botany.

Then came the war, and for four years, as purchasing Commissary, he fed the armies of the Union. His labor was tremendous. He expended over 58 millions of dollars, and accounted for every penny. Entering the war as Major, he came out of it Brigadier General and Commissary General of Subsistence.

For ten years afterwards the duty was laid upon him of examining and disposing of the claims of loyal citizens for subsistence furnished to the government, an enormous task calling for high judicial capacity. Then he was retired, travelled abroad, returned to New Haven and died, not quite seventy-one years of age. Integrity, honor, courage, patriotism, such were the qualities of the man; from such qualities our friend, his son, was sprung. The

The wandering life of an army officer entails many sacrifices; not the least of these is that separation from his children which their education demands. In Rochester, in Troy and in New Haven at General Russell's school, young Eaton got his preparatory training, and entered Yale in 1853. From the first, the family passion for Botany cropped out in him. As a Junior in college, he published an article "On three new ferns from California and Oregon," ferns which possibly his own father had gathered. There is to me something most attractive in the record of so complete, so homogeneous an intellectual life as that thus begun. One overmastering taste, and that taste gratified; one ambition, and that realized; a simple life, a happy life, a useful life—these are the features of his career which impress the mind. Not that he was a man with a single interest. He had the widest sympathies in religion, in politics, in literature. He foreshadowed the athleticism of our day. He loved nature and a life out of doors. He was a sportsman in the truest sense.

This is not the time for a particularized account of Professor Eaton's professional and scientific career. Two sketches of his life have

have been published by his colleagues, by Professor Brewer in the American Journal of Science, and Mr. Setchell in the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club, which give these details. They show that he had the amplest opportunities of training. For three years after graduation in 1857, he studied under Professor Gray of Harvard. During the Civil War he worked with his father in New York in the Commissary Department, but intimate even there with botanists like Professor Torrey, and never swerving in heart from his chosen path. With peace came the realization of his desires. Some friends of his father endowed a chair in Botany in Yale College and he was called to filled it. Amongst my father's papers I have found his reply to this announcement. "It is my most pleasant duty to acknowledge the receipt of your letter notifying me of the action of some friends of mine and of the College, in reference to an appointment which I have long hoped for, and have endeavored to prepare myself to fill with honor to both the college and myself. I must also thank you for the exceedingly kind and complimentary tone of your letter. I accept the terms of the offer, and will go abroad to study as soon as I can

can fairly leave my present place as chief clerk to my father. * * * In the hope of future usefulness, I am very respectfully yours, Daniel C. Eaton."

He was first assigned to duty in the Sheffield Scientific School, with which during his life he was most closely connected, being a member of its governing board; later he was appointed University Professor, and gave instruction in both departments. "As a teacher," writes Professor Brewer, who entered the service of the College the same year, "he was intensely conscientious, sympathetic, courteous, kind and helpful in the extreme to those who wished to learn." The students' idea of him is also given us in this bit from one of the old College magazines, extracted by Mr. Porter in his "*Sketches of Yale Life.*" A botanist in embryo is gossiping about his suburban rambles when he recalls a water-lily and the flower reminds him of our friend. "There is a name connected with water-lilies and all pleasant things, that cannot die with some men, I know. A generous man with a generous enthusiasm for flowers, and not only an enthusiasm for flowers, but a skill and progress in botanical science that has won encomiums from its masters

ters—a man of genial soul and a large heart. He gave all of us our first lessons; he breathed into us something of his own spirit. Who doesn't know Cady? *You* would, if you had seen him stalk proudly into a mill-pond to take possession of a *Nympha advena* till the water poured into his tin knapsack, as Balboa, 'clad in complete steel,' long time ago waded into the Pacific at Darien and claimed the billowy sea for Spain and for the Cross. Were we prophets we might predict the culmination of his rising star. But the memory of his generous good fellowship is written for all of us in

‘Those bright mosaics that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate.’”

A true lover of plants he was, and a lover of his fellow men, and he knew both. The families and species of each he catalogued with accuracy and patient care. He had a genius for orderliness. He became a great botanist, and what is better, a loving botanist. But of this I cannot speak now, of his great work on ferns, of his many notices and reviews, of the forty more formal publications, and of his work as secretary of his class. It was through his connection with this Society that we here knew him best, and we must pass on to this,
the

the closing chapter of his life. About twenty years ago, Professor Eaton became interested in the history of his own and allied families; in 1877, he published a short account of his mother's stock, the Seldens, then he took up the Eatons, gathered much material for a genealogy, was the mainspring of the Eaton family association, and by natural transition became an early member of the Connecticut Society of the Colonial Wars and its Governor. How painstaking and thoughtful and successful his work for it was, our records show. No slovenly, inaccurate papers passed his criticism unchallenged. Some descents he made out for members himself. He set the example of a strict adherence to rule. Our Constitution he worked over with Dr. Ward, until that instrument has become a model, and other societies have fashioned theirs after it, or copied it entire. He gave us a character and a reputation. His addresses, with their happy phrasing, his dignified, effective conduct of business, did honor to the office which he held. Abroad he made us favorably known. At home, with wise counsel and clear judgment of men and things, he marked out for this society the line of successful development which it must follow.

Every

Every line of his correspondence on our business shows his conscientiousness and his common sense.

There came a year of weakness and of suffering, borne with the courage of a Christian and a gentleman, and then the end. Shall we ever forget his appearance, or the words he spoke, too feeble to rise though he was, when he accepted the flags for this society and explained the fitness of their emblems. "The cross of St. George is everywhere an appropriate emblem of a Christian soldier." "The vine * * * is the emblem of our state, chosen by the faith of our forefathers that He who transplanted will sustain." Then recalling the discovery of Vinland the good, given in one of the sagas of the Northmen, he went on "Just where Vinland was, the geographers have never agreed. Why may not we of Connecticut claim that it was just here, where the valleys are still yellow with corn and the purple clusters still hang on the hillsides. Let us then have for our peculiar emblem the vine of Vinland the good, and of Connecticut the trustful; let us bear the banner of St. George because we celebrate the wars fought under its red cross; and with it let the stars and stripes float and shine in their ever

ever increasing glory." May I recall also his final message to us, assembled for our annual meeting of last year, in the language which he loved and knew so well,

"Societas pia majorum veneratione condita in aeternum floreat."

On the last day of June he died. He had fought a good fight; he had finished his course; he had kept the faith. There is much that has been left unsaid. I had intended to speak of his propositors in this society, those sturdy old Indian fighters, John Clark, John Beebe, William Pratt and Thomas Stanton, all serving in the Pequot or King Philip Wars, and of John Webster, a founder and Governor of this colony. I had intended, too, to trace the maternal strains of blood which brought each its own contribution of trait or feature or racial characteristic, towards the make up of the man, the Cadys, the Beebes, the Seldens, the Hurds, the Lords, the Lees, all of old Connecticut stock. But my sketch has worked out differently. The personality of our friend has been too strong. As in a good portrait, the background, the accessories, are felt rather than seen, because so strictly subordinated to the real features which live and glow on the canvas;

canvas; so it is here. We feel the shadowy background of ancestral figures, but we see and lovingly would study the strong and kindly features of our first Governor. An honest gentleman, an unselfish friend, a learned man of science, true to his name, to himself, to the duties laid upon him, to his God, he has passed before us into the silent land,

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

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Knickerbocker Press. *



Announcement.

The publishers announce that LITTLE JOURNEYS will be published monthly and that each number will treat of recent visits made by Mr. Elbert Hubbard to the homes and haunts of various eminent persons. The subjects for the coming twelve months have been arranged as follows :

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. George Eliot | 7. Victor Hugo |
| 2. Thomas Carlyle | 8. Wm. Wordsworth |
| 3. John Ruskin | 9. W. M. Thackeray |
| 4. W. E. Gladstone | 10. Charles Dickens |
| 5. J. M. W. Turner | 11. Shakespeare |
| 6. Jonathan Swift | 12. Oliver Goldsmith |

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GEORGE ELIOT

I

" May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the good presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

GEORGE ELIOT.

WARWICKSHIRE supplied to the world Shakespeare. It also gave Mary Ann Evans. No one will question but that Shakespeare's is the greatest name in English literature ; and among writers living or dead, in England or out of it, no woman has ever shown us power equal to that of George Eliot in the subtle clairvoyance which divines the inmost play of passions, the experience that shows the human capacity for contradiction, and the indulgence that is merciful because it understands.

Shakespeare lived three hundred years ago. According to the records his father, in 1563, owned a certain house in Henley

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street, Stratford-on-Avon. Hence we infer that William Shakespeare was born there. And in all our knowledge of Shakespeare's early life (or later) we prefix the words, "Hence we infer."

That the man knew all sciences of his day, and had enough knowledge of each of the learned professions so that all have claimed him as their own, we know.

He evidently was acquainted with five different languages and the range of his intellect was world-wide, but where did he get this vast erudition? We do not know, and we excuse ourselves by saying that he lived three hundred years ago.

George Eliot lived—yesterday, and we know no more about her youthful days than we do of that other child of Warwickshire.

One biographer tells us that she was born in 1819, another in 1820, and neither state the day; whereas a recent writer in the *Pall Mall Budget* graciously bestows on us the useful information that "William Shakespeare was born on the 21st

George Eliot

day of April, 1563, at fifteen minutes of two on a stormy morning."

Concise statements of facts are always valuable, but we have none such concerning the early life of George Eliot. There is even a shadow over her parentage, for no less an authority than the *American Cyclopaedia Annual* for 1880, boldly proclaims that she was not a foundling and, moreover, that she was not adopted by a rich retired clergyman who gave her a splendid schooling. Then the writer dives into obscurity but presently reappears and adds that he does not know where she got her education. For all of which we are very grateful.

Shakespeare left five signatures, each written in a different way, and now there is a goodly crew who spell it "Bacon."

And likewise we do not know whether it is Mary Ann Evans, Mary Anne Evans, or Marian Evans, for she herself is said to have used each form at various times.

William Winter—gentle critic, poet, scholar—tells us that the Sonnets show a

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dark spot in Shakespeare's moral record. And if I remember rightly similar things have been hinted at in sewing circles concerning George Eliot. Then they each found the dew and sunshine in London that caused the flowers of genius to blossom. The early productions of both were published anonymously, and lastly they both knew how to transmute thought into gold, for they died rich.

Lady Godiva rode through the streets of Coventry, but I walked—walked all the way from Stratford, by way of Warwick (call it Warrick, please) and Kenilworth Castle.

I stopped over night at that quaint and curious little inn just across from the castle entrance. The good landlady gave me the same apartment that was occupied by Sir Walter Scott when he came here and wrote the first chapter of *Kenilworth*.

The little room had pretty, white chintz curtains tied with blue ribbon, and similar stuff draped the mirror. The bed was

George Eliot

a big canopy affair—I had to stand on a chair in order to dive off into its feathery depths—everything was very neat and clean, and the dainty linen had a sweet smell of lavender. I took one parting look out through the open window at the ivy mantled towers of the old castle, which were all sprinkled with silver by the rising moon, and then I fell into gentlest sleep.

I dreamed of playing “I-spy” through Kenilworth Castle with Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Mary Ann Evans, and a youth I used to know in boyhood by the name of Bill Hursey. We chased each other across the drawbridge, through the portcullis, down the slippery stones into the donjon keep, around the moat, and up the stone steps to the topmost turret of the towers. Finally Shakespeare was “it,” but he got mad and refused to play. Walter Scott said it was “no fair,” and Bill Hursey thrust out the knuckle of one middle finger in a very threatening way and offered to “do” the boy from Strat-

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ford. Then Mary Ann rushed in to still the tempest. There's no telling what would have happened had not the landlady just then rapped at my door and asked if I called. I awoke with a start and with the guilty feeling that I had been shouting in my sleep. I saw it was morning. "No—that is, yes; my shaving water, please."

After breakfast the landlady's boy offered to take me in his donkey cart to the birthplace of George Eliot for five shillings. He explained that the house was just seven miles north; but Balaam's express is always slow, so I concluded to walk. At Coventry a cab owner proposed to show me the house, which he declared was near Kenilworth, for twelve shillings. The advantages of seeing Kenilworth at the same time were dwelt upon at great length by cabby, but I harkened not to the voice of the siren. I got a good lunch at the hotel, and asked the innkeeper if he could tell me where George Eliot was born. He did not

George Eliot

know, but said he could show me a house around the corner where a family of Eliots lived.

Then I walked on to Nuneaton. A charming walk it was; past quaint old houses, some with strawthatched roofs, others tiled—roses clambering over the doors and flowering hedge-rows white with hawthorn flowers. Occasionally I met a farmer's cart drawn by one of those great, fat, gentle shire horses that George Eliot has described so well. All spoke of peace and plenty, quiet and rest. The green fields and the flowers, the lark-song and the sunshine, the dipping willows by the stream and the arch of the old stone bridge as I approached the village—all these I had seen and known and felt before from *Mill on the Floss*.

I found the house where they say the novelist was born. A plain, whitewashed stone structure, built two hundred years ago; two stories, the upper chambers low, with gable windows; a little garden at the side bright with flowers, where sweet

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marjoram vied with onions and beets ; all spoke of humble thrift and homely cares. In front was a great chestnut tree, and in the roadway near were two ancient elms where saucy crows were building a nest.

Here, after her mother died, Mary Ann Evans was housekeeper. Little more than a child—tall, timid, and far from strong—she cooked and scrubbed and washed, and was herself the mother to brothers and sisters. Her father was a carpenter by trade and agent for a rich land owner. He was a stern man—orderly, earnest, industrious, studious. On rides about the country he would take the tall hollow-eyed girl with him, and at such times he would talk to her of the great outside world where wondrous things were done. The child toiled hard but found time to read and question, and there is always time to think. Soon she had outgrown some of her good father's beliefs, and this grieved him greatly ; so much, indeed, that her extra loving attention to his needs, in a hope to neu-

George Eliot

tralize his displeasure, only irritated him the more. And if there is soft subdued sadness in much of George Eliot's writing we can guess the reason. The onward and upward march ever means sad separation.

When Mary Ann was blossoming into womanhood her father moved over near Coventry, and here the ambitious girl first found companionship in her intellectual desires. Here she met men and women, older than herself, who were animated, earnest thinkers. They read and then they discussed, and then they spoke the things that they felt were true. Those eight years at Coventry transformed the awkward country girl into a woman of intellect and purpose. She knew somewhat of all sciences, all philosophies, and she had become a proficient scholar in German and French. How did she acquire this knowledge? How is any education acquired if not through effort prompted by desire?

She had already translated Strauss's

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Life of Jesus in a manner that was acceptable to the author, when Ralph Waldo Emerson came to Coventry to lecture. He was entertained at the same house where Miss Evans was stopping. Her brilliant conversation pleased him, and when she questioned the wisdom of a certain passage in one of his essays the gentle philosopher turned, smiled, and said that he had not seen it in that light before ; perhaps she was right.

"What is your favorite book ?" asked Emerson.

"Rousseau's *Confessions*," answered Mary instantly.

It was Emerson's favorite, too ; but such honesty from a young woman ! It was queer.

Mr. Emerson never forgot Miss Evans of Coventry, and ten years after, when a zealous reviewer proclaimed her the greatest novelist in England, the sage of Concord said something that sounded like "I told you so."

Miss Evans had made visits to London

George Eliot

from time to time with her Coventry friends. When twenty-eight years old, after one such visit to London, she came back to the country tired and weary, and wrote this most womanly wish : " My only ardent desire is to find some feminine task to discharge ; some possibility of devoting myself to some one and making that one purely and calmly happy."

But now her father was dead and her income was very scanty. She did translating, and tried the magazines with articles that generally came back respectfully declined.

Then an offer came as sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*. It was steady work and plenty of it, and this was what she desired. She went to London and lived in the household of her employer, Mr. Chapman. Here she had the opportunity of meeting many brilliant people : Carlyle, and his " Jeannie Welsh," the Martineaus, Grote, Mr. and Mrs. Mill, Huxley, Mazzini, Louis Blanc. Besides these were two young men who must

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not be left out when we sum up the influences that evolved this woman's genius.

She was attracted to Herbert Spencer at once. He was about her age and their admiration for each other was mutual. Miss Evans, writing to a friend in 1852, says : "Spencer is kind, he is delightful, and I always feel better after being with him, and we have agreed together that there is no reason why we should not see each other as often as we wish." And then later she again writes : "The bright side of my life, after the affection for my old friends, is the new and delightful friendship which I have found in Herbert Spencer. We see each other every day and in everything we enjoy a delightful comradeship. If it were not for him my life would be singularly arid."

But about this time another man appeared on the scene, and were it not for this other man, who was introduced to Miss Evans by Spencer, the author of *Synthetic Philosophy* might not now be

George Eliot

spoken of in the biographical dictionaries as being "wedded to science."

It was not love at first sight, for George Henry Lewes made a decidedly unfavorable impression on Miss Evans at their first meeting. He was small, his features were insignificant, he had whiskers like an anarchist and a mouthful of crooked teeth ; his personal habits were far from pleasant. It was this sort of thing, Dickens said, that caused his first wife to desert him and finally drove her into insanity.

But Lewes had a brilliant mind. He was a linguist, a scientist, a novelist, a poet, and a wit. He had written biography, philosophy, and a play. He had been a journalist, a lecturer, and even an actor. Thackeray declared that if he should see Lewes perched on a white elephant in Piccadilly he should not be in the least surprised.

After having met Miss Evans several times Mr. Lewes saw the calm depths of her mind and he asked her to correct

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proofs for him. She did so and discovered that there was merit in his work. She corrected more proofs, and when a woman begins to assist a man the danger line is being approached. Close observers noted that a change was coming over the bohemian Lewes. He had his whiskers trimmed, his hair was combed, and the bright yellow necktie had been discarded for a clean one of modest brown, and, sometimes, his boots were blacked. In July, 1854, Mr. Chapman received a letter from his sub-editor resigning her position, and Miss Evans notified some of her closest friends that hereafter she wished to be considered the wife of Mr. Lewes. She was then in her thirty-sixth year.

The couple disappeared, having gone to Germany.

Many people were shocked. Some said "we knew it all the time," and when Herbert Spencer was informed of the fact he exclaimed "Goodness me!" and said —nothing.

After six months spent in Weimar and

George Eliot

other literary centres, Mr. and Mrs. Lewes returned to England and began house-keeping at Richmond. Any one who views their old quarters there will see how very plainly and economically they were forced to live. But they worked hard, and at this time the future novelist's desire seemed only to assist her husband. That she developed the manly side of his nature none can deny. They were very happy, these two, as they wrote, and copied, and studied, and toiled.

Three years passed, and Mrs. Lewes wrote to a friend : "I am very happy; happy with the greatest happiness that life can give—the complete sympathy and affection of a man whose mind stimulates mine and keeps up in me a wholesome activity."

Mr. Lewes knew the greatness of his helpmeet. She herself did not. He urged her to write a story ; she hesitated, and at last attempted it. They read the first chapter together and cried over it.

Then she wrote more and always read her husband the chapters as they were turned off. He corrected, encouraged, and found a publisher. But why should I tell about it here? It's all in the *Brittanica*—how the gentle beauty and sympathetic insight of her work touched the hearts of great and lowly alike, and of how riches began flowing in upon her. For one book she received \$40,000, and her income after fortune smiled upon her was never less than \$10,000 a year.

Lewes was her secretary, her protector, her slave, and her inspiration. He kept at bay the public that would steal her time, and put out of her reach, at her request, all reviews, good or bad, and shielded her from the interviewer, the curiosity seeker, and the greedy financier.

The reason why she at first wrote under a *nom de plume* is plain. To the great wallowing world she was neither Miss Evans nor Mrs. Lewes, so she dropped both names as far as title pages

George Eliot

were concerned and used a man's name instead—hoping better to elude the pack.

When *Adam Bede* came out a resident of Nuneaton purchased a copy and at once discovered local ear-marks. The scenes described, the flowers, the stone walls, the bridges, the barns, the people—all was Nuneaton. Who wrote it? No one knew, but it was surely some one in Nuneaton. So they picked out a Mr. Liggins, a solemn-faced preacher, who was always about to do something great, and they said "Liggins." Soon all London said "Liggins." As for Liggins, he looked wise and smiled knowingly. Then articles began to appear in the periodicals purporting to have been written by the author of *Adam Bede*. A book came out called *Adam Bede, Jr.*, and to protect her publisher, the public, and herself, George Eliot had to reveal her identity.

Many men have written good books and never tasted fame ; but few, like Liggins of Nuneaton, have become famous

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by doing nothing. It only proves that some things can be done as well as others. This breed of men has long dwelt in Warwickshire; Shakespeare had them in mind when he wrote: "There be men who do a wilful stillness entertain with purpose to be dressed in an opinion of wisdom, gravity, and profound conceit . . . "

Lord Acton in an able article in the *Nineteenth Century* makes this statement:

"George Eliot paid high for happiness with Lewes. She forfeited freedom of speech, the first place among English women, and a tomb in Westminster Abbey."

The original dedication in *Adam Bede* reads thus: "To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give the manuscript of a work which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life."

Lord Acton of course assumes that this book would have been written, dedication

George Eliot

and all, just the same had Miss Evans never met Mr. Lewes.

Once there was a child called Romola. She said to her father one day, as she sat on his knee : “Papa, who would take care of me—give me my bath and put me to bed nights—if you had never happened to meet Mamma?”

.

The days I spent in Warwickshire were very pleasant. The serene beauty of the country and the kindly courtesy of the people impressed me greatly. Having seen the scenes of George Eliot’s childhood I desired to view the place where her last days were spent. It was a fine May-day when I took the little steamer from London Bridge for Chelsea.

A bird call from the dingy brick building where Turner died and two blocks from the old home of Carlyle is Cheyne Walk—a broad avenue facing the river. The houses are old, but they have a look of gracious gentility that speak of ease and plenty. High iron fences are in

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front, but they do not shut off from view the climbing clematis and clusters of roses that gather over the windows and doors.

I stood at the gate of No. 4 Cheyne Walk and admired the pretty flowers, planted in such artistic carelessness as to beds and rows, then I rang the bell ; an old pull-out affair with polished knob.

Presently a butler opened the door—a pompous, tall and awful butler, in serious black and side whiskers. He approached ; came down the walk swinging a bunch of keys, looking me over as he came to see what sort of wares I had to sell.

“ Did George Eliot live here ? ” I asked through the bars.

“ Mrs. Cross lived 'ere and died 'ere, sir,” came the solemn and rebuking answer.

“ I mean Mrs. Cross,” I added meekly ; “ I only wished to see the little garden where she worked.”

Jeemes was softened. As he unlocked the gate he said : “ We 'ave many wisit-

George Eliot

ers, sir ; a great bother, sir ; still, I always knows a gentleman when I sees one. P'r'aps you would like to see the 'ouse, too, sir. The missus does not like it much but I will take 'er your card, sir."

I gave him the card and slipped a shilling into his hand as he gave me a seat in the hallway.

He disappeared upstairs and soon returned with the pleasing information that I was to be shown the whole house and garden. So I pardoned him the myth about the missus, happening to know that at that particular moment she was at Brighton, sixty miles away.

A goodly, comfortable house, four stories, well kept, and much fine old carved oak in the dining-room and hallways ; fantastic ancient balusters, and a peculiar bay-window in the second-story rear that looked out over the little garden. Off to the north could be seen the green of Kensington Gardens and wavy suggestions of Hyde Park. This was George Eliot's workshop. There was a

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table in the centre of the room and three low book-cases with pretty ornaments above. In the bay-window was the most conspicuous object in the room—a fine marble bust of Goethe. This, I was assured, had been the property of Mrs. Cross, as well as all the books and furniture in the room. In one corner was a revolving case containing a set of the Century Dictionary, which Jeemes assured me had been purchased by Mr. Cross as a present for his wife a short time before she died. This caused my faith to waver a trifle and put to flight a fine bit of literary frenzy that might have found form soon in a sonnet.

In the front parlor I saw a portrait of the former occupant that showed "the face that looked like a horse." But that is better than to have the face of any other animal of which I know. Surely one would not want to look like a dog ! Shakespeare hated dogs, but spoke forty-eight times in his plays in terms of respect and affection for a horse. Who

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would not resent the imputation that one's face was like that of a sheep or a goat or an ox, and much gore has been shed because men have referred to other men as asses, but a horse! God bless you, yes.

No one has ever accused George Eliot of being handsome, but this portrait tells of a woman of fifty: calm, gentle, and the strong features speak of a soul in which to confide.

At Highgate, by the side of the grave of Lewes, rests the dust of this great and loving woman. As the pilgrim enters that famous old cemetery the first imposing monument seen is a pyramid of rare, costly porphyry. As you draw near, you read this inscription :

To the memory of
ANN JEWSON CRISP,
Who departed this life
Deeply lamented Jan. 20, 1889.
Also,
Her dog, Emperor.

Beneath these tender lines is a bas-

George Eliot

relief of as vicious a looking cur as ever evaded the dog tax.

Continuing up the avenue, past this monument just noted, the kind old gardener will show you another that stands amid others much more pretentious. A small gray granite column, and on it, carved in small letters, you read :

"Of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence."

Here rests the body of

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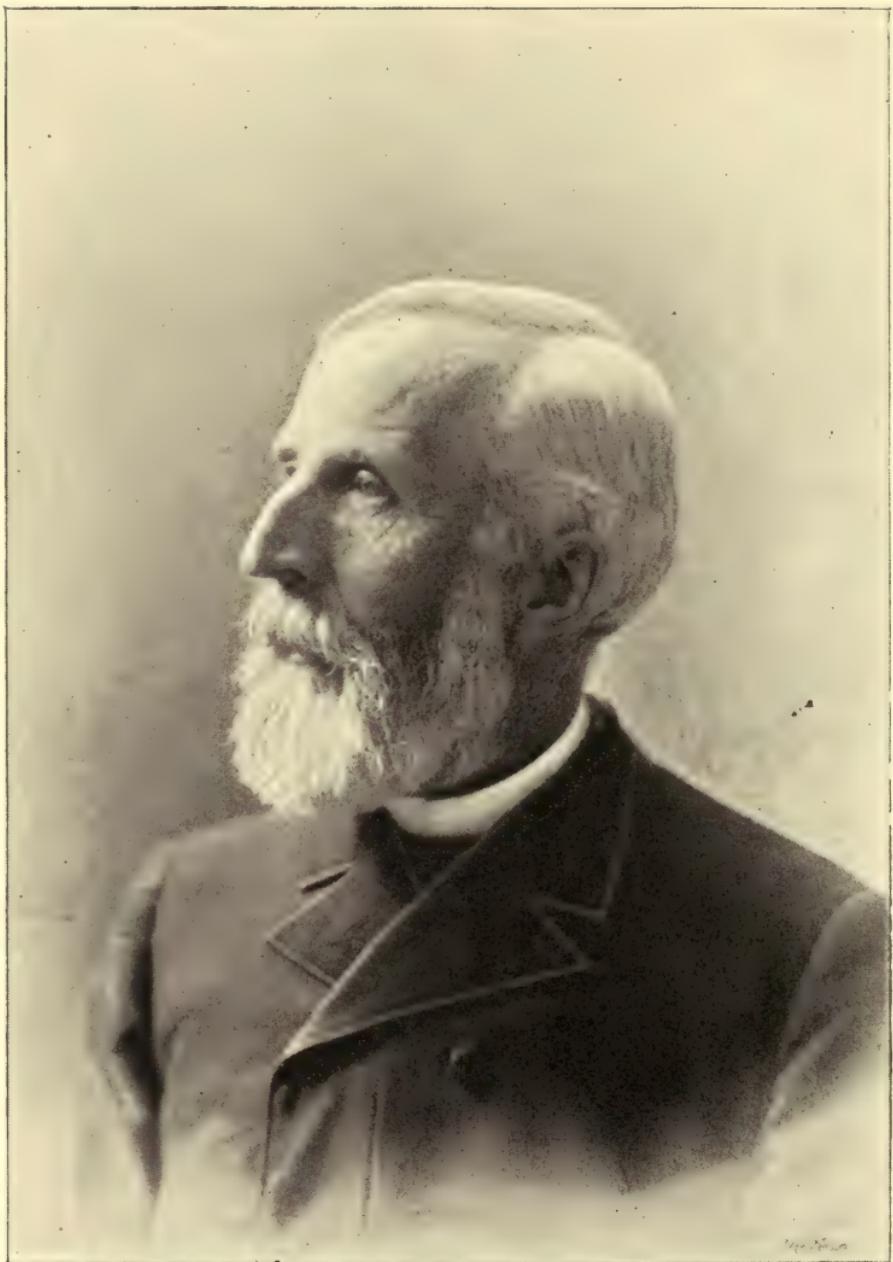
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MEMORIAL.

LIFE SKETCH.

JOHN MILLOTT ELLIS was born on the 27th of March, 1831, on the hill-farm of his father, Seth Brittain Ellis, situated at the foot of Mount Monadnock, near the village of Jaffrey, New Hampshire. His infancy and early boyhood were spent amid farm scenes and activities. Subsequently the home was changed for a time to the village, and in 1840 the family, consisting of parents, four sons, and five daughters, came to Oberlin, where the colony and College were in the first stage of their struggle for existence. Here young Ellis entered upon mingled work and study. From the first the aim of his parents, in which he fully sympathized, was that he should have a collegiate education, and whatever effort and sacrifice were necessary to this end were cheerfully contributed. During his youth, and while preparing for college, he fulfilled the terms of a virtual apprenticeship to a mechanical trade in his father's planing mill, which was long a landmark of earlier Oberlin. This thorough manual training proved of the greatest advantage in his subsequent life, equipping him as it did for the practical service in connection with the planning and construction of college buildings and the public improvements in the town, which service so conspicuously marked his busy life.

Entering Oberlin College in 1847, he for the most part supported himself during his collegiate course by teaching in the district schools of the State and otherwise, and was graduated in 1851 with his class of seventeen, which included in its membership General J. D. Cox, Charles G. Finney, Jr., Colonel Samuel F. Cooper, Rev. Lorenzo J. White, Professor L. F. Parker, and Professor J. A. R. Rogers. For some months following his graduation he was employed as teacher in the Academy at La-

peer, Michigan. From 1852 to 1855 he was Professor of Languages in Mississippi College; during the next two years he pursued his theological studies at Union and Oberlin Theological Seminaries, graduating from the latter with the class of 1857. In 1858 he was appointed Professor of Greek in Oberlin College, serving in that capacity until 1866, when he was transferred to the Chair of Mental Philosophy and Rhetoric, with work also for several years in Evidences of Christianity, Political Economy, and English Literature. During the last twelve years his work of instruction was confined to the field of Philosophy. From 1867 to 1874, in addition to his college duties, he was associate pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Oberlin, and during the entire period following his graduation, he preached in many pulpits in his own and other States, and was an influential member of very many of the ecclesiastical conferences and conventions in Ohio and elsewhere.

Professor Ellis was ordained as a minister of the gospel in 1865, and received from Oberlin College the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1893, being the first one upon whom that degree was ever conferred by Oberlin. His versatility of talent and his many-sided ability and forcefulness resulted in his being almost as much a man of affairs as he was teacher and preacher. While scrupulously refraining throughout his life from all connection with secular business in his own interest, he was ever prominent and serviceable in the business affairs of the College, and was actively interested in whatever measures tended to promote the welfare of the community and the country. During the civil war, although he did not wear the military uniform, his work in behalf of the Union cause, both in his own community and with the soldier at the front, was zealous, continuous, and most efficient. In 1861-62 he served a term as Mayor of the village, and from first to last he was intelligently identified with all matters of local government and local improvement. In 1883 he made an extended tour of central and southern Europe, and while nominally resting from overwork, he did not fail to bring back

to the College valuable fruits of his careful studies in other lands. In 1891 he was appointed by the United States Government a commissioner to Europe in the interest of the World's Columbian Exposition, and in this official capacity visited the capitals and conferred with the government authorities of Great Britain, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Russia.

On August 28, 1862, Professor Ellis was married to Minerva E. Tenney, of Oberlin, who survives him, together with his two sisters, Mrs. C. H. Remington, of Takoma Park, D. C., and Miss Josephine M. Ellis, of Oberlin, and the four sons, Albert, Theodore, John, and Luman. His decline in health dated from a severe attack of the grip in 1891, while his fatal illness, apparently tuberculosis of the lungs with involvement of the heart, definitely manifested itself about the first of January last, when he was compelled to relinquish his work, and went with his wife to Redlands in Southern California. There, at the hospitable home of his classmate Colonel S. F. Cooper, and in the constant care and companionship of his wife, he spent two months in perfect rest and comfort, enjoying the soft air, the sunshine, and the cordial greetings and affectionate messages of friends, but with no check to his progressing weakness. On the 21st of March they proceeded to Los Angeles, where a thorough examination by a specialist resulted in finding the malady to be what is known as Addison's disease—an incurable disease which cannot be identified until it has reached an advanced stage, when its presence is revealed mainly by a peculiar bronzing of the skin. The case being obviously beyond cure or material relief, it was the sick man's own wish to start immediately homeward, although frankly informed that there were many chances against his surviving the trip. His weakness steadily increased as the journey progressed, although he was uniformly comfortable and free from pain, and in less than two hours after reaching Chicago he died in the invalids' room of the Santa Fé terminal station. The party, consisting of Professor and Mrs. Ellis and their nephew, Bernard F. Tenney, were met at the train

by John T. Ellis, who was recognized by his father before final unconsciousness supervened. Chicago friends kindly aided in arrangements necessarily following the sad event, and on the subsequent arrival at Oberlin the station was thronged by a multitude of sympathizing friends, including Faculty, students, and town people.

Such is a colorless outline of one of the strongest and sweetest lives that it is given to men to live. Through more than thirty years of close fraternal intercourse, including all the vicissitudes and exigencies that necessarily come with the middle period of active lives, my regard for John Ellis and my admiration for his character have grown and deepened. His was peculiarly a well rounded, a balanced nature. A man of strong convictions and pronounced opinions, he was the farthest possible remove from bigotry or fanaticism. He was blessed with a strong sense of the humorous, which was never permitted to pass into levity. Profoundly and always impressed with the serious and even solemn aspects of the life that he was living, as well as of that upon which he has now entered, he carried with him an atmosphere that was not only cheerful but joyous. With almost a feminine purity of thought and instinct, he combined a stalwart manliness that could never be misunderstood. To me, at least, the departure of such a spirit gives to the world almost a tinge of loneliness.

A. B. NETTLETON.

SERVICES AT THE CHURCH.

The funeral services were held in the Second Church, Sunday afternoon, April 1st. A large audience filled the house to its utmost capacity. As the casket was slowly borne into the church, to the soft and solemn organ prelude, the congregation arose and stood until it was placed in position. An impressive tribute of flowers from friends far and near, spoke eloquently of the warm

place our dear friend held in hearts scattered all over this country.

After the opening exercises, consisting of an anthem by the choir, a passage of Scripture read by Professor Churchill, and prayer by Dr. Tenney, PROFESSOR MONROE spoke substantially as follows:—

Professor Ellis had a judicial mind, and was capable of looking at a subject upon all sides. This implied that he was free from personal feeling, from prejudice, and from bias, and made his judgment of great value to us. This quality revealed itself in all the relations which he sustained. It was apparent in the class-room and was appreciated by his pupils. It is safe to venture the statement that no student of Professor Ellis ever complained that he had been unfairly treated. He marked fairly, judged fairly, both the ability and the character of his pupils, and was quite capable of looking at things from their standpoint. He respected the scholarship and good qualities of his students. None of them ever left his recitation room without a sense of encouragement, without feeling that they could do something in the world with the powers which they had. His influence was always encouraging, never depressing to those under his care. He taught them to respect their own powers and to be hopeful as to the results of their future work.

The same quality showed itself in Faculty meetings. His ability to look upon all sides of subjects and of characters was there exceedingly useful. Some members of the Faculty used to wait until Professor Ellis had spoken, when a question was under debate, in order that they might be able to get a complete view of the case, and make up their own minds as to how they would vote. He had left a vacancy in the meetings of the Faculty which it would be very difficult to fill.

The same fair-mindedness showed itself in the meetings of the Second Church and in the management of its business. He was there also relied upon for counsel and advice. His judgment was equally valued by citizens of the town, as shown in

meetings of the Council, in public meetings and in private consultation. It was not uncommon, when difficult questions were under consideration, to hear citizens say, "Let us see Professor Ellis and talk with him about it." A neighbor who wished to consult him was always made welcome, and always found Professor Ellis at leisure to hear the case and give his judgment.

In former years he had invitations to leave Oberlin and accept positions which many would have thought more desirable. He never entertained these invitations any further than to consult with his brethren as to whether they would encourage him to leave. But as he never got any such encouragement he never left us. He had no desire to separate himself from the work here. He was wholly devoted to Oberlin and its service. It was said that he became a kind of Oberlin incarnate. He loved the work here because he thought it the best means of making his powers useful for the cause of Christ. No doubt this was the way to make a great school, and it was also the way to make a great man. Here Professor Ellis built his altar. He laid himself upon it, and the answer came by fire from heaven. To-day the offering has been consumed.

This spirit showed itself in other relations, but time would not permit that they should be mentioned. To-day we all have that profound sense of satisfaction which comes from feeling that there is but one place, one home, to which the released spirit can have gone. There was but one Presence in which a purpose so noble, a self-denial so complete, a consecration so perfect, a temper so candid and fair, a life so absolutely devoted to the work of Christ—there was but one Presence in which such a spirit could be found and could be at home, to which it must be drawn by its proper attractions; and that was the presence of his Redeemer and his Lord.

PRESIDENT BALLANTINE spoke of the moral traits of Professor Ellis. His remarks were as follows:—

I have been asked to speak of the moral traits of Professor Ellis. And this is easy to do. Of all the men of your

acquaintance, you have known none more thoroughly than you knew John Ellis. His character was so transparent, so sincere, so consistent, that it was soon understood; and once learned it was always afterwards found to be the same.

In considering the moral purpose of the noble life now ended, we are impressed with its unity, its comprehensiveness, its unselfishness, and its loftiness. Professor Ellis was fortunate in early finding the place and sphere of his life work. For fifty-four years he was a citizen of Oberlin; for thirty-six years he was a professor in the College, during which long time he was but two terms absent from his post.

He grasped with peculiar firmness the great thought of the founders of Oberlin—a Christian community holding in its bosom a Christian school—and to the realization of that idea his life was devoted. A man of unusual activity, industry, and efficiency, he labored from early morning until late at night, in term time and in vacation, with but one thought—the prosperity of village and College.

There was nothing narrow in this concentration; for the purpose was most comprehensive. There was no local pride or prejudice. He valued Oberlin not as a local enterprise, but for what it could do for the world. His supreme regard was for the kingdom of God in all its breadth. Nor was he especially interested in any single aspect of the work. Every need of the community and institution engaged his attention. Progress in every line,—sanitary, social, musical, political, educational, theological, religious,—he equally strove to promote.

The unselfishness of his life was most remarkable. There are different degrees of unselfishness. There are good men who are willing to devote themselves to a great cause if they may choose the part of the work that suits them. Professor Ellis had no choice; all that he asked to know was that the service was needed. It might be to oversee the repair of a leaking roof, or of a walk across the campus; it might be the erection of a building, the care of the College investments, the appointment

of a new professor, a public address, a sermon, the instruction of a class in Greek or Philosophy. It might be to admonish a wayward student, to visit the sick, or to conduct a village funeral. Wherever practical sense and a great Christian heart were required, he was ready for the task.

He never thought of the gratification of his own literary taste, or the making of a reputation, or the accumulation even of a competence. It never occurred to him to ask whether he had not worked as many hours as he was paid for. After all these years of unremitting toil, he died a poor man. The frugal support of his family was all the earthly reward he had ever contemplated.

No life can have a loftier purpose than this one had. It was to do the utmost for others. Here was a genial sympathy that took in every person and every interest of this whole community. Professor Ellis was peculiarly a man of the people. No consciousness of professorial dignity lifted him away from his neighbors. He was a "great commoner." And he was equally near to the students. No member of the Faculty knew so well just how the boys felt. He was interested not in the cause of learning in the abstract, but in developing Christian character in the living men and women around him and throughout the world. A great man is always greater than any one of his actions. The greatest service Professor Ellis has rendered to Oberlin has been in letting us all see the sublime unity and unselfishness of his life. He has been a living example of the type of character which this community was founded to produce.

Dear friends of the village and College, shall we not to-day, looking for the last time upon this beloved face, mutually pledge ourselves to live more devotedly for this same high purpose? Shall not the spirit of Professor Ellis live in a multitude of lives here and shine out from a multitude of faces in all the years to come?

DR. TENNEY spoke of the relation of Professor Ellis to the Second Church:—

The death of Professor Ellis comes as a severe personal bereavement, in which our tears flow in sorrowing sympathy with his immediate family.

His connection with the Second Church dates from its organization. During more than half of the thirty-four years of its history it has been served in the pastoral office by professors in the College, and of this service Professor Ellis has borne a large part. And more fully than any of its installed pastors he has entered into the details of its varied life and work. When not officially an acting pastor, he has been more to its pastors than a pastor's assistant could be. Everything that has been of interest to the Church has been of interest to him. Into the erection of this house of worship his thought and effort largely entered. Always, in stated supply, in occasional services, and in pastoral vacations, his pulpit ministrations have been abundant, instructive, and spiritually quickening and inspiring. Rarely has his place been vacant in the prayer circle, and seldom have we missed his voice in counsel and in prayer. In the business of the Church and in pleading for its benevolences, he has been our natural spokesman and our representative in the meetings of the conferences of the churches.

No one has entered more cordially and sympathetically into the family life of our members, and no one has been more heartily welcomed in our homes. In times of sorrow, and on funeral occasions, it has been to Professor Ellis that we have naturally turned. Had the service of his life been limited to the work which he has wrought in connection with the Second Church, it would have been a noble life work.

After the chorus, "Happy and blest," from the oratorio *St. Paul*, was sung by the choir, PROFESSOR G. FREDERICK WRIGHT spoke of the relation of Professor Ellis to the community. He said in substance:—

The intimate relations in Oberlin of the College and the community are of priceless value to all concerned. No small part of the practical efficiency of the education here given, depends

upon the harmony and closeness of these relations. The distribution of our students in households loyal to the College, scattered throughout the whole village, prevents much of that separation from ordinary society which is the great bane of university life.

While the whole organization of the College and colony in Oberlin has favored the intimate and harmonious relations of the two, the results attained have not been secured merely by the existence of propitious circumstances, but largely through the capacity and character of the persons entering into the partnership. Probably all would be united in saying, that, throughout the last thirty years, Professor Ellis, more than anyone else, has combined in himself the qualities which have both promoted and represented the totality of Oberlin interests.

The record of his unrequited work in promoting the general welfare of the community would fill a volume, and be an object lesson of the greatest value to the theoretical students of social science, illustrating to them the fact that the highest interests of society are promoted not so much by the forms of the social organization, as by the wisdom and the unselfish devotion of its members.

Time after time in the years of darkness and conflict, during the civil war, it was Professor Ellis' duty and privilege as chairman of the local committee to secure volunteers, to protect Oberlin from the draft. Through his efficient service, money was raised for bounties in sufficient quantity to secure the filling of Oberlin's quota by voluntary enlistments, and his sympathy and interest followed the soldiers everywhere, from beginning to end. He visited them in their lonely camps, and cheered them by his commanding presence and his words of sympathy and encouragement.

In conclusion, we have but to say that the commanding form of Professor Ellis was a true index of the commanding ability which was so generally recognized by every interest in our community, and by the whole Oberlin constituency. We

follow him to the grave with a depressing sense of a loss which cannot easily be replaced.

PRESIDENT FAIRCHILD spoke as follows:—

My friends, you will not expect many words from me to-day. I would prefer to sit in silence with the mourners. But I cannot permit the form of our friend to be buried from our sight without bringing my personal tribute of grateful remembrance.

Professor Ellis came to Oberlin, a child in his father's family, nine years of age, in 1840. I was then a student in theology. Our acquaintance began early, and has become more intimate, with every passing year, through the fifty years. It was not mainly a friendship of sentiment, although it could not be entirely lacking in this element; but rather a friendship of sympathy and co-operation in a common work.

In 1858, after having completed the course in College and in the Seminary, and having taught three years as Professor of Languages in a Southern college, he was elected Professor of Greek at Oberlin; and from that day to this, we have been intimately associated in all the work and business affairs of the College. I was not President until some years later, but many matters of administration fell to me as chairman of the Faculty, and I soon found in Professor Ellis such an adviser and helper as I needed. From the beginning of his official connection with the College, he took its interests on his heart, and never laid them off until he laid off all earthly care. It was never with him a question of its bearing upon his personal interest or advantage. There was a great work to be done, and if he could do it, it was his to do. He was a self-forgetful worker. We have had many such at Oberlin; no such enterprise was ever carried on without them. Professor Ellis has been prominent among them all. It was natural for him to lead, but he led in work, not merely in setting others to work. He was early appointed on the Prudential Committee, and from that time on became familiar with all the business affairs of the College. The time and

strength and wisdom which he has given to these affairs have been an essential contribution to the prosperity which has attended the work. Not an important movement has been made which has not had the benefit of his clear discernment, and his effective executive force. He was good to plan and equally good to perform. We often had to say to him as Pharaoh said to Joseph, "Since the Lord hath shown thee all this, there is none so good to execute the plan as thou art." He never declined such service to save himself from burdensome work. That it needed to be done, was sufficient for him, whether it was the location of a sewer, or the repairing of a roof; the collection of funds for completing Council Hall, or for the endowment of a professorship. His varied natural gifts, and his earlier and later training, qualified him for all these duties. One who has carefully traced the outward changes of the last thirty years and more, can see in every walk, in every building, traces of his work and thought.

But the life and strength of Professor Ellis have not been chiefly occupied with these outward material things. These have been but incidents, mere symbols of what was more real to him, though invisible. As a teacher, he has impressed his thought and life upon the hundreds who have come under his forming hand. The intellectual and moral force of his character and life have entered largely into the tide of helpful influence which has been sustained here in the College and the community through all the years, which has lifted and borne on to a higher plane of life and service the thousands that have sought their education here. In this great work he has not stood alone. No one can accomplish such a work alone, but we are permitted to assign to him to-day a large undivided share in the grand result. He never claimed much for himself. He had a generous appreciation of the work of his associates, and was content to be one among them. I do not think that any unkind or ungenerous criticism of his co-workers ever fell from his lips. He

rejoiced in the good work they were able to do, and gave it a generous appreciation.

In a work so varied and extended as he has accomplished, it is difficult to analyze and discriminate the various forms of helpfulness; but I cannot forbear to mention his contribution to the work of clear thinking and lucid statement of truth at Oberlin, in which the fathers gave us the lead, and which has been continued with more or less of success to our day. Professor Ellis has not left us any permanent and visible record in the form of books. Perhaps if ten years more had been added to his life, the book might have appeared. But this is scarcely a serious matter. Books are easily neglected and forgotten; but the impressions made upon a living soul have a permanency and vital power which no skill of the printer can impart. In this form and with this power, his work will remain and extend. It would not be difficult, if this were the time and place, to specify some of the contributions which he has made to the common treasure of Oberlin thought and teaching. But we have these treasures in possession, and they will be transmitted and diffused though all men forget out of whose store-house they came.

A large vacancy is left among us by Professor Ellis' departure, and this will not be filled. We shall miss his stately form as the years come on. We shall sometimes wish that he were here to continue or complete his work. No one can take his place; others will come in their own places and do their work, not his, and the building will go forward under the eye and hand of the great Master-builder, whose we are and whom we serve.

After President Fairchild's remarks, prayer was offered by Dr. Brand, and an opportunity was given to look once more on the face of our beloved friend, after which the casket was removed to its final resting place, in Westwood.

JOHN MILLOTT ELLIS.

When Nature planned this man she said of him,
 " Be his the kindly heart, the beaming eye,
 The ear to hear, to heed the humblest cry—
 The fate to toil in lowliest ways and dim;
 To be no slave to mean caprice or whim,
 To walk serene enwrapt in thoughts that lie
 Within the depths of God's unfathomed sky,
 Finding his life enclosed in duty's rim."

Obedience his—true child of Oberlin !
 When this behest into his soul was borne,
 No doubt e'er dwelt that patient heart within;
 Nor was his life thereby of gladness shorn,
 But filled with peace amid life's hurrying din.
 Such was thy son—mourn, Alma Mater, mourn !

—Ellen Bartlett Currier.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE FACULTY, APRIL 23, 1894.

Whereas, God in his providence has removed from his earthly sphere, after many years of devoted and successful labor, our honored and beloved associate, John Millott Ellis, we bow in reverent submission to his will, and, while mourning the loss, gratefully acknowledge the noble results which have been accomplished by the life and labors of our brother. We desire to put on record our high appreciation of his marked executive ability, of his symmetrical development of mind and character, of his unselfish devotion to the interests of the church of Christ, and especially of Oberlin College and community, of his unwearied attention to the welfare of the great number of students who have come under his care, and of the heroism with which he has endured the trials of life and met the ordeal of death. Therefore,

Resolved, that we extend to his family and immediate relatives our heartfelt sympathy, and that, with the great number of his pupils and friends scattered over the world, we unite in the prayer that the mantle of our departed friend may fall on

those of us who remain, enabling us to take up successfully the work which he has now laid down.

FENEYLON B. RICE,
G. FREDERICK WRIGHT,
WILLIAM B. CHAMBERLAIN,
MRS. A. A. F. JOHNSTON,
A. A. WRIGHT,

Committee.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE THEOLOGICAL ALUMNI,
MAY 10, 1894.

In connection with this annual gathering, the absence of our friend and brother, Professor John M. Ellis, brings to us all a sense of loss which demands expression. During the thirty-seven years of his membership in this Association, his unfailing presence at our annual meetings and his helpful counsels and suggestions have contributed greatly to the interest and effectiveness of our work. Although his strength was given more directly to another department of the College work, yet all the interests of the Seminary rested upon his heart, almost as if he had been one of its professors. Himself an able and effective preacher, the preaching of the gospel seemed to him the great work, and the training of young men for such service, of supreme importance. Theological thought and study never ceased to be attractive to him, and his strong common sense and clear philosophical discernment have contributed not a little to the completer statement of the Oberlin Theology.

While we keenly feel the loss of our departed friend, we would not fail to express our gratitude to God for the gift to the Oberlin work, during these many years, of a life so full of helpful service.

To Mrs. Ellis and the bereaved family we tender our Christian sympathy and love.

JAMES H. FAIRCHILD,
G. FREDERICK WRIGHT,
HOLLAND B. FRY,

Committee.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE OBERLIN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA AT PITTSBURG, PA.,
APRIL 28, 1894.

The Oberlin Alumni Association of Western Pennsylvania has learned with deep regret of the recent death of Professor John M. Ellis, and would place on record its sense of his great worth and of the loss sustained by his decease.

Its members recall with unalloyed pleasure their acquaintance with him during College days, in the class-room, in social and church life, and in private intercourse. They gladly bear testimony to his exalted character and bearing in all these relations.

In the class-room he was an able and inspiring teacher, enthusiastic and unbiased in his search for truth, clear and fair in his expositions and his defence of it, and greatly interested in the successful attainment of it by his pupils.

In social life he was uniformly courteous in his demeanor, and considerate of the feelings and the welfare of all.

In church and Christian life, as a preacher of the gospel and as a follower of the Divine Master, he presented a noble illustration of loyalty to his Lord, of devotion to His teachings, and of love to His disciples.

In private intercourse with his pupils, few teachers ever manifested more fully the unselfishness and large-heartedness of a generous and thoughtful nature intent on imparting blessing to others. His presence was always stimulating towards everything that is lofty and good, and his influence helpful in encouraging every holy purpose. We recognize now, as we look back upon the years when his voice and his commanding form were familiar to us, how large a part he had in impressing upon us his own noble conceptions of life and truth and duty. We shall cherish through our coming years the inspiring memory of his character as teacher, Christian, and friend.

T. H. ROBINSON, '50.

ALICE I. JONES, '91.

Committee.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE OBERLIN COLLEGE ALUMNI
ASSOCIATION, AT CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 25, 1894.

Whereas, on March 29, 1894, the life of Professor John M. Ellis came to an untimely end in this city while *en route* for Oberlin:

Resolved, that we are rendered peculiarly mindful of the great loss of our teacher and friend by his sudden death in our midst.

Resolved, that we spread on our records and send to his family these minutes expressive of our sympathy for them, in their bereavement, and of our recognition of his great usefulness to the College.

As student, instructor, and professor he had for more than forty years been connected with Oberlin College. He had absorbed and become inspired by the spirit of the founders, and did much to preserve their ideal through all the changes of time.

He exerted a vigorous influence for good in the affairs of the town, in the work of the church, and in every department of the College. He was a public-spirited man who gave freely of his time, his strength, his thought, and his means for the manifold needs of the growing institution. His life was inseparably interwoven with the history of the College, and, so long as it continues, his memory will be kept green.

Resolved, that through his devotion to the college of which we are members, we have become the beneficiaries of a debt which we can never repay to him. But that our return must be made to the school which he loved and to the principles which it teaches.

We therefore here resolve that it is the privilege of us who are spared to carry forward the work to which his life and that of his predecessors were so nobly given; that we so improve our privilege that they shall not have sacrificed in vain; and that we here anew devote ourselves to the promotion of that union of learning and labor, of plain living and high thinking, of culture, patriotism, and true religion which they, and he, held dear.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE MEDINA CONFERENCE, AT ITS
ANNUAL MEETING, OBERLIN, APRIL 26, 1894.

God in his infinite wisdom has removed from our midst our honored and beloved brother, Professor J. M. Ellis. We, as members of the Medina Conference of Congregational Churches, desire to put on record our sense of personal loss and bereavement in the death of this brother. Professor Ellis was a valued and useful member of this Conference. His interest in the meetings of our churches and all that pertained to their welfare and upbuilding was not merely official and honorary, but real, vital, and personal. He was uniformly present at our meetings and helpful in all our counsels. We desire to extend to this Second Church of Oberlin, of which he was a most valued member, and to his bereaved family, our heartfelt sympathy, and we join in commanding them to the loving care of Him who doeth all things well.

TRIBUTE OF THE PRESS.

Professor John M. Ellis, who for thirty-six years had been a professor in Oberlin College, and had lived in the town from early boyhood, was throughout life one of the truest and most characteristic products of the spirit, life and culture of Oberlin; of the Oberlin College which can never be thought of apart from the Oberlin Town. His identification all these years was as perfect with the life of the town as with that of the college. With the utmost simplicity of motive, it was remarkable how many-sided were his living interests; and his interests in any matter were always of the most practical, often of the most pragmatical, nature. He had no cant, no pretense, no hobbies, and very few prejudices. If not accounted brilliant, his candor and fair-mindedness made the action of his mind not only sane and clear, but luminous in its perception and practical judgments. His department of instruction was that of Greek, and later that of Philosophy; but from first to last he was wholly devoted to Oberlin, and to the whole of Oberlin. He was indeed one of the most wholesome of men. No life could have a nobler purpose than his, to do the utmost in his power for others. As President Ballantine says of him, the greatest service he rendered to Oberlin was in letting all see the sublime unity and unselfishness of his life—a living example of the type of character which that community was founded to produce. As Professor G. F. Wright remarked, for thirty years he combined in himself more perhaps than anyone else the qualities which both promoted and represented the totality of Oberlin interests. No students, says Professor

Monroe, ever left his recitation room without "a sense of encouragement," without feeling that they could do something in the world with the powers they had. And so, better than a dozen lectureships on applied Christianity was the incessant instructiveness of his own personality and life, so vigilant and so instant in response wherever practical sagacity and a great heart with aptitude for all kinds of affairs were wanted. In this respect, pertinent to him would have been the remark of Emerson, "I cannot hear your words your actions speak so loud." No amount of talk about "civics" and "sociology" and so on could have had such influence over the thousands of Oberlin students as the factual witness day after day of this man along with his like-minded associates, matching the activities of each day with its own opportunity. For, he was exactly the same in the town-meeting as in the class-room; and as sure to be at the one as at the other. When Mayor of the town nobody thought of asking whether or not he would enforce the laws. As Chief of the Oberlin Fire Department he was an expert. And then, a crowning grace of his unselfishness, as of all the qualities which made his scholarship, his ministry, his citizenship, was the unconsciousness of it all which left him "at leisure from himself" to go on unhindered in doing the needed thing at the right time.

And thus it was that, both as fact and continuing factor, at once as personal resultant and in turn producing cause, according to his measure and in all his relations to the community, the college, the church, the commonwealth and the country, Professor Ellis notably illustrated the qualities, rather the combination and adjustment of qualities, which the peculiar conditions and still aching problems of modern society are so anxiously calling for.—*Editorial by the Rev. Simeon Gilbert, D. D., in The Advance for April 12, 1894.*

One of the original and most honored members of Oberlin's Faculty is dead. A few months ago Professor Ellis went with his wife to California, a very sick man, but hopeful. The change did not benefit him, and when told there was no hope of recovery, he desired to start immediately for home. He died in Chicago Thursday morning.

Professor Ellis studied at the College in its infancy; pursued the theological course, graduated from it with high honors and accepted a professorship of the Greek language. He had been connected with the College in various capacities for half a century, and has discharged every duty devolved upon him with ability and distinction. He was a fitting representative of Oberlin theology, and that class of noble men who built Oberlin College in the wilderness, from nothing to its present high and world-wide reputation. Highly respected and esteemed by all whose good fortune it was to know him as a teacher, adviser or citizen, he will always be remembered as a man of noble character, rare intelligence and scholarly attainments. As a professor of the dead languages, he will be remembered throughout the world. Professor Ellis visited Grand Rapids several times in the interests of Oberlin

College, and while here called on his former pupils and preached several sermons in the Park Congregational Church. Many of our citizens will remember him. We testify our respect for his memory, our admiration for his virtues, and our belief in the constant honest purposes of his life. That his genial courtesy and quiet dignity will be long remembered among us, and his untiring energy in promoting the interests of his pupils be worthy of emulation throughout the entire country, we have no doubt. We tender to the family of Professor Ellis our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad affliction, still aware that wounded hearts cannot be healed by human sympathy alone. His life work is done—but well done. His crowning characteristics were those of faith and Christian living. He lives in death.—*C. G. Swensberg in the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald for April 8, 1894.*

In the death of Professor Ellis, Oberlin College loses one of its best friends; one of its most devoted teachers; one of the men who, putting the work of more than a generation into it, has brought it up to its present commanding position. None knew him but to respect and honor him. His ideals of duty were lofty. In the service of his Master he counted no sacrifice too great. The writer of these words will not soon forget the work he did among the soldiers in the armies of the Potomac and the James, and at Richmond just after the surrender, nor the interest he took in the social questions which even then were just beginning to press for a solution. He was one of the men who believed in the adequacy of the principles of the gospel for the settlement of all difficulties.—*The Congregationalist, April 5, 1894.*

The sudden death at Chicago yesterday of Professor J. M. Ellis of Oberlin College will be felt as a personal affliction by very many residents of Cleveland, who have known and esteemed him as a teacher and friend in years that are past. Professor Ellis has been connected with Oberlin College as pupil, tutor and professor nearly forty years. His life has been devoted to good works and the memory of his deeds and influence will be abiding.—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer, March 30, 1894.*

MESSAGES OF SYMPATHY.

The following are extracts from a few of the many letters received by Mrs. Ellis from friends at a distance:—

CINCINNATI, April 11, 1894.

My affection and admiration for John has never lessened from the high measure it had with me when I first knew him as a classmate in 1846. It needed the intimacy of boys preparing for college to give the truest idea of his mental lucidity and easy grasp of every study which made the student's work easy to him, and made high rank in a class seem so natural that no one wondered at it. So far from seeking to *show* superior excellence, he had from the beginning a contempt for exhibition that made him rather hide his

power, under a natural modesty that treated it as nothing but what was a matter of course, and least of all to be proud of. I think those boyish estimates are the truest and best. We knew him through and through, and consequently knew how honest, how pure, how unselfish, how strong he was.

If we all have sometimes wished he had not so many cares and so varied duties thrust upon him, so that by narrowing his field he might have made his great powers more dominant in some single line of thought and world-teaching, I am sure his sense of duty was a better guide, and in doing whatever the College needed he has left his impress more durably upon it and upon generations of students yet to come than he could have done in any other way.

Sympathizing deeply and earnestly with you in your great present grief as I do, I yet cannot indulge in mere grief—I am led to think of him as of a character so high and so safe in the list of true worthies, that I involuntarily yield to the impulse to admire rather than to weep—to thank God for the life he lived rather than bewail the close of it. Is it not a precious fruit of such a life that the satisfaction we all must feel in its full and rounded performance of duty softens even our mourning, and gives a reality to the immortal part of him that makes even his death seem unreal in the comparison?

You have the unspeakable comfort of knowing all this better than any of us, and we can only help to assuage your natural sorrowing by reminding you how much there is in the last thirty years to glory and rejoice in, and how slight the break will hereafter seem in a holy and everlasting comradeship.

J. D. COX.

BOSTON, April 3, 1894.

No one in Oberlin save President Fairchild was so intimately associated with my life while a member of the Faculty; and I can hardly think what Oberlin will be without Professor Ellis. The College, the Prudential Committee, the Alumni, the Church, the Town, the Conference, Forest Street; how he will be missed in them all.

JUDSON SMITH.

MARCH 31, 1894.

Professor Ellis was so staunch and upright! He was good to lean upon. I can never cease to remember with keen gratitude the patient kindness, and the calm good judgment with which he upheld me when I was fainting under the deepest trouble and perplexity of my life.

MARTHA E. FRENCH.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, April 1, 1894.

To Mrs. J. M. Ellis, Oberlin, Ohio:

DEAR MADAM:—The Session and members of the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian Church send to you a message of sympathy in your hour of trial. While we have no right to penetrate the inner sanctuary of your grief, we

give our prayers with your own to the end that holy and true consolation may come to you even in this supreme sorrow.

The ministrations of Professor Ellis to this congregation during a period of transition and anxiety were helpful and most wise. He gave us of that wisdom and prudence, of that hope in the future, with which God had so conspicuously endowed him, His honored servant. The memory of our friend is sacred within these walls where his voice has so often resounded.

May we not send back to you that passage of Holy Scripture which he himself declared to one of our members to have been "especially helpful" to him—Isaiah 1. 10: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

Respectfully,

JAS. HANDYSIDE,
Clerk of Session.

Mt. HOLYOKE COLLEGE,
SOUTH HADLEY, MASS., April 5, 1894.

There was not the shadow of an unrighteous thought in him—pure and true, devoted to duty and truth; the friend of everybody, unselfish in deed as in thought. Everybody trusted and loved him. I rejoice that I ever knew him, and that my children knew him, and felt the force of his strong character.

ELIZABETH S. MEAD.

YORK, NEB., April 5, 1894.

Professor Ellis had been our teacher and friend, and his Christ-like spirit endeared him to us all. The great student world will mourn his loss, and Oberlin College will greatly miss him as a teacher, manager, and a Christian light.

E. H. BAKER.

SOUTHOLD, N. Y., April 15, 1894.

It was such a true and beautiful life, that there can now be only sorrow, and no sting, for those who are left. And we can *bear* sorrow. It must be such a happy thought for you that he influenced and inspired so many lives, and opened up to them such new and helpful avenues of thought, that all their after life cannot but be changed and bettered and broadened.

LOUISE C. POND.

DENVER, COLO., April 5, 1894.

I cannot but be glad that my college days came in his time, and that among many precious memories I have that of his kindly face and cheery words.

KATE COWAN JAMES, '89 O. C.

OAK PARK, ILL., April 1, 1894.

We all remember with much gratitude your husband's devotion to each of our college interests. I enjoyed especially my work with him in the Evidences of Christianity; and it is satisfactory to recall how clear his convictions and understanding of the great truths of Christianity always were. Memories of his life will strengthen the lives of many of his students, I am sure.

ANGINETTE B. HEMINGWAY.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., March 30, 1894.

A good man has gone. He will be greatly missed. He has done a large and useful work, and a work which will go on and on without ceasing. Thirty years ago last fall I began my acquaintance with him, when, in the late fall of '63, I went to Oberlin carrying a letter of introduction to him. He received me cordially, and counseled me wisely. We have always been good friends since, and our friendship has grown. I often went to him for advice, and always got good counsel. It would have been better for me had I always followed his advice. And I am only one of a great number who can and will testify the same thing. Only God can measure the good he has done in his quiet, unselfish, wise, energetic life in Oberlin.

S. V. S. FISHER.

ALLEGHENY, PA., April 30, 1894.

When I think of him it is not of his position in the College, of his scholarship, or any of his public relations. I did not know him much in these. It is of his large and open heartedness, the honesty and guilelessness and unselfishness of his nature I knew him as a friend and brother. We were not in the same class, and so had not the bond of classmates. Our lives were soon thrown apart. We seldom met. We were in different churches and each loved his own church, so that it has been somewhat contrary to custom if not to nature, that our friendship should live on. . . . From the days when we sat beside each other in the choir and sang in serenades and in concerts, we continued to think of each other. I shall hold him in hearty memory for the rest of my days. He was *the* one in Oberlin that most strongly drew me there.

T. H. ROBINSON.

ST. PAUL, MINN., April 17, 1894.

He was a friend of my boyhood. I well remember the day he became a Christian and the powerful influence his decision had upon my conscience. He at once became an ideal to me, and for fifty years I have drawn from his consecrated and scholarly manhood deeper inspiration. It has not been my privilege to often meet him, but my thoughts of Oberlin have always included him as a part of its pure and exalted life.

EDWARD P. INGERSOLL.

LAKE ERIE SEMINARY,
PAINESVILLE, OHIO, April 14, 1894.

The tributes from the associates of Professor Ellis are beautiful and true, especially those words of Professor Monroe: "A purpose so noble, a self-denial so complete, a consecration so perfect, a temper so candid and fair, a life so absolutely devoted to the work of Christ." And the words of Dr. Fairchild, coming straight from his heart out of an experience of fifty years. There must have been great comfort for you in such words, and the comfort will remain.

MARY EVANS.

REDLANDS, CAL., March 30, 1894.

I can never forget the Professor's kindness to me in his father's home while I was a student in the Seminary. He was a constant helper and inspirer in that work. We went to Oberlin, strangers, but through him we found home and friends. And then his brotherly interest in all these years —his hearty welcome to his own model home—and not the least his kindly interest in our children as they went to Oberlin, make this event one of peculiar tenderness and sorrow.

O. H. SPOOR.

GRINNELL, IOWA, April 1, 1894.

The past is rich in happy, honorable memories; the future radiant with the hopes inspired by the faith he cherished. We can change nothing; infinite love infinitely wise has done just what is best.

L. F. PARKER.

HINSDALE, MASS., April 2, 1894.

I have known him long and have loved him better every year. Such a clear head is not always with such a warm heart. Such manly independence of thought does not in most men find it so easy to co-operate with fellow-workers.

J. H. LAIRD.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1894.

New York Oberlin Alumni offer warmest sympathy and love and mourn with you.

R. T. HALL.

NEW YORK, April 13, 1894.

DEAR MRS. ELLIS:—The knowledge of your husband's death was first received by most of the New York Alumni at the annual meeting of the New York Association recently held. His presence with us two years ago was still so fresh in the recollection of most of us, and the love and reverence which we, in common with all those who have learned from him, had for him, was so strong that our hearts went out in sympathy for you and your chil-

dren who have suffered such unspeakable loss. It was the unanimous desire of those present to express this sympathy, and the Secretary was therefore directed to convey such expression.

It is in obedience to this expressed wish that I write and tell you, what you already know, that we, his former pupils, feel that we have suffered loss with you, and grieve with you.

WILLIAM M. BENNETT,
Secretary.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., April 5, 1894.

He was a friend to me, and helped me long before I realized it. He was a noble, stalwart figure, toward whose dimensions I unconsciously aspired. He was a preacher of righteousness, not only in the pulpit and in the classroom, but in his majestic character and life; and long before any of us came to know his teachings, we felt the power and the uplift of John Ellis, and this was true not only of me, but of my brother Dwight before me. Instinctively we had turned to this man as one who represented all that was manly and honest and noble. . . .

It will be strange to think of Oberlin without Professor Ellis. In the dark days of Oberlin in the '70's, when the outlook was discouraging and the means limited, and the buildings were shabby, it was the hearty, cheerful courage of Professor Ellis that made all happy in the feeling that brighter days were to come.

DAN F. BRADLEY.

RIPON COLLEGE,
RIPON, WIS., April 9, 1894.

I have always regarded Professor Ellis as one of the remarkable men among the superior leaders at Oberlin. His great breadth and solidity of judgment, his genuine and wide charity, his Christian simplicity and constant faith, made him a man of extraordinary influence over all with whom he had any personal relations. Other leaders in Oberlin may have been more brilliant than he, but on the whole I doubt whether any of them have been more grandly intelligent. An uncommon, loving man. He will be a great loss to Oberlin College and to the State of Ohio.

EDWARD H. MERRELL.

NEW YORK, April 7, 1894.

He was one of God's noblemen. His heart was well adjusted to his manly frame. His deep religious experience, his clear insight into God's word, his tireless devotion to the interests of his Master's kingdom, his unfaltering love for the College, which owes so much of its life and growth to him, his warm welcome to his friends, his fatherly affection for the great multitude of young people continually passing through Oberlin College and Seminary, give him a very warm place in a multitude of hearts. He will be greatly missed in Oberlin. If I apprehend rightly, no man has done more to

build up that College than he. It is the best monument he or any other man could have as a memorial of a most faithful and devoted life service.

L. H. COBB.

CHICAGO, March 29, 1894.

His strong positive character counted as a force with every one of his scholars—one that they never can forget. His prudence never spared; his charity never wasted. He loved all. He helped all. We feel like a great host of children. We feel as though we had lost our leader.

MERRITT STARR.

MARIETTA COLLEGE,

MARIETTA, OHIO, April 10, 1894.

He was one of my best and closest friends, our friendship beginning while we were classmates in the Theological Seminary at Oberlin, and continued throughout our lives.

When we were together at Oberlin a mutual friend, now Rev. Dr. McKinley, was wont to say of him ("John Ellis," as we all called him), that he was the ripest and best fruit of Oberlin culture. I was glad to agree with that judgment. He has done a most useful, important, and honorable work for education and religion at Oberlin and for Oberlin. I doubt if any man has done more than he to make Oberlin College and Oberlin village what they are to-day.

N. J. MORRISON.

HARTFORD, CONN., April 3, 1894.

We have not lost that blessed soul, that prince among men, that friend whose affection was so deep and tender. Even those of us who had him for a dear friend were unspeakably rich; but how much richer you and your dear children, who had him for your very own. We are all rich still, and if our hearts are heavy, we will let the God of all comfort, who knows how to comfort us in all our trials, comfort us with His peace.

JOHN A. R. ROGERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 31, 1894.

Having known him so long and so well, and loved and admired him so much, we cannot but feel that we too are personally bereft, and that the College, the Church, and the world have met with a loss that cannot be filled. While mourning his death, we can but thank God for such lives, and such men, whose influence can never die. And the good they have done will ever live.

MR. AND MRS. C. H. BUXTON.

CHICAGO, April 2, 1894.

More than once when I was in need of help, he gave it to me as no one else could have done. Hundreds will write or think just such words.

ELIZABETH K. CLARK.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1894.

His life and character will ever be a bright and beautiful thing in our memory, and his loving friendship one of the most precious possessions that has ever come into our lives.

WILLIAM KINCAID.

ROME, ITALY, April 21, 1894.

I feel very thankful that I had the privilege of studying under Professor Ellis and knowing him as a friend, and I hope I may never fall below the ideals which he taught me, not so much by word as by his life. I think of him now as I used so often to see him in chapel offer his chair to some belated young lady. It was an act of thoughtfulness and gallantry, a little thing to speak of, perhaps, but it was just one of the many things which made him so loved by his students. Many young men in New York have told me, since I graduated, that after they left college, the Professor who remained in their memories as the most esteemed and as having most influenced their lives for good, was Professor Ellis. This is my testimony too.

AGNES E. WARNER.

DENVER, COLO., April 28, 1894.

Professor Ellis' place in the hearts of the Oberlin people and students was indeed a large one. How much dear President Fairchild will miss him! He was so close to him and in sympathy with him. We remember with great pleasure our meeting him abroad and the kindly attention and service he rendered us. He was the noble Christian gentleman, that we sometimes fail to find in all places. But we cannot doubt that through his unselfish example others have been won to the better life, and his influence will never cease to exist.

IONE M. HANNA.

FRIEDENAU BEI BERLIN, April 17, 1894.

I can hardly make it seem at all possible that Professor Ellis is really gone from among us. I had come so to revere and love him that it seems to me in an unusual degree a personal loss. Not many men could have proved so considerate as he, in the position of an older associate in a department. His kindness and ready co-operation have been constant. I can never forget his high and unselfish spirit. I have never known him to fail to respond sympathetically to any high appeal in any thing. No other vacancy has meant to me what this means.

HENRY C. KING.

HONOLULU, April 18, 1894.

I enjoyed his sermons as much or more than those of any one else in Oberlin. His death was a great shock to me.

MARY CASTLE.

ROLLINS COLLEGE,
WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, April 2, 1894.

I cannot tell you how my heart aches for you. Nor can I tell you how much I have learned to love and respect Professor Ellis. In more than one place of most unusual stress he bore himself so nobly, so bravely, so unselfishly. Such a life is a permanent possession for us all. Death cannot touch it.

CHARLES G. FAIRCHILD.

PACIFIC GROVE, CAL., March 30, 1894.

He was an Oberlin man. He never knew how to spare himself. He saw duty only to do it. We all hoped that his life might be prolonged for other years of work and counsel and, not least, for further companionship with our dear old President; but we have many compensating thoughts of the good man and all he has been to the College and the church and the town and the state and the world,—and to his friends, his children, and to you.

We can only say, as President Fairchild has said to us so often and taught us to believe, "Our Father makes no mistakes."

MR. AND MRS. EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., April 3, 1894.

It is very pleasant to think of him in our home, lying upon the lounge or sitting by the window in the sunshine. He was so quiet and patient, so little trouble, and so interested in our conversation about old friends and acquaintances, although he was so ill. But best of all, he was so perfectly resigned to all that was before him, whether it was life or death, and when he learned that it was surely death, so calm and undisturbed. It was wonderful. His presence here was like a benediction upon our home.

MR. AND MRS. HENDERSON JUDD.

REDLANDS, CAL., March 31, 1894.

I cannot tell you what sacred joy will ever be the memory of the days and hours given us to minister to his comfort and happiness while under our roof here. His presence was a constant blessing and benediction for which we shall always be profoundly thankful.

SAMUEL F. COOPER.

Vol. II. No. 1. Five cents.

Per Year, Fifty cents

Little Journeys
to the Homes of
American Authors

Emerson

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS
"

JANUARY, 1896

New York and London: G. P.
Putnam's Sons * *
New Rochelle, N. Y. The
Knickerbocker Press. *



Little Journeys

SERIES FOR 1896

Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors

The papers below specified, were, with the exception of that contributed by the editor, Mr. Hubbard, originally issued by the late G. P. Putnam, in 1853, in a series entitled *Homes of American Authors*. It is now nearly half a century since this series (which won for itself at the time a very noteworthy prestige) was brought before the public; and the present publishers feel that no apology is needed in presenting to a new generation of American readers papers of such distinctive biographical interest and literary value.

- No. 1, Emerson, by Geo. W. Curtis.
" 2, Bryant, by Caroline M. Kirkland.
" 3, Prescott, by Geo. S. Hillard.
" 4, Lowell, by Charles F. Briggs.
" 5, Simms, by Wm. Cullen Bryant.
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" 9, Irving, by H. T. Tuckerman.
" 10, Longfellow, by Geo. Wm. Curtis.
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" 12, Bancroft, by Geo. W. Greene.

The above papers, which will form the series of *Little Journeys* for the year 1896, will be issued monthly, beginning January, in the same general style as the series of 1895, at 50cts. a year. Single copies, 5 cts., postage paid.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

In 1853, the late G. P. Putnam published, under the title of *Homes of American Authors*, a collection of papers which had been written for this work by a group of the younger writers of the day, and which were devoted to studies and descriptions of the homes and of the work of certain representative American authors of the time. The plan of the series originated, we understand, with the publisher, while it is probable that its editorial direction rested either with Henry T. Tuckerman or Charles F. Briggs ("Harry Franco"), who was at the time editor of *Putnam's Monthly*. Among the contributors were several writers whose work has since made for itself a place in the enduring literature of the century. Of these contributors (a list of whom will be found on the preceding page) but two, Parke Godwin and Edward Everett Hale, are still (December, 1895) surviving.

Publishers' Note

The successors of G. P. Putnam have thought that the generation which has grown up since the first publication of this book would be interested in reading these literary studies of half a century back. It has, therefore, been decided to reprint the papers as the second group of the series of *Little Journeys*, the publication of which has been initiated with the twelve papers of Mr. Elbert Hubbard issued in 1895.

These papers of 1853 are printed as originally written for Mr. Putnam's volume, and as a matter of justice to authors who, like Mr. Curtis and Mr. Godwin, have since written more comprehensively on the same subjects, the date of the original publication has in each case been specified. There is a certain literary interest in having again before us the point of view of these writers of 1853, even although in certain cases their final conclusions may have been somewhat modified, or their maturer literary judgment may have arrived at some different form of literary expression.

EMERSON

His goodness seems better than our goodness,
his nature finer, his temptations less. Every-
thing that is his,—his name, his form, his dress,
books, and instruments,—fancy enhances.

Essay on Friendship.

FOREWORD

They are gone—writer and subject—gone. The dust of Emerson rests in “Sleepy Hollow”: a great unhewn boulder marks the spot. He died in 1882; Curtis followed ten years later. But their works live after them: for beautiful lives and great thoughts endure. They make that sweet minor chord in the choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world. Curtis was in his twenty-ninth year when he wrote this sketch; Emerson was fifty—his fame secure. No living writer, no matter how richly gifted, could write so precious a monograph as this on the same theme; ‘t would lack that quaint old flavor and fragrance, as of lavender and thyme.

E. H.

EMERSON.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.*

THE village of Concord, Massachusetts, lies an hour's ride from Boston. It is one of those quiet New England towns whose few white houses, grouped upon the plain, make but a slight impression upon the mind of the busy traveller hurrying to or from the city. As the conductor calls "Concord!" the tourist has scarcely time to recall "Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill," before the place has vanished, and he is darting through woods and fields as solitary as those he has just left in New

* Written in 1853 for Putnam's *Homes of American Authors*.

Emerson

Hampshire. Yet, as it vanishes, he may chance to see two or three spires, and as they rush behind the trees his eyes fall upon a gleaming sheet of water. It is Walden Pond,—or Walden Water, as Orphic Alcott used to call it,—whose virgin seclusion was a just image of that of the little village until one afternoon, some half-dozen or more years since, a shriek, sharper than any that had rung from Walden woods since the last war-whoop of the last Indians of Musketaquid, announced to astonished Concord, drowsing in the river meadows, that the nineteenth century had overtaken it. Yet long before the material force of the age bound the town to the rest of the world, the spiritual force of a single mind in it had attracted attention to it, and made its lonely plains as dear to many widely-scattered minds as the groves of the Academy or the vineyards of Vaucluse.

Except in causing the erection of the railway buildings and several dwellings near it, steam has not much changed

Emerson

Concord. It is yet one of the quiet country towns whose charm is incredible to all but those who by loving it have found it worthy of love. The shire-town of the great agricultural county of Middlesex, it is not disturbed by the feverish throb of factories, nor by any roar of inexorable toil but the few puffs of the locomotive. One day, during the autumn, it is thronged by the neighboring farmers, who hold their high festival—the annual cattle-show—there. But the calm tenor of Concord life is not varied even on that day by anything more exciting than fat oxen and the cud-chewing eloquence of the agricultural dinner. The population of the region is composed of sturdy, sterling men, worthy representatives of the ancestors who sowed along the Concord shores, with their seed-corn and rye, the germs of a prodigious national greatness. At intervals every day the rattle, roar, and whistle of the swift shuttle darting to and from the metropolitan heart of New England, weaving prosperity upon the

Emerson

land, remind those farmers in their silent fields that the great world yet wags and wrestles. And the farmer-boy, sweeping with flashing scythe through the river meadows, whose coarse grass glitters, apt for mowing, in the early June morning, pauses as the whistle dies into the distance, and, wiping his brow and whetting his blade anew, questions the country-smitten citizen, the amateur farmer struggling with imperfect stroke behind him of the mystic romance of city life.

The sluggish repose of the little river images the farmer-boy's life. He bullies his oxen and trembles at the locomotive. His wonder and fancy stretch toward the great world beyond the barn-yard and the village church, as the torpid stream tends toward the ocean. The river, in fact, seems the thread upon which all the beads of that rustic life are strung,—the clew to its tranquil character. If it were an impetuous stream, dashing along as if it claimed and required the career to

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which every American river is entitled,—a career it would have. Wheels, factories, shops, traders, factory-girls, boards of directors, dreary white lines of boarding-houses, all the signs that indicate the spirit of the age, and of the American age, would arise upon its margin. Some shaven magician from State Street would run up by rail, and, from proposals, maps, schedules of stock, etc., educe a spacious factory as easily as Aladdin's palace arose from nothing. Instead of a dreaming, pastoral poet of a village, Concord would be a rushing, whirling, bustling manufacturer of a town, like its thrifty neighbor Lowell. Many a fine equipage, flashing along city ways; many an Elizabethan-Gothic-Grecian rural retreat, in which State Street woos Pan and grows Arcadian in summer, would be reduced, in the last analysis, to the Concord mills. Yet if these broad river meadows grew factories instead of corn, they might, perhaps, lack another harvest, of which the poet's thought is the sickle.

Emerson

One harvest from your field
Homeward brought the oxen strong,
Another crop your acres yield,
Which I gather in a song,

sings 'Emerson ; and again, as the afternoon light strikes pensive across his memory, as over the fields below him,

Knows he who tills this lonely field,
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic crops his acres yield
At midnight and at morn ?

The Concord River—upon whose winding shores the town has scattered its few houses, as if, loitering over the plain some fervent day, it had fallen asleep obedient to the slumberous spell, and had not since awakened—is a languid, shallow stream, that loiters through broad meadows, which fringe it with rushes and long grasses. Its sluggish current scarcely moves the autumn leaves showered upon it by a few maples that lean over the Assabeth—as one of its branches is named. Yellow lily-buds and leathery lily-pads tessellate its surface, and the white water-lilies—pale,

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proud ladies of Shalott—bare their bosoms to the sun in the seclusion of its distant reaches. Clustering vines of wild grape hang its wooded shores with a tapestry of the South and the Rhine. The pickerel-weed marks with blue spikes of flowers the points where small tributary brooks flow in, and along the dusky winding of those brooks, cardinal-flowers with a scarlet splendor paint the Tropics upon New England's green. All summer long, from founts unknown, in the upper counties, from some anonymous pond, or wooded hillside moist with springs, steals the gentle river through the plain, spreading at one point above the town into a little lake, called by the farmers "Fairhaven Bay," as if all its lesser names must share the sunny significance of Concord. Then, shrinking again, alarmed at its own boldness, it dreams on toward the Merrimac and the sea.

The absence of factories has already implied its shallowness and slowness. In

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truth it is a very slow river, belonging much more to the Indian than to the Yankee ; so much so, indeed, that until a very few years there was an annual visit to its shores from a few sad heirs of its old masters, who pitched a group of tents in the meadows, and wove their tidy baskets and strung their beads in unsmiling silence. It was the same thing that I saw in Jerusalem among the Jews. Every Friday they repair to the remains of the old Temple wall, and pray and wail, kneeling upon the pavement and kissing the stones. But that passionate Oriental regret was not more impressive than this silent homage of a waning race, who, as they beheld the unchanged river, knew that, unlike it, the last drops of their existence were gradually flowing away, and that for their tribes there shall be no ingathering.

So shallow is the stream that the amateur Corydons who embark at morning to explore its remoter shores will not infrequently, in midsummer, find their

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boat as suddenly tranquil and motionless as the river, having placidly grounded upon its oozy bottom. Or, returning at evening, they may lean over the edge as they lie at length in the boat, and float with the almost imperceptible current, brushing the tips of the long water-grass and reeds below them in the stream—a river jungle, in which lurk pickerel and trout—with the sensation of a bird drifting upon soft evening air over the tree-tops. No available or profitable craft navigate these waters, and animated gentlemen from the city, who run up for “a mouthful of fresh air,” cannot possibly detect the final cause of such a river. Yet the dreaming idler has place on maps and a name in history.

Near the town it is crossed by three or four bridges. One is a massive structure to help the railroad over. The stern, strong pile readily betrays that it is part of good, solid stock owned in the right quarter. Close by it is a little arched stone bridge, auxiliary to a great road

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leading to some vague region of the world called Acton upon guideposts and on maps. Just beyond these bridges the river bends, and forgets the railroad, but is grateful to the graceful arch of the little stone bridge for making its curve more picturesque; and, as it muses toward the Old Manse, listlessly brushing the lilies, it wonders if Ellery Channing, who lives beyond, upon a hillside sloping to the shore, wrote his poem of *The Bridge* to that particular one. There are two or three wooden bridges also, always combining well with the landscape, always making and suggesting pictures.

The Concord, as I said, has a name in history. Near one of the wooden bridges you turn aside from the main road, close by the "Old Manse,"—whose mosses of mystic hue were gathered by Hawthorne, who lived there for three years,—and a few steps bring you to the river, and to a small monument upon its brink. It is a narrow, grassy way; not a field nor a meadow, but of that shape and charac-

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ter which would perplex the animated stranger from the city, who would see, also, its unfitness for a building-lot. The narrow, grassy way is the old road which, in the month of April, 1775, led to a bridge that crossed the stream at this spot. And upon the river's margin, upon the bridge and the shore beyond, took place the sharp struggle between the Middlesex farmers and the scarlet British soldiers, known in tradition as "The Concord fight."

The small monument records the day and the event. When it was erected, Emerson wrote the following hymn for the ceremony :

APRIL 19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream that seaward creeps.

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On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We see to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made these heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

Close under the rough stone wall at the left, which separates it from the grassy orchard of the Manse, is a small mound of turf and a broken stone. Grave and headstone shrink from sight amid the grass and under the wall, but they mark the earthly bed of the first victims of that first fight. A few large trees overhang the ground, which Hawthorne thinks have been planted since that day, and he says that in the river he has seen mossy timbers of the old bridge, and on the farther bank, half-hidden, the crumbling stone abutments that supported it. In an old house upon the main road, nearly opposite the entrance to this grassy way, I knew a hale old woman

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who well remembered the gay advance of the flashing soldiers, the terrible ring and crack of firearms, and the panic-stricken retreat of the regulars, blackened and bloody. But the placid river has long since overborne it all. The alarm, the struggle, the retreat, are swallowed up in its supreme tranquillity. The summers of more than seventy years have obliterated every trace of the road with thick grass, which seeks to bury the graves as earth buried the victims.

Let the sweet ministry of summer avail. Let its mild iteration even sap the monument and conceal its stones as it hides the abutment in foliage; for, still on the sunny slopes, white with the May blossoming of apple-orchards, and in the broad fields, golden to the marge of the river, and tilled in security and peace, survives the imperishable remembrance of that day and its results.

The river is thus the main feature of the Concord landscape. It is surrounded by a wide plain, from which rise only

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three or four low hills. One is a wooded cliff over Fairhaven Bay, a mile from the town ; one separates the main river from the Assabeth ; and just beyond the battle-ground another rises, rich with orchards, to a fine wood which crowns its summit. The river meadows blend with broad, lonely fields. A wide horizon, like that of the prairie or the sea, is the grand charm of Concord. At night the stars are seen from the roads crossing the plain, as from a ship at sea. The landscape would be called tame by those who think no scenery grand but that of mountains or the sea-coast. But the wide solitude of that region is not so accounted by those who live there. To them it is rich and suggestive, as Emerson shows in the *Essay on Nature* : “ My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river, and with one stroke of the paddle I leave the village politics and personalities—yes, and the world of villages and personali-

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ties—behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novitiate and probation. We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty ; we dip our hands in this painted element ; our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms. A holiday, a royal revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival that valor and beauty, power and taste ever decked and enjoyed, establishes itself upon the instant. . . . In every landscape the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from the first hillock, as well as from the top of the Alleghanies. The stars stoop down over the brownest, homeliest common, with all the spiritual magnificence which they shed on the Campagna or on the marble deserts of Egypt."

He is speaking here, of course, of the spiritual excitement of beauty, which crops up everywhere in Nature, like gold in a rich region ; but the quality of the imagery indicates the character of

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the scenery in which the essay was written.

Concord is too far from Boston to rival in garden cultivation its neighbors, West Cambridge, Lexington, and Waltham; nor can it boast, with Brookline, Dorchester, and Cambridge, the handsome summer homes of city wealth. But it surpasses them all, perhaps, in a genuine country freshness and feeling derived from its loneliness. If not touched by city elegance, neither is it infected by city mercetriciousness—it is sweet, wholesome country. By climbing one of the hills, your eye sweeps a wide, wide landscape, until it rests upon graceful Wachusett, or, farther and mistier, Monadnoc, the lofty outpost of New Hampshire hills. Level scenery is not tame. The ocean, the prairie, the desert are not tame, although of monotonous surface. The gentle undulations which mark certain scenes,—a rippling landscape, in which all sense of space, of breadth, and of height is lost,—that is tame. It may be made beautiful by ex-

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quisite cultivation, as it often is in England and on parts of the Hudson shores, but it is, at best, rather pleasing than inspiring. For a permanent view the eye craves large and simple forms, as the body requires plain food for its best nourishment.

The town of Concord is built mainly upon one side of the river. In its centre is a large open square shaded by fine elms. A white wooden church, in the most classical style of Yankee-Greek, stands upon the square. At the Court-House, in the days when I knew Concord, many conventions were held for humane as well as political objects. One summer day I especially remember, when I did not envy Athens its Forum, for Emerson and William Ellery Channing spoke. In the speech of both burned the sacred fire of eloquence, but in Emerson it was light, and in Channing, heat.

From this square diverge four roads, like highways from a forum. One leads by the Court-House and under stately

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sycamores to the Old Manse and the battle-ground, another goes directly to the river, and a third is the main avenue of the town. After passing the shops this third divides, and one branch forms a fair and noble street, spacious, and loftily arched with elms, the houses standing liberally apart, each with its garden-plot in front. The fourth avenue is the old Boston road, also dividing, at the edge of the village, into the direct route to the metropolis and the Lexington turnpike.

The house of Mr. Emerson stands opposite this junction. It is a plain, square, white dwelling-house, yet it has a city air, and could not be mistaken for a farm-house. A quiet merchant, you would say, unostentatious and simple, has here hidden himself from town. But a thick grove of pine and fir trees, almost brushing the two windows upon the right of the door, and occupying the space between them and the road, suggests at least a peculiar taste in the retired mer-

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chant, or hints the possibility that he may have sold his place to a poet or philosopher,—or to some old East India sea-captain, perhaps, who cannot sleep without the sound of waves, and so plants pines to rustle, surf-like, against his chamber-window.

The fact, strangely enough, partly supports your theory. In the year 1828 Mr. C. Coolidge, a brother of J. Templeman Coolidge, a merchant of repute in Boston, and grandson of Joseph Coolidge, a patriarchal denizen of Bowdoin Square in that city, came to Concord and built this house. Gratefully remembering the lofty horse-chestnuts which shaded the city square, and which, perhaps, first inspired him with the wish to be a nearer neighbor of woods and fields, he planted a row of them along his lot, which this year ripen their twenty-fifth harvest. With the liberal hospitality of a New England merchant, he did not forget the spacious cellars of the city, and, as Mr. Emerson writes, “he built the only good

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cellar that had then been built in Concord."

Mr. Emerson bought the house in the year 1835. He found it a plain, convenient, and thoroughly-built country residence. An amiable neighbor of Mr. Coolidge had placed a miserable old barn irregularly upon the edge of that gentleman's lot, which, for the sake of comeliness, he was forced to buy and set straight and smooth into a decent dependence of the mansion-house. The estate, upon passing into Mr. Emerson's hands, comprised the house, barn, and two acres of land. He enlarged the house and barn, and the two acres have grown to nine. Our author is no farmer, except as every country gentleman is, yet the kindly slope from the rear of the house to a little brook, which, passing to the calm Concord beyond, washes the edge of his land, yields him at least occasional beans and peas; or some friend, agriculturally enthusiastic, and an original Brook Farmer, experiments with guano in the garden,

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and produces melons and other vines with a success that relieves Brook Farm from every slur of inadequate practical genius. Mr. Emerson has shaded his originally bare land with trees, and counts near a hundred apple and pear trees in his orchard. The whole estate is quite level, inclining only toward the little brook, and is well watered and convenient.

The Orphic Alcott,—or Plato Skimpole, as Margaret Fuller called him,—well-known in the transcendental history of New England, designed and with his own hands erected a summer-house, which gracefully adorns the lawn, if I may so call the smooth grass-plot at the side of the house. Unhappily, this edifice promises no long duration, not being “technically based and pointed.” This is not a strange, although a disagreeable fact to Mr. Emerson, who has been always the most faithful and appreciating of the lovers of Mr. Alcott. It is natural that the Orphic Alcott should build graceful summer-houses. There are even people

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who declare that he has covered the pleasant but somewhat misty lawns of ethical speculation with a thousand such edifices, which need only to be a little more "technically based and pointed" to be quite perfect. At present, they whisper, the wind blows clean through them, and no figures of flesh and blood are ever seen there, but only pallid phantoms with large, calm eyes, eating uncooked grain out of baskets, and discoursing in a sublime shibboleth of which mortals have no key. But how could Plato Skimpole, who goes down to Hingham on the sea, in a New England January, clad only in a suit of linen, hope to build immortal summer-houses?

Mr. Emerson's library is the room at the right of the door upon entering the house. It is a simple square room, not walled with books like the den of a literary grub, nor merely elegant like the ornamental retreat of a dilettante. The books are arranged upon plain shelves, not in architectural bookcases, and the

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room is hung with a few choice engravings of the greatest men. There was a fair copy of Michael Angelo's *Fates*, which, properly enough, imparted that grave serenity to the ornament of the room which is always apparent in what is written there. It is the study of a scholar. All our author's published writings, the essays, orations, and poems, date from this room, as much as they date from any place or moment. The villagers, indeed, fancy their philosophic neighbor affected by the novelist James's constancy of composition. They relate, with wide eyes, that he has a huge manuscript book, in which he incessantly records the ends of thoughts, bits of observation and experience, and facts of all kinds,—a kind of intellectual and scientific rag-bag, into which all shreds and remnants of conversations and reminiscences of wayside reveries are incontinently thrust. This work goes on, they aver, day and night; and when he travels, the rag-bag travels too, and grows more plethoric with each

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mile of the journey. And a story, which will one day be a tradition, is perpetuated, that one night, before his wife had become completely accustomed to his habits, she awoke suddenly, and hearing him groping about the room, inquired anxiously :

“ My dear, are you ill ? ”

“ No, my love, only an idea.”

The library is not only the study of a scholar, it is the bower of a poet. The pines lean against the windows, and to the student deeply sunk in learned lore, or soaring upon the daring speculations of an intrepid philosophy, they whisper a secret beyond that of the philosopher’s stone, and sing of the springs of poetry.

The site of the house is not memorable. There is no reasonable ground to suppose that so much as an Indian wigwam ever occupied the spot ; nor has Henry Thoreau, a very faithful friend of Mr. Emerson’s, and of the woods and waters of his native Concord, ever found an Indian arrowhead upon the premises. Henry’s

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instinct is as sure toward the facts of nature as the witch-hazel toward treasure. If every quiet country town in New England had a son who, with a lore like Selbourne's, and an eye like Buffon's, had watched and studied its landscape and history, and then published the result, as Thoreau has done, in a book as redolent of genuine and perceptive sympathy with nature as a clover-field of honey, New England would seem as poetic and beautiful as Greece. Thoreau lives in a blackberry pasture upon a bank over Walden pond, in a little house of his own building. One pleasant summer afternoon a small party of us helped him raise it,—a bit of life as Arcadian as any at Brook Farm. Elsewhere in the village he turns up arrowheads abundantly, and Hawthorne mentions that Thoreau initiated him into the mystery of finding them. But neither the Indians, nor Nature, nor Thoreau can invest the quiet residence of our author with the dignity, or even the suspicion,

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of a legend. History stops short in that direction with Charles Coolidge, Esq., and the year 1828.

There is little prospect from the house. Directly opposite, a low bluff overhangs the Boston road and obstructs the view. Upon the other sides the level land stretches away. Toward Lexington it is a broad, half-marshy region, and between the brook behind and the river, good farms lie upon the outskirts of the town. Pilgrims drawn to Concord by the desire of conversing with the man whose written or spoken eloquence has so profoundly charmed them, and who have placed him in some pavilion of fancy, some peculiar residence, find him in no porch of philosophy nor academic grove, but in a plain white house by the wayside, ready to entertain every comer as an ambassador from some remote Cathay of speculation whence the stars are more nearly seen.

But the familiar reader of our author will not be surprised to find the poet

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simply sheltered, and the endless experimenter, with no past at his back, housed without ornament. Such a reader will have felt the Spartan severity of this intellect, and have noticed that the realm of this imagination is rather sculptur-esque than pictorial, more Greek than Italian. Therefore he will be pleased to alight at the gate, and hear the breezy welcome of the pines, and the no less cordial salutation of their owner. For if the visitor knows what he is about, he has come to this plain for bracing mountain air. These serious Concord reaches are no vale of Cashmere. Where Plato Skimpole is architect of the summer-house, you may imagine what is to be expected in the mansion itself. It is always morning within those doors. If you have nothing to say,—if you are really not an envoy from some kingdom or colony of thought, and cannot cast a gem upon the heaped pile,—you had better pass by on the other side. For it is the peculiarity of Emerson's mind to be al-

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ways on the alert. He eats no lotus, but forever quaffs the waters which engender immortal thirst.

If the memorabilia of his house could find their proper Xenophon, the want of antecedent arrowheads upon the premises would not prove very disastrous to the interest of the history. The fame of the philosopher attracts admiring friends and enthusiasts from every quarter, and the scholarly grace and urbane hospitality of the gentleman send them charmed away. Friendly foes, who altogether differ from Emerson, come to break a lance with him upon the level pastures of Concord, with all the cheerful and appreciative zeal of those who longed

To drink delight of battle with their peers
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

It is not hazardous to say that the greatest questions of our day and of all days, have been nowhere more amply discussed with more poetic insight or profound conviction than in the comely,

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square white house upon the edge of the Lexington turnpike. There have even been attempts at something more formal and club-like than the chance conversations of occasional guests, one of which will certainly be nowhere recorded but upon these pages.

It was in the year 1845 that a circle of persons of various ages, and differing very much in everything but sympathy, found themselves in Concord. Toward the end of the autumn Mr. Emerson suggested that they should meet every Monday evening through the winter in his library. "Monsieur Aubepine," "Miles Coverdale," and other phantoms, since generally known as Nathaniel Hawthorne, who then occupied the Old Manse; the inflexible Henry Thoreau, a scholastic and pastoral Orson, then living among the blackberry pastures of Walden pond; Plato Skimpole, then sublimely meditating impossible summer-houses in a little house upon the Boston road; the enthusiastic agriculturist and

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Brook Farmer already mentioned, then an inmate of Mr. Emerson's house, who added the genial cultivation of a scholar to the amenities of the natural gentleman ; a sturdy farmer neighbor, who had bravely fought his weary way through inherited embarrassments to the small success of a New England husbandman, and whose faithful wife had seven times merited well of her country ; two city youths, ready for the fragments from the feast of wit and wisdom, and the host himself composed this Club. Ellery Channing, who had that winter harnessed his Pegasus to the *New York Tribune*, was a kind of corresponding member. The news of the world was to be transmitted through his eminently practical genius, as the Club deemed itself competent to take charge of tidings from all other spheres.

I went the first Monday evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained, but

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very amiable, silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask : "Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?" It was quite voluntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent social genius without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners upon the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Alcott invaded the Sahara of silence with a solemn "saying," to which, after due pause, the honorable member for Blackberry Pastures responded by some keen and graphic observation ; while the Olympian host, anxious that so much good material should be spun into something, beamed smiling encouragement upon all parties.

But the conversation became more and more staccato. Miles Coverdale, a statue of night and silence, sat, a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperceptibly upon the group ; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes

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and suit of sables made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories, while the shifting presence of the Brook Farmer played like heat-lightning around the room.

I recall little else but a grave eating of russet apples by the erect philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into the night. The Club struggled through three Monday evenings. Plato was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver; for such was the rich ore of his thoughts, coined by the deep melody of his voice. Orson charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden woods—while Emerson, with the zeal of an engineer trying to dam wild waters, sought to bind the wide-flying embroidery of discourse into a web of clear, sweet sense. But still in vain. The oracular sayings were the unalloyed saccharine element; and every chemist knows how much else goes to practical food; how much coarse, rough, woody fibre is essential.

Emerson

The Club struggled on valiantly, dis-
coursing celestially, eating apples, and
disappearing in the dark, until the third
evening it vanished altogether. Yet I
have since known clubs of fifty times
that number, whose collective genius was
not more than of either one of the Dii
Majores of our Concord coterie. The
fault was its too great concentration. It
was not relaxation, as a club should be,
but tension. Society is a play, a game, a
tournament; not a battle. It is the easy
grace of undress; not an intellectual,
full-dress parade.

I have already hinted this unbending
intellectual alacrity of our author. His
sport is serious—his humor is earnest.
He stands like a sentinel. His look and
manner and habit of thought cry; “Who
goes there?” and if he does not hear the
countersign, he brings the intruder to a
halt. It is for this surprising fidelity and
integrity that his influence has been so
deep, and sure, and permanent, upon the
intellectual life of the young men of New

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England; and of Old England, too, where in Manchester there were regular weekly meetings at which his works were read. What he said long ago in his preface to the American edition of Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, that they were papers which had spoken to the young men of the time "with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep," is strikingly true of his own writings. His first slim, anonymous duodecimo, *Nature*, was as fair and fascinating to the royal young minds who met it in the course of their reading, as Egeria to Numa wandering in the grove. The essays, orations, and poems followed, developing and elaborating the same spiritual and heroic philosophy, applying it to life, history, and literature, with a vigor and richness so supreme, that not only do many account him our truest philosopher, but others acknowledge him as our most characteristic poet.

It would be a curious inquiry how

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much and what kind of influence the placid scenery of Concord has exercised upon his mind. "I chide society, I embrace solitude" he says; "and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble minded, as from time to time they pass my gate." It is not difficult to understand his fondness for the spot. He has been always familiar with it, always more or less a resident of the village.

Born in Boston, upon the spot where the Chauncey Place Church now stands, part of his youth was passed in the Old Manse, which was built by his grandfather, and in which his father was born; and there he wrote *Nature*. From the magnificent admiration of ancestral England, he was glad to return to quiet Concord, and to acres which will not yield a single arrowhead.

The Swiss sigh for their mountains; but the Nubians pine for their desert plains. Those who are born by the sea long annually to return, and to rest their

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eyes upon its living horizon. Is it because the earliest impressions, made when the mind is most plastic, are most durable, or because youth is that golden age bounding the confines of memory, and floating forever an alluring mirage as we recede farther from it?

The imagination of the man who roams the solitary pastures of Concord, or floats dreamily down its river, will easily see its landscape upon Emerson's pages. "That country is fairest," he says, "which is inhabited by the noblest minds."

And although that idler upon the river may have leaned over the Mediterranean from Genoese and Neapolitan villas, or have glanced down the steep, green valley of Sicilian Enna, or walked the shores where Cleopatra and Helen walked, yet the charm of a landscape which is felt, rather than seen, will be imperishable. "Travelling is a Fool's Paradise," says Emerson. But he passed Concord's gates to learn that lesson. His writings, however, have no imported air. If there

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be something Oriental in his philosophy and tropical in his imagination, they have yet the strong flavor of his Mother Earth, the underived sweetness of the open Concord sky, and the spacious breadth of the Concord horizon.

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A PAPER

READ BEFORE THE

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 25, 1893,

AT THE

CELEBRATION OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FORMATION
IN THAT CITY.

BY

SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN, M.D.,
BOSTON.

PHILADELPHIA,

1893.

AT this anniversary meeting of the American Philosophical Society the name of the founder readily suggests itself; and for that reason I have taken as the subject of my paper the career of Benjamin Franklin, who was during his lifetime, with possibly a single exception, the most conspicuous character in American history.

Whether considered as a printer, a patriot, or a philosopher, Franklin challenges our highest regard and our deepest admiration. Taking him for all in all, in his moral and intellectual proportions, he is the most symmetrically developed man that this country has produced. In popular phrase he was a great all-round man, able to meet any emergency and ever ready to cope with any situation. In many ways he has left behind him the imprint of his mind and of his work on the activities of the present day, to an extent that is unparalleled. To a large degree he had a knack of doing the right thing at the right time, which is epitomized by the American people as horse sense,—a quality which justly assigns him to a high place among men of worldly wisdom. He had a faculty of performing the most arduous labors on the most momentous occasions in such a quiet way that even his nearest friends often were entirely ignorant of his agency in the matter; and little did he care whether the credit of the deed came to him or went elsewhere. He seemed to turn off work of the highest order as easily as the sun shines or the rain falls, and just as unconsciously. A marked peculiarity with him was doing his whole duty on all occasions, without making a fuss about it. An estimate of his father's character, given in Franklin's own words, would apply equally well to himself: "His great excellence was his sound understanding, and his solid judgment in prudential matters, both in private and public affairs."

In order to trace some of these qualities towards their source, it is necessary to examine the causes at work during Franklin's early

life, and even to go back still further and learn what influences had been brought to bear on his ancestors ; since the influence of heredity must in this, as in every such case, be considered. It has been wittily said by a writer—so distinguished in many ways that I hardly know whether to speak of him as a poet or a physician, but whom all will recognize as “the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table”—that a man’s education begins a hundred years before he is born. I am almost tempted to add that even then he is putting on only the finishing touches of his training. A man is a composite being, both in body and soul, with a long line of ancestry whose beginning it is impossible to trace ; and every succeeding generation only helps to bind and weld together the various and innumerable qualities which make up his personality, though they be modified by countless circumstances that form his later education, and for which he alone is responsible. Of Franklin it may be said that he came of sturdy stock, none better in New England, poor in this world’s goods, but rich in faith and the hope of immortality. On both sides of the family his ancestors, as far back as the records go, were pious folk, hard-working and God-fearing. They knew the value of time and money, and they also placed a high estimate on learning and wisdom. From such a source it fell to his lot to inherit life, and his heritage was better than silver or gold.

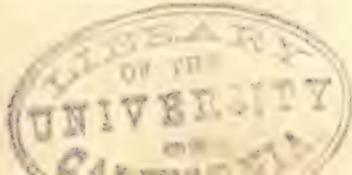
Benjamin Franklin was born on January 6, 1706,—according to the old style of reckoning time,—in a modest dwelling near the head of Milk street, Boston. Just across the way was the South Meeting-house, belonging to the Third Church of Christ, of which Franklin’s parents were members, and at its services were constant attendants. In this sanctuary the little infant, on the day of his birth, was baptized by Samuel Willard, the minister, who duly entered the fact in the church record. With our modern ideas of sanitary precaution, it might now seem to us somewhat imprudent to take into the open air, even for a very short distance, a delicate *neonatus*, whose earthly pilgrimage was spanned by an existence of only a few hours, and to carry him to an unwarmed meeting-house, in the midst of a New England winter, even for the purpose of receiving the rite of Christian baptism ; but our pious forefathers thought otherwise. At the same time, prayers were offered up for the speedy recovery of the mother ; and the knowledge of this fact was a source of great comfort and consolation to the family household.

Benjamin's father, Josiah Franklin, was English-born,—coming from Northamptonshire, where the family had lived for many generations; the same county from which also the family of George Washington came. For a long period the men had been rigorous toilers, earning their livelihood by the sweat of their brow, and many of them were blacksmiths. Benjamin's mother, Abiah Folger, was a native of the island of Nantucket, and his father's second wife. Her father, Peter Folger, was a man of such distinguished probity that when he was acting as one of five commissioners appointed to measure and lay out the land on that island, it was decreed that any three out of the five might do the business provided he was one of them. What a commentary on his integrity, and what a tribute to his personal worth! The resemblance between the philosopher and Peter Folger, a later kinsman, as seen in his portrait, is very striking; and it may well have been said by his neighbors that in his younger days Benjamin favored his mother's family in looks.

Franklin's father owned a few books, mostly theological, and on these the lad used to browse, and pick up whatever he could in order to satisfy his inquiring mind, though he found it dry picking. There is no better exercise for a bright boy than to turn him loose in a library, and let him run, day after day and week after week, nibbling here and tasting there, as whim or fancy dictates.

Franklin's early surroundings were of a humble character, and his chances of brilliant success in life, as seen from a worldly point of view, were slim and discouraging. As a boy he played in the street, went barefooted in summer, fished from the wharves at flood tide, and snow-balled on the Common in winter; and he got into petty scrapes, just as other youngsters of that period did, and just as they ever will do, so long as boys are boys, because boyhood is brimful of human nature. He was no exception to the general run of youthful humanity, any further than that he was a bright, clever lad, with a good memory, and that he was fond of reading and always hated shams. He would never have been picked out of a group of urchins as one ordained to help mold the destiny of a new nation, or as one likely to stand before kings. But is it not written, "Seest thou a man diligent in business? he shall stand before kings"?

Early accustomed to habits of strict frugality, Franklin also imbibed those peculiar notions which laid the foundation of a remarkable and distinguished career. Brought up to work, he was not



afraid of labor when apprenticed as a boy in the printing-office of his brother James, the owner and editor of *The New-England Courant*, where he often did a man's stint. His early advantages at school were very limited, being confined to a period of less than two years, and that, too, before he was eleven years of age. An apprenticeship in a printing office at any time is a good school of instruction, though one hundred and seventy-five years ago Franklin did not find it an agreeable one. His experience at that time, however, stood him in good stead on many later occasions.

The question naturally comes up, "What special influences were brought to bear on the young apprentice during the plastic period of his life which made him afterward the great philosopher and the sagacious statesman, and above all the apostle of common sense?"

This is answered in part by himself in his charming *Autobiography*, where he speaks of his fondness for reading, and of the difficulty he experienced during his younger days in getting the right kind of books. He mentions by title Defoe's *Essays on Projects*, and Cotton Mather's *Essays to do Good*, otherwise called *Bonifacius*, as two works which had a lasting influence on his after-life. Defoe's book is a very rare work, so rare, indeed, that its very existence has been doubted, and it has been even asserted positively that no such book was ever written; but the assertion is wrong. It has been said, too, that Franklin had in mind, when he wrote this part of his *Autobiography*, Defoe's *Complete English Tradesman*, and that he was then thinking of this work; but it was not so. The great printer in his younger days had handled too much type to make a mistake in the title of a book. Eight or nine years before his birth *An Essay upon Projects* was published in London, written by the same author who afterward wrote that prose epic *Robinson Crusoe*, which charmed us all so much in our boyhood. In the introduction to the Essay the author terms the age in which he wrote "the projecting age," and in the body of the work he refers to many schemes which have since crystallized into practical projects, and are now considered necessary institutions of the present age. Besides other subjects he refers to Banks, Highways, Assurances, Pension Offices or Savings Banks, Friendly Societies, and Academies, all which to-day are recognized as actual problems in business life. In his chapter on "Assurances" is found the origin of modern Fire Insurance companies; and in that on "Fools," or Idiots, there is more than a suggestion of Insane Asylums and other institutions for the

care and comfort of persons who are mentally unsound. The Essay, or collection of Essays, is well written, and in style furnished a good model for the readers of that century, although now it would hardly be considered an attractive book for boys. It may be asserted, in the light of Franklin's statement, that this work gave the young philosopher a turn of thought which ever afterward he followed. In the treatment of the various subjects of the different chapters there is a decided flavor of practical wisdom for everyday use, which seems to have clung to Franklin during his whole life.

The other little book mentioned in the *Autobiography* was first published in the year 1710; and, as the author was settled as a colleague pastor over the church where the Franklin family was then attending worship, it seems natural that the work should have been introduced at an early period into the Franklin household, where it surely found eager readers. The book is scarcely ever looked at nowadays, much less is it ever read; but it contains some grains of wheat scattered through the chaff. The following extracts from its pages are quite Franklineseque in their character:

Take a Catalogue of all your more **Distant Relatives**. . . . Think; *Wherein may I pursue the Good of such a Relative* (page 72)?

Have always lying by you, a List of the *Poor* in your Neighbourhood (page 75).

You must not think of making the *Good* you do, a pouring of Water into a Pump, to draw out something for your selves (page 78).

Do Good unto those Neighbours, who will *Speak Ill* of you, after you have done it (page 80).

Often mention the Condition of the *Poor*, in your Conversation with the *Rich* (page 100).

The *Wind* feeds no body, yet it may turn the *Mill*, which will grind the *Corn*, that may Feed the *Poor* (page 101).

To *Bear Evil* is to *Do Good* (page 103).

One Small Man, thus *Nicking the Time* for it, may do wonders (page 179)!

At a very early period in his life Franklin had acquired a great mastery of language, and an excellent style in writing. It was clear and terse, and left no doubt as to the meaning he intended to convey. This high art is rare, and more easily recognized than described. In many ways it is the man himself, and shows him off from every point of view. It is never learned by rote, but comes largely by practice, and also by familiarity with the works of good

writers. Franklin was a close reader, and in his boyhood devoured everything in the shape of a book within the reach of his limited means. He studied Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*,—a work to which many a man has acknowledged a debt of gratitude for its help in mental training. He had also read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a stray volume of *The Spectator*, both excellent models for a young man to copy. In one of his Almanacks, Franklin says that Addison's "writings have contributed more to the improvement of the minds of the *British* nation, and polishing their manners, than those of any other *English* pen whatever." While yet a printer's apprentice he wrote articles for his brother's newspaper, the authorship of which was at first unknown to the editor; and he also wrote doggerel rhymes, in those days often called "vrases," which he hawked about the streets of Boston and sold for a trifle. In this modest way he earned a few extra shillings and laid the foundation of a brilliant career. Who can say now that his success in after-life was not in some manner connected with the narrow circumstances of the young ballad-maker?

As at that time the drama was not regarded with favor by the good people of Boston, I have often wondered if Franklin in his boyhood had ever read any of Shakespeare's plays. The original settlers of Massachusetts abhorred playwrights, and looked with distrust upon everything connected with the theatrical stage. Even in his boyhood Franklin had such a keen appreciation of what is great and grand, and such a lively concern for all things human, that it would be of interest now to know that he, too, had paid silent homage at the shrine of the "sweet swan of Avon." In *The New-England Courant* of July 2, 1722, there is a bare allusion to "Shakespear's Works," which is probably the first time that the name of the great dramatist is mentioned in New England literature. It occurs in a list of books made by an anonymous correspondent, as belonging to himself, which would come handy "in writing on Subjects Natural, Moral, and Divine, and in cultivating those which seem the most Barren." The whole communication reads not unlike the effusions of the young printer, and may have been written by him.

The circumstances under which Franklin left home are too well known to be repeated here. Youthful indiscretions can never be defended successfully, but they may be forgotten, or passed over in silence.

From his native town Franklin went to Philadelphia, with no recommendations and an utter stranger; but fortunately before leaving home he had learned to set type. The knowledge of this art gave the friendless boy a self-reliance that proved to be of practical help, and laid the foundation of his future fame. During a long life he never forgot the fact that he was a printer first, and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the Court of France afterward; and still later President of the State of Pennsylvania. In his last will and testament he sets forth these distinctive titles in the order given here; and in his own epitaph, which he wrote as a young man, he styles himself simply "Printer." This epitaph is a celebrated bit of literature, quaint and full of figurative expression, and has often been re-printed. It bears a remote resemblance to some lines at the end of a Funeral Elegy on John Foster, a graduate of Harvard College and the pioneer printer of Boston, who died on September 9, 1681. The Elegy was written by Joseph Capen, then a recent graduate of the same institution, and was first published as a broadside. Perhaps the lines suggested to Franklin his own epitaph. As a bright boy with an inquisitive turn of mind, he was familiar with the main incidents in the life of Foster, who had set up the first printing-press in Boston, and was probably the earliest engraver in New England.

After Franklin had become fairly domiciled at his new home in Philadelphia, one of his chief aims was to make himself useful not only to his fellow-artisans, but to the community at large. In divers ways he strove to raise the condition of young men, and to impress upon them the responsibilities of life and the duty they owed to others.

In the year 1732 Franklin began to publish *Poor Richard's Almanack*, which not only put money in his purse but made his name a household word throughout the land. It soon reached a wide circulation, and was kept up by him for twenty-five years. It was largely read by the people of the middle colonies and had great influence over the masses. From every available source he selected shrewd and homely maxims, and scattered them through the pages of the publication. So popular did these sayings become that they were reprinted on sheets, under the title of "The Way to Wealth," and circulated in England as well as in this country, and were even translated into French and sold in the streets of Paris. They are not so highly thought of now as they once were; and the more the

pity. The present age likes show and style better than quiet ease and domestic comfort, and is sometimes called the gilded age, to distinguish it from one that is not veneered. The pseudonym of authorship on the title-page of the *Almanack* was Richard Saunders, and in quoting these maxims the public often used the expression, "as Poor Richard says," referring to the pseudonym; and in this way the name of Poor Richard has become inseparably connected with that of Franklin. During the latter part of the seventeenth century there had been printed in London an almanack by Richard Saunders, and Franklin, doubtless, there found the name. In fact his own title-page begins, "Poor Richard improved;" showing that it had some reference to a previous publication.

A curious circumstance, connected with the translation of these proverbs into French, may be worth narrating. The translator found a difficulty in rendering "Poor Richard" into his vernacular tongue, as *Richard* in French means a rich man; and to give a poor rich man as the author of the sayings was an absurdity on the face of it. So the translator compromised by rendering the name of the author as "Bonhomme Richard;" and Paul Jones's famous ship was so called in honor of the Boston printer and the Philadelphia philosopher.

Franklin never accepted results without carefully examining reasons, and even as a boy was slow to take statements on trust, always wanting to know the why and wherefore of things. By temperament he was a doubter; but in the end such persons make the best believers. Once drive away the mist of disbelief from their minds, and the whole heavens become clear. With the eye of faith they then see what has previously been denied to them. Franklin did not set up for a saint, or pretend to be what he was not; and his friends have never claimed that he was free from human failings. They have always looked with regret at his youthful errors, and would willingly blot them out; but he himself has freely confessed them all. It is on his own testimony alone that the world knows his worst faults. "To err is human, to forgive divine."

Franklin was a voluminous writer on a large variety of subjects, but of all his works the *Autobiography* has been the most widely circulated. This book was first published soon after his death, and has since passed through many editions. It has been translated into numerous languages and been read throughout Christendom,

where it has charmed both the old and the young; and the demand for it still continues. For close, compact style and for general interest it has become almost a classic work in the English language. The bibliographical history of the book is somewhat peculiar, and makes a story worth telling.

Presumably an Autobiography, published after the death of the writer, would remain substantially unchanged; but it was not so with Franklin's. At four different times there have appeared in English four versions of the *Autobiography*, each one varying from the others,—though they have not always covered the same period of time,—thus making great and decided changes throughout the book. The explanation of this anomaly may be found in the following statement. The narrative was written at various times and places, and the author has given some of the circumstances under which it was prepared. The first part, coming down to his marriage in the year 1730, was written at Twyford, England, in 1771, while he was visiting at the house of his friend, Dr. Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of Saint Asaph, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy. It was begun for the gratification of his own family, and intended for them alone; but afterward it took a wider scope, and was then evidently meant for publication. He did not resume work upon it until 1784; but in the meantime the incomplete sketch had been shown to some of his friends, who urged him strongly to go on with it. The second part of these memoirs, written while Franklin was living at Passy, near Paris, is short and made up largely of his ideas on life rather than by the recital of events. When he began this portion of the narrative, he did not have the former part with him, which accounts for a break in the thread of the story. The third part was begun in August, 1788, while Franklin was in Philadelphia, and is brought down to the year 1757. This portion ended the *Autobiography*, as formerly printed in English. About a year after Franklin's death there was published in Paris a French translation of the first part of the memoirs. It is a little singular that the principal portion of the *Autobiography*, which was destined to have so great a popularity, should have been printed first in a foreign land and in a foreign tongue; and it has never been satisfactorily explained why this was so, nor is it known with certainty who made the translation from the English into the French.

In 1793, two years after the appearance of the Paris edition, two

separate and distinct translations were made from it and published in London,—the one by the Messrs. Robinson, and the other by Mr. J. Parsons. Both editions appeared about the same time; and probably some rivalry between two publishing firms was at the bottom of it. They were English translations from a French translation of the original English; and yet, with the drawback of all these changes, the book has proved to be as charming as a novel.

In 1818 William Temple Franklin, while editing his grandfather's works, brought out another edition of the *Autobiography*, which seemed to have the mark of genuineness; and for half a century this version was the accepted one. But in 1868 even this edition had to yield to a fourth version, which gave the *ipsis-sima verba* of the great philosopher. During that year another edition was published from Franklin's original manuscript, which a short time previously had fallen into the hands of the Hon. John Bigelow, while he was United States Minister at the French Court; and by him it was carefully and critically annotated. This version now forms the standard edition of the *Autobiography*, and easily supersedes all former versions. It contains, moreover, six or eight additional pages of printed matter from Franklin's pen, which had never before appeared in English. It is also a curious fact in the history of the book that there are no less than five editions in French, all distinct and different translations.

The limits of this paper will not allow me to follow Franklin in his various wanderings either back to his native town or across the ocean to London, where he worked as a journeyman printer. Nor can I even mention the different projects he devised for improving the condition of all classes of mankind, from the highest to the lowest, and thereby adding to the comforts and pleasures of life. The recollection of his own narrow circumstances during his younger days always prompted him to help others similarly placed; and the famous line of Terence applied to him as truthfully as to any other man of the last century. In brief, it is enough to say that on all occasions and at all times his sympathies were with the people. In the great political contest which really began on the passage of the Stamp Act, and did not end until the Declaration of Peace in 1783, he was from the first on the side of the Colonists, and one of their main supports. During the War of the Revolu-

tion he was a venerable man, the senior of General Washington by more than twenty-five years, and the leaders all looked up to him for advice. In such an emergency it is young men for action, but old men for counsel ; and on all occasions he was a wise counselor.

Franklin's services in Europe as one of the Commissioners of the United States were as essential to the success of the patriots as those of any military commander at home ; and he gave as much time and thought to the public cause, and with as marked results, as if he had led legions of men on the battlefield. The pen is mightier than the sword, and the triumphs of diplomacy are equally important with those of generals who lead armies on to victory.

I regret that the space of time allowed forbids me to dwell, as I should like to do, on Franklin's brilliant career as a philosopher. From early boyhood his inquiring mind had led him to study the lessons of Nature and to learn the hidden meaning of her mysteries. It is easy to understand how, while yet a young man, his youthful imagination became excited over the wonders of the heavens, when the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed ; and how he burned to find out the causes of the phenomena. By his ingenious experiments in the investigation of these matters, and by his brilliant discoveries made before he had reached the middle period of his life, he acquired throughout Europe a reputation as a philosopher ; and the results of his labors were widely published in France and Germany, as well as in England. In his memoirs he gives a brief account of the way he was drawn into scientific studies, and how the seed was sown which brought forth the ripened fruit ; but the preparation of the soil in which the seed was planted dates back to his childhood, when he was reading Defoe, Mather, and other writers, or even to an earlier period. For a full quarter of a century before the Revolutionary War broke out, he had gained such fame in Europe for his attainments, and was so widely known for his fairness, that, when acting as a diplomatist during the political troubles of the Colonies, great weight was always given to his opinions.

By the help of that subtle power which Franklin's genius first described, audible speech is now conveyed to far distant places, messages are sent instantaneously across the continent and under the seas, and the words of Puck have become a reality :

“I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.”



Through the aid of this mysterious agency, dwellings and thoroughfares are illuminated, and means of transit multiplied in the streets of crowded cities, where it is made to take the place of the horse; and yet to-day mankind stands only on the threshold of its possibilities.

Whether the career of the practical printer or of the sagacious statesman or of the profound philosopher be considered, Franklin's life was certainly a remarkable one. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name another man so distinguished in a triple character and so fully equipped in all his parts. By dint of genius alone, he arose to high eminence, and took his place with the great men of the age, where he was easily their peer, and where he maintained his rank until the day of his death.

One of Franklin's early acts, fraught with great benefit to scholarship, was the founding, one hundred and fifty years ago, of the American Philosophical Society, the oldest scientific body in America and one of the oldest in any country,—whose numerous publications, covering a broad variety of subjects and extending over a period of nearly its whole existence, have won for it a proud eminence, and given it high rank among the learned societies of the world.

On this interesting anniversary it falls to my lot to bring to you the felicitations of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which was founded in Franklin's native town and is the oldest association of its kind in the United States. The younger sister on this occasion sends her warmest greetings, and instructs me to express the hope that the same success and prosperity which have followed your growth during a long life of honor and usefulness may continue to abide with you, undiminished and unabated, for long generations to come.



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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:

ASA GRAY: HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY

MRS. MARY TREAT

AUTHOR OF "HOME STUDIES IN NATURE," "MY GARDEN PETS,"
"THROUGH A MICROSCOPE," ETC.



*The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose;
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form.*

—Nature, i., 7.



THE fossil strata show us that Nature began with rudimental forms, and rose to the more complex as fast as the earth was fit for their dwelling-place; and that the lower perish as the higher appear. Very few of our race can be said to be yet finished men. We still carry sticking to us some remains of the preceding inferior quadruped organization. . . . The age of the quadruped is to go out, —the age of the brain and of the heart is to come in. And if one shall read the future of the race hinted in the organic effort of Nature to mount and meliorate, and the corresponding impulse to the Better in the human being, we shall dare affirm that there is nothing he will not overcome and convert, until at last culture shall absorb the chaos and gehenna. He will convert the Furies into Muses and the hells into benefit.—Culture.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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XVI.

Brooklyn Ethical Association Lectures.

ASA GRAY: HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY

MRS. MARY TREAT

AUTHOR OF “HOME STUDIES IN NATURE,” “MY GARDEN PETS,”
“THROUGH A MICROSCOPE,” ETC.

BOSTON :
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COLLATERAL READINGS SUGGESTED.

"In Memoriam—Asa Gray" (University Press, 1888); "Sketch of Asa Gray," in *Am. Journal of Science*, Vol. 35, March, 1888; Article, "Asa Gray," in "Appleton's Cyclopædia of Biography," also article in "American Cyclopædia."

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ASA GRAY: HIS LIFE AND WORK.*

Now and then a man arises whose life and works are of such magnitude that he shapes the intellectual growth of a nation or a civilization, moulding and turning thought into a new channel. Charles Darwin, like Copernicus, advanced such revolutionary doctrines. As Copernicus taught the world the now received system of astronomy, so Darwin has taught the origin of species by Natural Selection. Before Copernicus the world did not move—it was permanent, fixed, central. So before Darwin the species which exist on the earth were regarded as permanent and fixed, each having been produced by a special creation. But this belief is fast disappearing, and we are living to see Darwin's teachings recognized—not by the slow process by which the Copernican system came to be accepted, but with rapid strides due to the advanced thinkers of our time, who see and grasp the "new thought" as men could not do in the time of Copernicus.

Copernicus drew upon himself and his theory the condemnation of the Church of Rome, which was not obliterated until 1821, two hundred and eighty-seven years after it was issued! And Galileo, who followed Copernicus a century later, was imprisoned in the cells of the Inquisition for teaching the heretical doctrine that the earth moves. Surely the world has advanced during the past four centuries, so that in our time "heresy" simply meets with disapproval and ridicule.

It is not so many years since the Darwinian theory was first promulgated, that we cannot remember the fierce opposition and ridicule with which it was received, both by the pulpit and the press. Then, it needed courage and boldness to be its advocate. In this country, one of its earliest disciples was Asa Gray, who bravely stepped to the front of the battle and made havoc in the ranks of Darwin's

* COPYRIGHT, 1890, by James H. West.

opposers, until, largely through his influence, there came to be a wide-spread recognition of the doctrine of Evolution among the leading representatives of biological science. Indeed, we may say that at the present time this recognition is practically universal.

Asa Gray was born on the 18th of November, 1810, in Oneida County, New York, a few miles south from Utica. He was the eldest of eight children, and from his earliest years a wide-awake, active child, energetic and studious, winning the prize of a spelling-book before he was three years of age. When six and seven years old he was the champion speller in the district school. Following him along in his boyhood we learn that, when eleven years of age, having exhausted the district-school at home, he was sent to a grammar-school in Clinton, where he staid two years, and then entered Fairfield Academy, where he remained until his father desired him to leave the Academy and enter the Fairfield Medical School. This was in the winter of 1826–27. He finished his medical course and received his degree of Doctor of Medicine in the spring of 1831.

While in this Medical School—in the winter of 1827–28—his attention was aroused in botany by reading an article in the “Edinborough Encyclopædia.” He soon obtained Eaton’s Botany, which he studied with increasing interest through the Winter, and longed for Spring that he might test his knowledge in consulting the flora around him. When Spring came we can imagine something of the delight with which he hailed his first treasure, the little *Claytonia Virginica*, which he found no difficulty in assigning to its proper place. A new world was now opened around him, and from this time on he saw not as others see. Things were revealed to him that were blindly passed by the world at large. So he became eyes to the blind and a medium of knowledge to many loving followers.

Although he received his degree of Doctor of Medicine, and no doubt would have been a shining light in the world of medical science had he chosen the career of physician, his heart was not there; it was set on the trees and flowers, the growing things around him, and his far-reaching mind grasped the hidden secrets of Nature which he unveiled to countless numbers of disciples.

In 1834 he became connected with Dr. John Torrey,

which resulted in a close relationship and a life-long friendship. For a time he studied botany under Dr. Torrey, but he soon made such rapid strides that he was no longer under but with him in united labor. Together they botanized in northern New York and in the Pine-barrens of New Jersey. In the same year he became Dr. Torrey's assistant in the Chemical Laboratory in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. But he remained in this Medical School only a year or so, as it was not on a sufficiently flourishing financial basis to warrant Dr. Torrey in continuing to employ an assistant. Torrey was instrumental, however, in securing for him the appointment of Curator in the Lyceum of Natural History in New York, so that his botanical work was continued under the inspiring influence of Dr. Torrey for the next four or five years.

In his twenty-fifth year he issued two volumes on the grasses and sedges, each describing a hundred species, and illustrated by dried specimens. Among the grasses was one new to science, *Panicum Xanthophysum*, which was the first of the thousands of unknown species afterward named by him. In 1836 he began his contributions to the *American Journal of Science*, which he continued for more than fifty years, and he also became one of the editors of this journal, which place he filled for thirty-five years. About this time (1835-36) he commenced the preparation of the "Elements of Botany," which he published in 1836. This work was characterized by such a vigorous style and breadth of treatment that it at once attracted the attention of scientists, and paved the way for universal recognition by the great botanists of Europe whom he visited in 1838. This visit was made necessary to enable him to go on with the "North American Flora," of which he was, at that early age, joint author with Dr. Torrey. Young as he was, hearts were opened and hands held out to him by such men as Robert Brown, De Candolle, the elder Hooker, Lambert, Bentham and Lindley, at that time the leading botanists of Europe. He also met the younger Hooker, then a medical student in Glasgow, and here the foundation was laid for their life-long friendship. Hooker, no less than Gray, was destined to become one of the leading scientists of his time—a great explorer and author, and President of the Royal Society. He also followed

his illustrious father as Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, which position he still holds.

In this brief sketch it will be impossible to follow Dr. Gray closely in his travels, or to enumerate the great men he met during the year he remained abroad. But he returned home full of inspiration, with enlarged views, and well equipped for the work he had in hand. In the *American Journal of Science* (April, 1841) he published a very interesting article, giving an account of the herbaria he examined during this visit, commencing with that of Linnæus, which is told in such a happy manner that it cannot fail to interest all lovers of good reading. In 1842, the Fellows of Harvard College offered him the Fisher Professorship of Natural History, which had just then been founded under the will of Dr. Fisher. At the time of Dr. Gray's appointment there was no botanical library and no herbarium in the College, and the botanical garden was hardly more than a name. What are they to-day—the magnificent library, the great herbarium, and the garden! Had Dr. Gray done nothing more for the advancement of science than the building up of these, this alone would have made him immortal.

The same year that he was made Professor in the College he published his botanical text-book, "Structural and Systematic Botany," which was by far the most comprehensive and valuable work on botany that had appeared in our country. It has passed through six editions, each improved and almost wholly re-written. The last edition, published in 1879, was entirely re-written. In 1848 his "Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States" was printed. For more than thirty years this book has been without a rival. It has been the text-book for all botanists in the Eastern, Middle, and Northern States east of the Mississippi. It is so plain and simple in its language that anyone with a natural love of plants needs no other instructor to enable him to become well-versed in the flora of these regions. The influence that this book has wrought in schools and among the people, in arousing an interest in botany, is beyond calculation. It has passed through five editions and several issues. In the first edition he expresses his gratitude to Dr. Torrey in the following inscription:

TO

JOHN TORREY, M.D.,

Corresponding member of the Linnaean Society, &c.,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR,

In grateful acknowledgment of the friendship which has honored
and the counsel which has aided him
from the commencement of his botanical pursuits.

The last edition was published in 1867. This also bears testimony of his continued love and hearty friendship for Dr. Torrey, in the following dedicatory note:

TO

JOHN TORREY, L.L.D.

Almost twenty years have passed since the first edition of this work was dedicated to you,—more than thirty, since, as your pupil, I began to enjoy the advantage of being associated with you in botanical pursuits, and in a lasting friendship. The flow of time has only deepened the sense of gratitude due to you from your attached friend,

ASA GRAY.

CAMBRIDGE, May 30, 1867.

This was characteristic of Asa Gray—he was a steadfast friend, giving and winning affection wherever he went, always acknowledging the helpfulness of others, and often magnifying such assistance.

His "Field, Forest, and Garden Botany," published in 1868, is an admirable guide for the beginner for determining the common cultivated plants as well as the native ones. In order to bring it within the compass of a common-school text-book, it was necessary to condense the descriptions of the wild plants, and to leave out altogether the most rare and obscure ones. This is no detriment to the beginner,—rather an advantage, when he has the Manual to follow. Even with all its condensation it contains descriptions of 2650 species, belonging to 947 genera. And the "Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology," which preceded it, with over three hundred original illustrations from Nature by Isaac Sprague, has often been re-written and improved until made so perfect that seemingly no other book could be made that would be so admirably adapted to our needs.

We must not overlook two other charming little books, "How Plants Grow," first published in 1858, and "How Plants Behave," in 1872. These were written for young people; but many grown people have greatly enjoyed them and drawn inspiration from their pages.

But the greatest of all of Dr. Gray's botanical works is his "Synoptical Flora of North America," two parts of which have been published,—"the first in 1878, being the first part of Vol. II., Gamopetalæ after Compositæ, that is, the portion immediately following the second volume of the 'Flora' of Torrey and Gray; and the second, in 1884, covering the ground (Caprifoliaceæ to Compositæ inclusive) of the second volume of Torrey and Gray's 'Flora.' The middle half of the entire Flora is thus completed. These volumes contain eight hundred and fifty closely printed pages, and it required ten years of excessive and hardly interrupted labor to complete them. They are master-pieces of clear and concise arrangement and of compactness and beauty of method. There will hardly be found in any work of descriptive botany a greater display of learning, clearness of vision and analytical powers; and few works of systematic botany have ever treated of a broader field."*

When we consider how much of the work on nearly all of these educational books—with the exception of the "Flora"—was accomplished while Dr. Gray scrupulously performed all of his college duties, we get some idea of the magnitude of the man.

His writings and influence have done as much toward the advancement of general science, and especially toward the growth of the doctrine of Evolution, as his text-books have done for the advancement of botany. One of his earliest papers, showing the tendency of his mind in the direction of evolution, was his observations upon the "Relations of the Japanese Flora to that of North America." I will quote what his colleague, Professor C. S. Sargent, says of this work :

In 1854 he published the "Botany of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition," a large quarto volume, accompanied by a folio atlas containing a hundred magnificent plates; and in 1859 he read his paper, afterward published in the "Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences," upon the "Diagnostic Characters of Certain New Species of Plants, collected in Japan by Charles Wright, with observations upon the Relations of the Japanese Flora to that of North America, and of other parts of the northern temperate zone."

This is Professor Gray's most remarkable contribution to science. It at once raised him to the very highest rank among philosophi-

* From a sketch of Dr. Gray in the *New York Sun* of January 3, 1886, by Professor C. S. Sargent.

cal naturalists, and attracted to him the attention of the whole scientific world. In this paper he first points out the similarity between the floras of Eastern North America and Japan, a fact he had long suspected, and then explains the peculiar distribution of plants through the Northern Hemisphere, by tracing their direct descent through geological periods from ancestors which flourished when there was a tertiary vegetation. This theory of geographical distribution, now generally adopted by all naturalists, was further elaborated in his lecture upon "Sequoia and its History," delivered in 1872 before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and still later in a lecture entitled "Forest Geography and Archaeology," delivered in 1878 before the Harvard Natural History Society.

These studies of the flora of Japan had doubtless greatly modified Professor Gray's opinion upon the origin of species, a subject which was just then beginning to deeply interest the intellectual world. He, like the younger De Candolle and Hooker, was now ready to admit the doctrine of the local origin of vegetable species, and to discard the hypothesis of a double or multiple origin, at that time and long afterward adhered to by many botanists. That is, he believed that two similar or closely allied species of plants, the one, for example, growing in New England and the other in Japan, were descended from one common although remote ancestor, and that they were not, as Schouw and Agassiz insisted, created separately and independently in the regions where they now exist.

Dr. Gray more than any other man in America has made the doctrine of Evolution what it is to-day; and he has made Darwin better understood and appreciated than all other writers combined. And yet he did not wholly agree with Darwin in some particulars. In a letter to Dr. Gray, Mr. Darwin says, "I grieve to say that I cannot go as far as you do about design. I cannot think the world as we see it is the result of chance, and yet I cannot look at each separate thing as the result of design." But Dr. Gray was so deeply grounded in the Christian faith that nothing could swerve him. He believed that the Darwinian theory of the origin of species was entirely reconcilable with the conception of a Divine Power governing the universe. He believed "that each variation has been specially ordained or led along a beneficial line."

In the closing paragraph of an address delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1872, on "Sequoia and its History," he touches the keynote of his religious belief. After quoting Miss Frances Power Cobbe's regrets that we no sooner find out how anything is done, than our first thought is that God did not do

it, he agrees with her that this conclusion is unworthy—"nay more, deplorable." Then follows these brief, vivid words: "Through what faults or infirmities of dogmatism on the one hand and skepticism on the other it came to be so thought, we need not here consider. Let us hope, and I confidently expect, that it is not to last; that the religious faith which survived without a shock the notion of the fixity of the earth itself, may equally outlast the notion of the fixity of the species which inhabit it; that in the future even more than in the past faith in an order which is the basis of science will not—as it cannot reasonably—be dissevered from faith in an Ordainer, which is the basis of religion."

In 1876 Dr. Gray brought together his various papers on Evolution and kindred subjects, which had appeared in the *American Journal of Science*, the *Nation*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and published them in a book, under the title of "Darwiniana." In the preface to this book he defines his religious belief in a short, clear passage, where it stands to remind us that one of the greatest men of the age found no difficulty in harmonizing the "new thought," or Evolution, with Christianity: "I am scientifically and in my own fashion a Darwinian, philosophically a convinced theist, and religiously an acceptor of the creed commonly called the Nicene, as the exponent of the Christian faith."

His contributions to Evolution, and his views on the subject, are better known to the world at large than "his rank and position as a teacher of natural science." He was a born teacher. He drew students to him by his kindly, genial nature. His interest in their work was a remarkable trait in his character. His correspondents felt his friendly influence permeating their lives, giving them fresh impulse and inspiration in their work. Even students whom he had never met were cordially and most heartily given any assistance in his power, in the way of suggestion and even in mapping out methods of work for them to follow. During all the years of his busy life, helpful, suggestive letters were written with his own hand, encouraging students to go on with their work and publish its results. But for him, the work of many a botanical student would never have been known.

Having access to some of his letters to a correspondent, I have been looking them over with a view to giving a few

extracts to illustrate his manner of guiding and instructing. The correspondent had a little plat of ground under observation, which had never been disturbed by man further than in the cutting away of the underbrush and part of the trees; Dr. Gray was given a list of the herbaceous plants that were growing on the spot, and here is his reply:

Your letter of the 12th, so full of interest, was followed this evening by the box, which I wait for daylight before opening. But I will not delay most hearty thanks for your very kind attention to my requests. I am dreadfully pressed with work now, being on the eve of completing a new lecture-room and cabinet, laboratory, etc., here in the Garden, and many things and various workmen have to be looked after, so that I cannot sit down till night, and then am tired enough. . . .

Your lawn flora is very interesting. Now, you would do a good thing if you would keep a record of this, and next year note any changes—i. e., any overcome, or any new-comers. And so on year after year. I anticipate many changes. But as it is, it illustrates Darwin's remark upon the advantages of diversity. You have vastly more vegetation on the space than could be if restricted to one or few species.

There are a good many plants on your lawn which I would gladly have in our Garden. . . .

No, I have not *Xerophyllum*, nor the lovely *Pyxidanthera*. I tried both once, and lost them, but I long to try again. Will you help me to them in early Spring? What did your Penn Yan friend do to make *Pyxidanthera* grow?

Writing of these plants brings back most vividly my pine-barren botanizing of 30 to 35 years ago! . . .

The above letter was soon followed by another, showing his interest in the correspondent's observations on *Drosera*. It was understood between Dr. Gray and his correspondent that either could use what the other had written about *Drosera* and other plants. In one of the letters before me Dr. Gray says, "You can use anything that I say about *Drosera* for publication, and I want the same privilege."

. . . About the *Drosera longifolia* (which the species you describe certainly is). The folding of the blade of the leaf itself around the insect, which I understand you to describe, is very interesting, and I have copied your statement for publication. . . .

I wish I had a pencil-sketch of this fly-catching. . . .

I am preparing a new edition of "How Plants Grow,"—with three new chapters,—viz.,

How Plants move, climb, and take positions.

How Plants employ Insects to work for them.

How certain Plants capture Insects.

This leads me to ask, Have you any butterflies or moths with orchid pollen-masses attached to head or eye? . . .

Platanthera Ciliaris,—how I wanted it last Summer! If you could find it now—roots, even, would delight me. . . .

More than a year after the above letter was penned, we find his interest still continued in *Drosera*:

Thanks for the plants which came in nice order. . . .

In Spring, as soon as they can be found, I want some bulbs of *Drosera filiformis*, and that you should also make some observations which Darwin wants to be made. But he will write to you.

Two years later he writes about another insectivorous plant:

Thanks for yours of Dec. 2. . . .

The *Tribune* will be glad to have your article about Bladderwort, pending. As usual, Darwin is ahead of you. But he has published nothing yet, only hints have appeared—and he will be pleased that you have hit on it. If you prepare an article for the *Tribune* I would have some drawings made to show the bladders in wood-cuts.

Always call on me, if I can aid in any way. Dear Dr. Hooker (Kew) has lost his wife suddenly.

Still later, he is interested in the Florida *Pinguiculas*, and writes under date of March 6, 1877:

Those *Pinguiculas* around you are such nice things for their way of cross-fertilizing that I hope you are studying them and seeing what insects do it. . . .

Again on March 16, 1877:

Well, if that little Hymenopter is the right one, his tongue will be long enough to reach from the top of the spur (bottom of sac) down to the nectar. Please catch and send me one or two, or more, and I will find his name.

Pray work up an article on these *Pinguicula*.

A bee would fertilize much better than a butterfly, if he could get in—as you will see on looking.

What do you say? Shall I send you the "Darwiniana" book, or wait till you come North? . . .

On May 14th of the same year this paragraph occurs in another letter: "As to *Pinguicula*, I have had Sprague make good outline-sketches and dissections to show the most, and have laid them up for future use—yours and perhaps mine. . . . The printer keeps me awfully busy."

Interested as he was in these insectivorous plants, and especially in Darwin's work, helping him by directing

observations on this side of the water and furnishing him directly with material for his forthcoming work on "Insectivorous Plants," yet when the book appeared he was for a long time too busy to read it:

*Herbarium of Harvard University,
Botanic Garden, Cambridge, Mass., 29 July, 1875.*

You will hardly credit it—that I have had Darwin's book for a fortnight and have not yet found time to read over twenty or thirty pages. That shows you how busy I am, and with much less interesting work—but work that is both necessary and pressing.

We can now better understand why Asa Gray was so universally honored and loved by such a wide circle of students and botanists, as well as by many distinguished men in other departments of science. With all his multifarious work, he was ever the kind helper and teacher. Professor Sargent tells us that "he was a foreign member of the Royal Society of London; he was a foreign member also of the Institute of France, one of the 'immortal eight'; and long ago he was welcomed into all the less exclusive bodies of European savants. He served the American Academy of Arts and Sciences as its President, presided over the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and was a regent of the Smithsonian Institution." On his seventy-fifth birthday the botanists of our country united in sending him messages of affection and esteem, accompanied by a silver vase. The *Botanical Gazette* of December, 1885, tells the story of the presentation, and gives a description of the vase as follows:

The vase "is about eleven inches high, exclusive of the ebony pedestal, which is surrounded by a hoop of hammered silver, bearing the inscription,

1810 November eighteenth, 1885

ASA GRAY

in token of the universal esteem
of American Botanists.

"The lower part of the vase is fluted and the upper part covered with flowers. The place of honor on one side is held by *Grayia Polygaloides*, and on the other by *Shortia galacifolia*. On the *Grayia* side of the prominent plants are *Aquilegia Canadensis*, *Centaurea Americana*, *Jeffersonia diphylla*, *Rudbeckia speciosa*, and *Mitchella repens*. On the *Shortia* side there are *Lilium Grayi*, *Aster Bigelovii*, *Solidago serotina* and *Epigaea repens*. The lower part of the handles runs into a cluster of *Dionaea* leaves, which clasps the body of the vase, and their upper parts are covered with

Notholæna Grayi. *Adlumia cirrhosa* trails over the whole background, and its leaves and flowers crop out here and there. The entire surface is ‘oxidized,’ which gives greater relief to the decorations. The vase was designed by L. E. Jenks, and the chasing was done by Wm. J. Austin, both with Bigelow, Kennard & Co. The heartiest praise has been bestowed upon the design and the workmanship by all who have seen it.

“By the request of the committee, greetings in the form of cards and letters had been sent by those who gave the vase. These were placed on a simple but elegant silver plate and accompanied the gift. The inscription on the plate reads :

Bearing the Greetings of
One hundred and eighty Botanists
of North America, to
ASA GRAY,
On his Seventy-fifth Birthday,
November 18th, 1885.

“The expressions of affection and respect which are contained in letters to the committee as well as those which were presented to the good Doctor, together with the united and hearty response to the Committee’s suggestion, all testify how universal is the esteem and how deep is the affection for this genial man, whom we have thus delighted to honor.”

The following response was sent by Dr. Gray :

Herbarium of Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass., November 19, 1885.

To J. C. Arthur, C. R. Barnes, J. M. Coulter, Committee, and to the numerous Botanical Brotherhood represented by them :

As I am quite unable to convey to you in words any adequate idea of the gratification I received on the morning of the 18th inst., from the wealth of congratulations and expressions of esteem and affection which welcomed my seventy-fifth birthday, I can do no more than to render to each and all my heartiest thanks. Among fellow-botanists, more pleasantly connected than in any other pursuit by mutual giving and receiving, some recognition of a rather uncommon anniversary might naturally be expected. But this full flow of benediction from the whole length and breadth of the land, whose flora is a common study and a common delight, was as unexpected as it is touching and memorable. Equally so is the exquisite vase which accompanied the messages of congratulation and is to commemorate them, and upon which not a few of the flowers associated with my name or with my special studies are so deftly wrought by art that of them one may almost say, “The art itself is nature.”

The gift is gratefully received, and it will preserve the memory to those who come after us of a day made by you, dear brethren and sisters, a very happy one to

Yours affectionately,

ASA GRAY.

Dr. Gray's correspondence with Darwin dates from 1855, commencing with a request of Darwin for a list of American Alpine plants. From this time on their correspondence continued, and their friendship was close and intimate until Mr. Darwin's death, as is shown in "Darwin's Life and Letters," and also in Dr. Gray's printed writings.

In 1885, Dr. Gray's portrait was made in bronze by St. Gaudens, and presented to Harvard University. But one of the best pictures that has been left to us was taken while he was on a botanical excursion in the Rocky Mountains. It represents a group of botanists in camp on Veta Pass, 9000 feet above the sea. Dr. Gray sits on the ground beneath the trees, with uncovered head, holding evidences of his work in a well-filled botanical press. Sir Joseph Hooker is by his side, with freshly gathered plants in his hand. Mrs. Gray is at the table dispensing tea to Dr. Hayden, Dr. Lamborn, Stevenson, and other distinguished members of the party. It is a vivid, life-like scene—a picture cherished by many.

But Asa Gray's memory will be perpetuated and cherished without the aid of pictures,—it is forever associated with natural objects more enduring than the monumental shaft. The loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains bears his name, and many lowly plants in the vales commemorate it, breathing it anew in their annual resurrection. These will keep his memory fresh through the ages to come. His work and deeds can never die. Our own poet of Nature has said of Truth, "The eternal years of God are hers." All the labors and all the thoughts of Asa Gray were consecrated to the discovery and service of the Truth—and by this loving constancy of devotion they are assured an immortality of beneficent influence.

ABSTRACT OF THE DISCUSSION.

MISS ELIZA A. YOUNMANS:—

IN Mrs. Treat's admirable account of Prof. Gray's intellectual career she has given the simple facts concerning the times at which his various works were published, and the exalted estimate put upon them both at home and abroad. The "North American Flora," however, she pronounces his most important work, and her account of his labors upon it seems to require further explanation. The first volume, she says, appeared in 1840, the second in 1843, and the next instalment not until 1878, after an interval of thirty-five years. As its discontinuance dates from the time of his acceptance of the Fisher Professorship of Natural History in Harvard College, and its resumption immediately followed his release from official duties, which, I learn, took place in 1873, giving him five years for the preparation of the volume of 1878, the quite natural inference would be that his official work left him no time to give to the preparation of the "Flora." But we are debarred from this conclusion by the detailed and emphatic statements of Mrs. Treat concerning the vast amount of labor he did outside his college duties. His text-books and manuals were all done in the evening, and at odd hours; and his labors as a critic consumed a great deal of time. He was so familiar with all sides of the scientific questions bearing upon his specialty, so just and discriminating and candid, that his opinions, criticisms and advice were eagerly sought for. His Reviews, Book-notices, and Biographical sketches are almost endless.

In the introduction to the two volumes of the "Scientific Papers of Asa Gray, selected by Charles Sprague Sargent," the compiler says: "The selection of articles of his for re-publication has been an embarrassing and difficult task. The amount of material at my disposal has been overwhelming; and desirable as it might be to republish it all, it has not been possible to do so within reasonable limits. More than eleven hundred bibliographical notices and longer reviews were published by Prof. Gray in different periodicals, and it was necessary to exclude a number of papers of nearly as great interest as those which are chosen." Clearly, then, it was not lack of time that kept Dr. Gray from going on with the "Flora." Why then, in the name of Botanical science if not of common sense, did not Prof. Gray, during these years, spend the time saved from official duties in carrying on the great work on which his heart was set; which he alone of all men was by nature and culture so fitted to execute, and which was so strenuously called for by the world of science? Why was its resumption postponed till the later years of life, so that his eyes were not permitted to behold its final accomplishment? According to Mrs. Treat, "he had carried it on to the conclusion of the middle half of the entire Flora," and there it is left for other hands to finish. Or, may we not reasonably ask, why was it

postponed at all? It was evidently not in the plan of Mrs. Treat's paper to raise questions or to answer them. But I have in my possession an explanation of this seeming difficulty. It was given by that great scientific explorer and life-long friend of Prof. Gray, Sir Joseph Hooker, and it furnishes matter for serious reflection. In the summer of 1871, just two years before Prof. Gray was relieved from college duties, and while men of science were impatient and aggravated at his situation, Mr. E. L. Youmans, who was then in London busy in establishing the "International Scientific Series," received a note from Dr. Hooker asking him to come over to Kew and dine with him, as he was quite alone. Mr. Youmans was on the lookout for eminent scientists to write books for the series, and while at dinner the talk ran upon men of this class. The next day Mr. Youmans gave an account of his visit in a letter to his New York correspondent, and the pertinence to this subject of Dr. Hooker's remarks, as reported in this letter, will, I think, justify the liberty I take in repeating them here.

The allusion to Prof. Gray's situation was suggested by the talk concerning Mr. Spencer. Dr. Hooker and Mr. Youmans had been discussing one and another great man, when Dr. Hooker said: "Spencer is the mighty thinker among them; and he is all right now. The recognition of his genius is complete. What a lucky thing it was that he failed in getting an official appointment when he began his philosophy. Had he succeeded we never should have heard of the philosophy. The things are absolutely incompatible. No man can do *great original work* and be hampered with the cares of a position. The thing is impossible. The work must have the whole man. That is why I have tried to get Gray free. You Americans don't know how much of a man Gray is; but he is hampered with students' work and is not able to keep an assistant. When you were working for Spencer on the other side, I was working for Gray here. I thought I had got it arranged. I obtained a promise from Peabody to give money enough to relieve Gray and let him go on with *original work*; but when he got over there, they worked at him and defeated all the good of the plan."

Happily, two years later, Gray was made free, and began again his "North American Flora," which is at every step and in all its details a work of original research. There is only now and then a man who is capable of carrying on original investigations in any branch of science. Successful research implies an accurate acquaintance with pre-existing knowledge in the field to be explored. It demands keen logic and cool judgment, and not these alone. People with great learning, fine reasoning powers and high judicial faculty are not so very rare. But the original investigator, the discoverer of principles and of laws, must have, joined with these weighty elements, the gift of a lively imagination. Prof. Gray was such a man, and Dr. Hooker and Mr. Bentham, along with him—the great leaders and originators in botanical science in our day—are men of this order. Let me give you an example of the estimate put upon this faculty by a botanist who knows.

Prof. Sachs, in his masterly sketch of the development of botany from 1530 to 1860, says: "I have made it my chief object to

discover the first dawning of scientific ideas, and to follow them as they developed into comprehensive theories. But the task is a very difficult one, for it is only with great labor that the historian of Botany succeeds in picking the real thread of scientific thought out of an incredible chaos of empirical material. It has always been the chief hindrance to a rapid advance in Botany that the majority of writers simply collected facts, or if they attempted to apply them to theoretical purposes, did so very imperfectly. I have therefore singled out those men as the *true heroes* of science, of our story, who not only established new facts, but made a speculative use of empirical material"; and he describes this speculative process in gifted minds as "an ever-deepening insight into the relationship of all plants to one another; into their outer form and inner organization, and into the physiological processes dependent on these conditions."

Prof. Gray's original work proves him to have been one of these *true heroes* of the botanical story. He was a scientific theorizer. He could make a speculative use of facts. He was a deep thinker seeking always for the most comprehensive points of view. For instance, Mrs. Treat says that his most remarkable contribution to science was a paper prepared in 1859 upon the "Diagnostic characters of certain new species of plants collected in Japan by Charles Wright; with observations upon the relations of the Japanese Flora to that of North America and other parts of the northern temperate zone." "This paper," she says, "at once raised him to the very highest rank among philosophical naturalists, and attracted to him the attention of the whole scientific world."

Here, certainly, was very different work from that required in making text-books and teaching college students. It called into action his highest powers. He was dealing with the relationships of widely separated patches of our North American Flora and the Flora of eastern Asia, between which he had discovered an unaccountable likeness. And then he also found a likeness between these existing Floras and that of the Tertiary epoch. Think of the vast stores of accurate knowledge required to establish these relationships! But the man of imagination does not stop with the facts. The why and the how are ever pressing for answers, and here comes in the scientific imagination. Mrs. Treat says: "He explained the peculiar distribution of plants through the Northern hemisphere by tracing their descent through geological periods from common ancestors that flourished in the Tertiary epoch in high latitudes." And this was done before Darwin. No wonder that men of science abroad were impatient at the sight of this mental giant grinding in the class-room and spending his precious leisure in editorial drudgery or the manufacture of text-books, however perfect.

There is another aspect of the situation which makes it seem still more aggravating. This man's work had been accumulating for a hundred years. Not only had he come to an unexplored continent, but the principles by which its Flora could be naturally classed were not established until his time; and he had an important hand in their establishment. From the time of Linnæus, thinking Botanists had been bewildered and defeated

by the contradiction between the dogma of the fixity of species and the aspects presented by the discovered facts of the vegetal world. Such natural groups of plants as mosses, ferns, Coniferæ, Umbiliferæ, Compositeæ, Labiateæ, Papilionaceæ, were recognized. These groups were seen and felt, as we see and feel the groups of birds, reptiles, etc., in the animal world. Even Linnæus believed in a natural system of classification founded on constitutional resemblances. Here and there, while artificial classification held the field, a few European botanists of deeper insight pondered over the natural relationships of plants, and by the comparative study of mature forms arrived at the science of morphology, which was soon greatly advanced by the microscope; and the anatomy and physiology of plants were also studied with effect. A long series of relationships among plants was worked out with great clearness, but they were all characterized by that mysterious word "affinity," and here thought mostly ended. The idea of the symmetry of plants was reached by these deeper students; and mingling metaphysics with objective studies, the notion of *types* in the vegetal world was conceived. By the help of theological conceptions, the plan of creation, it was thought, had been discovered by Naturalists, who readily took the next step of regarding the objects of Nature as the thoughts of the Creator—a view made familiar to us thirty or forty years ago by Prof. Agassiz.

Owing to this state of things philosophical botany made slow progress, and only the most gifted minds could evolve correct principles available in classification. Prof. Torrey was a man of the required stamp, but he came a little too soon. Prof. Gray's study of Japanese vegetation brought him to conclusions concerning the fixity of species that made him one of Darwin's most able advisers in the years preceding the issue of the "Origin of Species." With the Flora of a continent to be studied in the light of recent discovery it seems doubly deplorable that the thirty-five most productive years of Prof. Gray's life should not have been spent in original research under the most favorable conditions.

Prof. Gray's case is only one of many in which men of great powers, anxiously seeking to use them to the world's advantage, have been compelled to spend their lives in drudgery, and to die with their great work unaccomplished. The world must continue to suffer the loss of such knowledge as Asa Gray might have added to its stock. And the need of some method of discovering master-minds, and presenting them as candidates for support to those who are anxious to contribute to the advance of knowledge, is forcibly suggested by this history.

DR. LEWIS G. JANES :—

The nature of Dr. Gray's contribution to the doctrine of Evolution may perhaps be best understood by taking a single example, explanatory of his theory of the geographical distribution of plants. It is found that the nearest extant relations of the great sequoias, or red-wood trees,—two varieties of which are now found in California, and nowhere else in the world,—are the southern cypress, found in the swamps and everglades of our Southern Atlantic States, and a similar tree of the cypress family, now

found only in Northern China and Japan. A species of yew, the *Torreya*, has also a similar distribution, the members of its family being found only in the red-wood districts of California, in the swamps of Florida, and in Northern China. The old theory was that these trees were created, or originated in the neighborhood of their present habitats, thus constituting several independent stocks. Dr. Gray maintained, however, that these trees originated from a single stock, in Arctic Latitudes, when the climate was warmer and the continents were not separated as now by wide expanses of sea. By glacial action, or otherwise, they were pushed southward in different localities, and the hardiest, most adaptable stocks survived in the localities where they are now found. This theory, now generally accepted by botanists, was subsequently confirmed by the discovery of fossil red-wood trees in the Arctic regions.

Dr. Gray held that the doctrine of Evolution was compatible with the belief that Nature—the material universe—is the outcome of mind rather than that mind is the product of material conditions. He held that the whole process of organic evolution involved the idea of design, was an adaptation of means to ends. He did not think, however, that it was necessary for the believer in Christianity to assume the responsibility of attempting to harmonize evolution with the natural science of Genesis. "With the rise and development of astronomy, physics, geology, and later of biological science," he said, "the tables were turned; and now many religious beliefs—or what were taken for such—are controlled and modified by scientific beliefs, none more so than in the matter of 'Biblical Creation.' The result, I suppose, is that no sensible person now believes what the most sensible persons believed formerly." On the ground of natural science, he held, "Scientific belief must needs control the religious."* He thought, however, that modern natural science, in any of its demonstrated results or well-established beliefs, was not necessarily antagonistic to the Christian religion.

Dr. Janes also spoke of Dr. Gray's kindness of heart and friendship for children, mentioning some instances.

MR. JAMES A. SKILTON:—

The essay of the evening and its discussion by Miss Youmans have given me the unique experience of uniting the interest and enjoyment of this present moment with the remembered fascinations of a sort of pre-adamite or ante-deluvian age, speaking in regard to the evolution of botanical science.

It was my privilege, before I was half through my teens, in an interval of rest from over-study, and between the preparatory school and the university, to earn the degree of Bachelor of Natural Science in the first institution established in the United States for the especial study of Botany and the other Natural Sciences—and thereupon to practically almost abandon the further pursuit of those sciences; only taking them up again in the most general way as required from time to time while watching the development of the new science and philosophy since the publication of the "Origin of Species" in 1859. The botanical system taught in that institution was that of Linnæus. So it

* Discussion before "Evangelical Alliance," Sept. 11, 1882.

comes about that I am able to speak to you from personal experience and observations of the state of scientific knowledge as taught in the days before the coming of the flood of light which we are now enjoying, and also of one of the early teachers of Professor Gray, his life and methods.

In May, 1810, at Catskill, N. Y., Professor Amos Eaton, a graduate of Williams College of 1799, made, it is believed, the first attempt in this country to deliver a popular course of lectures on botany, compiling a small elementary treatise for the use of his class, in what he called "The Botanical Institution," the first botanical text-book in English published in this country; those previously used being in the Latin language. In 1817 he delivered lectures on botany, mineralogy and geology to volunteer classes of the students of Williams College, at Williamstown, Mass. The first edition of his Manual of Botany was published by graduates of Williams College in 1817, and gave a great impulse to the study of botany in New England and New York. The eighth and last edition of this work was published in 1840, under the title of "North American Botany," a large octavo volume of 625 pages, and containing descriptions of 5267 species of plants.

Between 1817 and 1834, Professor Eaton also delivered courses of lectures on branches of natural history, but particularly on botany, before the Members of the Legislature at Albany, on the special invitation of Governor De Witt Clinton; in the Lenox Academy, Mass.; at Northampton under the patronage of Governor Strong of Massachusetts; in the Medical College at Castleton, Vermont, in which he was appointed Professor of Natural History in 1820; in the City of Troy, N. Y., and in many other places. His lectures in Albany resulted in the initiation of that great work, "The Natural History of New York," the naturalists engaged in which were largely his pupils—among them James Hall and Ebenezer Emmons. That work has not only been the pattern for the scientific surveys of other States, but men who studied under him have been engaged in such surveys in many of the States. In 1818 he first published his "Index to the Geology of the Northern States," which was the first attempt at a general arrangement of the geological strata of North America. In 1818-19 the City of Troy—then little more than a village, but settled by the advance guard of that New England emigration which has since covered the Western States—had a Lyceum of Natural History and the most extensive collection of American geological specimens to be found in this country. With Albany, it contained a notable number of leaders in science. Among them were Professor Henry, the Becks, and many more, but in the early days Professor Eaton was easily the leader in all branches.

In 1824 Professor Eaton, by the aid of the Patroon, Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany—a man of broad views and public spirit—established in the City of Troy a School of Science then called the Rensselaer School, which eventually became a school of all branches of engineering, is now known as the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, was the model at some remove of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and has turned out, as its biographical record shows, a larger number of the successful working scientific men and engineers of our day and generation engaged in applying science in the work of the world than any other institution in the country, possibly more than all the literary

colleges put together; among whose names are to be found those of the men who designed and built the Brooklyn Bridge, and of many others who are now engaged in the great engineering works of the country. From 1824 to May 6, 1842, the day of his death, Professor Eaton was at the head of this institution. And between 1810 and 1841 in addition to other labors, he wrote various works on botany, chemistry, zoology, geology, and kindred topics, to the number, including the different editions, of about forty publications in all.

His biography has never been more than sketched in outline, but it is to be doubted whether any single American has, through his work, his pupils, his methods, and the stimulus he directly gave to others, done more for the cause of science, and of combined science and practice in the United States, than Professor Eaton did. Neither, owing to circumstances which there is no time here to explain, has adequate justice been done to the methods by and through which he produced the marked effects to be traced to him, except in the minds of a few. Those methods, in a word, consisted in bringing the student into direct contact with the actual thing to be studied, in relegating the text-book to a secondary position, and in bringing the minds and hands of teacher and pupil into immediate co-operative relations. He divided his classes into sections of eight, with the most competent member as its captain or leader. The pupils assisted in preparing and arranging the objects and mechanisms to be employed, whereupon the Professor lectured to the entire class; in chemistry performing all the experiments, and in all the other branches going through with all the manipulations and illustrations with the actual objects in hand; whereupon the subject was taken up in turn by each section and by every member of each section, all of them, with the other members, constituting a critical audience, lecturing upon it in turn and going through all the necessary manipulations, experiments, demonstrations and illustrations. After the lecture on botany the class was usually dismissed with the direction to start for the fields with botanical cans, and incited to find and bring back the greatest possible number of new plants. Through the long list of years, I still vividly recall the eager joy of that work, and remember how, from hill-tops and other points of vantage, I planned botanical campaigns, studied typography, habitat and environment, and thereby sought to discover the hiding-places of particular plants we wished to capture; and how we scorned fatigue, obstacles and laggards in their pursuit. The students were expected on their return, after the first few lessons had been given, to find for themselves the genus and species of the plants they brought in. Where they found themselves puzzled and could not be helped out by their fellows, they were expected to rely upon the Professor for the names of genus and species.

The principle of the fixity of species was of course formally taught. But the total teaching—that is, the teaching of the Professors, the books, and that of the fields and the plants themselves included—resulted, not simply in the relaxing of our belief in it, nor simply in the acceptance of the convenient word “variation” as expressive of the actual differences found in specimens evidently of the same genus, but not answering to all the details of description given in the books for any particular species. Although a mere child I distinctly remember that

notwithstanding the reiterated declarations of the Professors and of the text-books, my own mind would not accept the doctrine of the fixity of species. For, my experience was that in attempting to find the genus and the species of the plant in hand, the case was a rare and exceptional one where the entire description of any species would everywhere fit any specimen; and I well remember that when compelled to resort to the Professor—for that reason, and because I attempted to adhere to the principle of the fixity of species—something like heat, if not indignation, would flash through me when the Professor gave me a specific name over which I had long puzzled in vain and which I had perhaps rejected because of the defective description. From that time, the Summer of 1845, till the publication of the "Origin of Species," I carried a skeptical mind on the subject, and when that book was published, although I could only get access, in the South, through brief reviews, through the information contained in newspaper scraps, and—I may say—through orthodox sermons and their struggles with the "monkey problem," to what it contained, I promptly accepted the principle taught by Darwin in that book, basing that acceptance largely upon the facts of my long past experience, and upon the satisfactory explanation offered by him of my early difficulties in the study of botany. It is to be remembered, we had Lamarck, and the "Vestiges of Creation," and that discussion was active and had already undermined many old theories.

Further, in the home into which I was born, geological and palaeontological specimens were everywhere and to a large extent the playthings of my childhood. The more recent tracing of the history of plant-life from fossil forms down to living forms by Professor Gray has been mentioned in the essay of the evening. Botany as well as geology and palaeontology were constant topics in that household as far back as I can remember; and as early as 1845 certainly, probably before, I distinctly remember tracing the genus *Equisetum* back as far as its gigantic fossiliferous forms found in the Coal Measures. Perhaps I may be permitted to go a step further. By this time of day I suppose I am recognized in this Association as a thorough believer in Evolution as taught by both Darwin and Spencer. I first learned of Spencer by taking up one of his books of essays in a bookstore in Albany in the Winter of 1862–63, not long after Professor Youmans had brought about his introduction to America. Before the first page was finished my mind was caught. As I read on—still standing—I soon began to hear my mind saying: *Here he is at last—the thinker, philosopher and leader for whom I have looked so long in vain!* Seeing other books bearing his name on the same table, I rapidly glanced through them, and soon found the programme of the system of Philosophy he was to write and the list of what he had already written. Among these was the title of his essay on Population, printed in a *Westminster Review* of 1852. Being myself already an anti-Malthusian, I immediately concluded that an examination of that essay would establish his position as a thinker, for me. It was not yet an hour since I had picked up the essays. Proceeding directly to the State Library I obtained the copy of the *Review*, and found my hopes and expectations confirmed in the first sentence. From that day I have been an earnest Spencerian. And that I have been so, I believe is due primarily to Professor Eaton, to the Rensselaer Institute established by him,

to Professor George H. Cook, now of New Jersey, his successor, to the Troy Lyceum, to my own father, who was my constant teacher in natural and biological science, and to the combination of all these that had been brought to bear upon me as early as the Summer of 1845, if not before, and certainly before the work of Professor Gray had much of it been done or become much known.

From these statements it will appear that the ideas now dominant in the scientific world, as to the unfixity of species, were in the air, or coming, so to speak, long before Darwin or Gray had either written, published or reached their final conclusions. While, then, I would not minify the magnificent achievements of such men as Darwin, Gray, and other modern lights, I do not believe it just, and for myself I do not propose, to be guilty of ignoring the laborious workers in natural science, in this country, on whose work recent builders have built as upon a foundation. Now when we are celebrating the praises of Professor Gray, I ask you not to forget the labors of such pioneers as Professor Amos Eaton. Mrs. Treat says, you will remember, that after reading the article in the "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," it was Eaton's Botany he first obtained and studied with interest, and that by its aid the little Claytonia Virginica was the first treasure he captured and identified in the early Spring. How many of us can understand and enter into his earnest welcome of that cheerful flower!

I am glad to be able to say that in an early number the *Popular Science Monthly* will do for Professor Eaton what it has done for so many other scientific men, in preserving their names and labors from threatened oblivion.

Doubtless, if Professor Gray could have been with us to-night he would have stood in my place to say, much better than I have done or can do, words of cordial recognition and appreciation on behalf of his old teacher, Professor Amos Eaton.

MR. WILLIAM POTTS :—

I desire merely to take this occasion to emphasize the fact, so well illustrated by the experience of Dr. Gray, that the minute and scientific study of botany in no way interferes with the natural love of flowers and plants for their beauty. On the contrary, the more we know about flowers, the more we study them scientifically, the more we love them and appreciate their beauty. The contrary idea, sometimes expressed by those ignorant of the facts, is entirely false, and should be condemned by us.

DR. ROBERT G. ECCLES :—

Dr. Eccles said he had first been introduced to Professor Gray about ten years ago, by Professor E. L. Youmans, in D. Appleton & Co.'s office. His last meeting with him was at McGill College, Montreal, during the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. On an excursion to Ottawa at the same time a favorable opportunity was presented of studying Professor Gray's disposition and learning from him how he harmonized his religion with evolution. At several points visited all the guests were asked to register. While men with one title invariably

affixed that to their names, Professor Gray with characteristic modesty signed his name simply "Asa Gray," although he could almost have filled the page with the initials of his honorary and other degrees as well as those of the learned Societies to which he belonged.

When questioned in the most elementary facts of botany by people not familiar with that science, he would patiently explain the matter to them with evident pleasure. The contrast between him and a number of other prominent members of the Association, who had been seen by Dr. Eccles snubbing honest but ill-posted inquirers after facts, was pronounced and startling. During the trip to Ottawa he disclosed how he reconciled his Presbyterianism and Evolution, the subject being raised by reference to a discussion on Darwinism the day preceding in the Biological Section. He pointed out that in the growth of a plant or tree from its seed to full maturity a struggle for existence among its cells, buds, leaves, branches, flowers, etc., is incessantly going on. In spite of this warfare every seed produces a tree or herb after its kind. Like playing with loaded dice that must turn up the proper sides every time in spite of shaking, in the molecular warfare the winning party is invariably pre-destined in its very structure. In the warfare among organisms and in society the same conditions are found. "Fitness" may be diabolical, or it may be beneficent. Somehow in the great average it always comes out beneficent. Evolution is God's will made manifest in matter. The side championed by right and good always wins in the end.

Dr. Gray was a most voluminous writer. A list of the titles and headings of his books and magazine contributions has been published, and forms a pretty large octavo volume in itself. Darwin was indebted for much, and perhaps for a majority of his most telling botanical facts, to Dr. Gray. A great deal of the material in his "Climbing Plants," was the work of the latter. The Compositæ are the most difficult plants a botanist can study. Here Gray was monarch and peerless. In his contributions to plant distribution he showed himself at once a master botanist, a philosopher and a naturalist. Others had walked blindly over the same facts and fields and did not see that every flower told the tale of its own past history, and the history of its kind, by the place where it is found. Where plants of a common or kindred kind are now, tells of their past wanderings when the facts are all considered. Dr. Gray made this discovery. To Gray Darwin first imparted his idea of Natural Selection. Dr. Eccles thought it strange that the essayist of the evening forgot to mention this, the most important fact in a course of lectures on Evolution in connection with his life. Especially important is it because of its bearings on the history of the doctrine of Natural Selection. Darwin and Wallace each claimed priority in advocating this principle, and these rival claims were forever set to rest by a letter from Darwin to Gray that was read at a meeting of the Linnaean Society when the two champions first gave forth their ideas publicly. This was on July 1st, 1858. Darwin's letter was written a year before. But even this celebrated epistle was not the first. On July 20th, 1856, Darwin wrote to Gray:—

"I have come to the heterodox conclusion that there are no such things as independently created species, that species are only strongly defined varieties. . . . I assume that species arise like our domestic varieties with *much* extinction."

This is the first word ever known to have been penned in this world on the now well-known principle of "survival of the fittest."

While Gray treated this doctrine fairly from the first, it was not to be expected that he would immediately give adherence thereto. His friends, Agassiz and Dana, bitterly opposed it, while he held his mind in the true scientific attitude of suspended judgment. His heart from the first told him there must be something in it. In 1880 he had so far transcended his scruples that at New Haven he publicly said : "Natural selection by itself is not a hypothesis nor even a theory. It is a truth, a *catena* of facts and direct inferences from facts." It is a sad pity that he did not live to complete some of the work he had begun. The "Synoptic Flora" lies incomplete, to the sorrow of many a botanist.

At the banquet on his seventy-fifth birthday, when the silver vase was presented to him, every botanist in America felt that, like the great Rocky Mountain peak bearing his name, here was one who transcended them all in the knowledge of their favorite Science. It was then Lowell wrote of him :

"Just fate! prolong his life, well spent,
Whose indefatigable hours
Have been as gaily innocent
And fragrant as his flowers."



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